

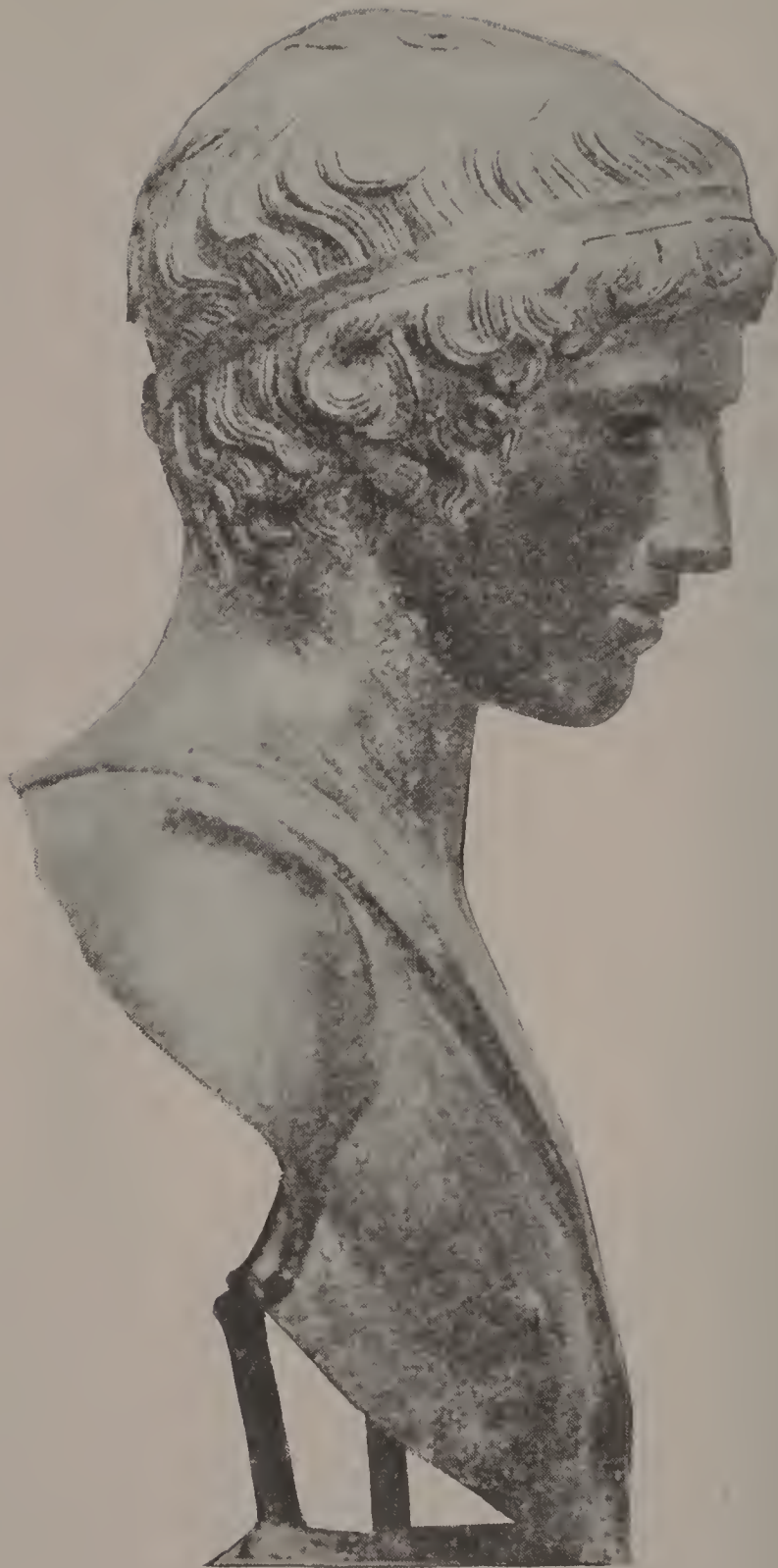


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BRONZE HEAD OF EPHEBOS

This beautiful bronze head of the *Ephebos* (Greek youth attaining majority) is the one selected by Gardiner as typical of the Greek ideal defined by the untranslatable word *aidos*, which includes the qualities of modesty, reverence, courage, courtesy and honor.

EDUCATIONAL PLAY-BOOK SERIES

FESTIVAL AND CIVIC PLAYS FROM GREEK AND ROMAN TALES

BY

MARI RUEF HOFER

Author of Recreation Books for Schools and Playgrounds



*Our life's a stage, a playground; learn to play
And take naught too seriously; or bear its troubles.*

—Palladas

BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY

CHICAGO

1926

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FOREWORD

Greek myth, which began its career in the inspired song of the bards, still holds our interest and remains an unsurpassed medium for imaginative adventuring. It satisfies wonder hunger and youthful ideality; is true to nature and human experience, and fully stands the test of modern literalism.

Centuries ago Strabo called attention to the geographical turn of Homer. He said that the only difficulty lay in "culling out the actual rocks and whirlpools from the Scylla and Charybdis of his poetry." This view clears away much of the old obscurity without robbing us of the picturesque.

Greek myth abounds in travel tales, featuring the astonishing and unexpected. Yet the most improbable experiences of the Argonauts are not staggering to our mechanical and project-minded age. The mystery of the Clashing Rocks is explained as icebergs; the winged feet of Mercury symbolizes electricity; the flight over the Hellespont is paralleled in aeronautics. A people able to excavate Troy buried seven layers deep hardly need myth with which to account for unaccountable heroes and events.

The hero is preëminently a concept of the Greek mind. With the advent of the Occident came a new vision and we find the freeborn Greek hero engaged in a lively conflict with the old order of the Orient. The colonization of the shores of Asia by the Greeks also made of the Ægean waters a sanguinary battleground of East and West.

There is no doubt that the integrity of the Greek tale suffered much in its journey down the ages. In the same way Roman history became unduly encrusted with militarism, to the exclusion of the wonderful social and civic virtues of the Latin people, who many centuries ago adventured in the heroics of our modern problems.

The materials here assembled are an outgrowth of extensive research on the recreations of the Greeks and Romans, studies initiated at the University of Southern California. Thanks are due to many artists and teachers for stimulation in pursuit of detail; to students and social groups—East and West—who assisted in the presentation of plays and pageants; to undying Greek ideals of the drama, which are being reëstablished in the stadia and theaters over our land.

MARI RUEF HOFER

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FESTIVAL AND CIVIC PLAYS

FROM GREEK AND ROMAN TALES

DRAMATIZATION

Dramatization strips off verbiage and externals and reduces a story to its bones as it were. It lays clean the structural plot and sets episodes in right relation. The height of dramatic art may not be attained with school boys and girls, nor psychologically should it be. But good, honest foundations may be laid which obviate stage mawkishness and sentimentality.

As you spectacularize the episodes of these ancient tales into form, color and action, a climax of dragon, Minotaur, or other lurking monster always hovers in the offing, waiting to be physically overcome by the hero. Let children thrill honestly to primitive heroics and ethical enterprise, rather than to movie close-ups. School dramatics may easily be made to stand between the child and stage emotionalism.

The psychology of youth, too, calls for the literal rather than the literary. Youth demands action instead of intensive word-picturing. Healthy youth neither seeks nor sees complexes or triangles. It strikes out for the main facts. In pageantized school dramatics, we touch wholesome art, untainted by the adult introspection that is always a menace to youth and virtue.

SCHOOL PLAYS

School dramatics hold a unique advantage in being supplementary to study subjects, not written for the

theater. They are creative and experimental rather than formal. Their aim is to increase the personal power of the student instead of producing actors and playwrights. A *by-product* of the school play is the cultivation of taste for and intelligent enjoyment of the drama. All children for this reason should be given dramatic experience.

The subjects of this play book have been chosen largely from school stories and history already in use, with additional information necessary to dramatization. Dramatics proceed readily from well digested class work. Familiarity with the text leaves pupils more time for the technic of production. Since "The Play's the thing," and has been accepted as constructive in educational systems, we must give it a sporting chance. Most of the material ranks above the fifth grade and carries on through Junior High School.

PRESENTATION

A word about diction. Time and subject as a rule decide the type of expression. Direct action demands forcible English. When the hero stalks, his words must also stalk. Satire goes upon stilts, while humor strolls along the ground. The semi-humorous character of Heracles may indulge in humorous speech. But modern vernacular would be as unbecoming to a Roman senator as to garb him in a top hat and a cutaway coat.

We have inherited many fashions of English along with their periods. Webster covers Mediæval, Classical and Victorian English. The Better Speech Movement is urging more careful and accurate use of the English language. This requirement is not entirely covered by the one-syllabled *patois* of today. Our children are

familiar with period vocabularies of good literature. Greek and Latin roots are natural language stepping-stones.

DRAMATIC SPEECH

The present interest in reading should eliminate minor speech difficulties. For stage use direct vocal attack upon *what* you have to say and *how to say it*, is most practical. Mere words will not entirely cover expression. "Ho, there, Boris!" is pure exclamation. Astonishment, indignation, remonstrance, argument, vindication, simple question and answer, explanation, narration, lie behind all exposition.

The difficulties of growing voices are not insurmountable. Sing-song, wrong inflection and emphasis, may be cured by entering more fully into the part. *Growling* and *shrilling* voices are useful in the mob. *Vowelization* will open the throat and change flat or nasal voices into colorful and musical instruments. To be *perfectly natural* is not always good enough for public performance. To give our best to the audience, audibly and understandingly, should be our first aim.

PLAY BUILDING

As a matter of training, some part of the play may be turned over to class development. Condensation will help keep the plot clear. While we may increase the adventures of the Argonauts, we may not for a moment lose sight of their quest, nor of the inevitable climax of their triumphant return with the Golden Fleece. Passing over a few of the problems of play construction to the pupils insures their interest and coöperation. It also supplies educational values, which alone warrant the use of school time. The most we can do for the

student is to formulate a few essentials in the vast world of make-believe.

PREPARATION

Since dramatics are becoming a regular feature of school life from the class play to the weekly assembly performance, a practical way must be found out of play-craft difficulties. The first step is to concentrate upon the play and eliminate all obstacles in its way. Too much detail, confusion, waste of time, much rehearsing, all indicate faulty method. A school play should move on with the ease of a daily assignment, like a lesson well learned, each part performed with class enthusiasm.

DISTRIBUTION OF PARTS

Principal parts are naturally assigned to the gifted ones and those best adapted to them. A wise teacher will bring an element of preference into the choice of the least important character. Pericles said, "All must help build Athens, from the potters to Phidias." Make the players feel that theirs is an all-star play and that each one has an indispensable place to fill. It needs a deal of talent to play the fool's part. No single luminary can light the entire heavens. It takes many small stars to make the milky way. Concerted action calls for considerable talent, if it is only to yell together or move with the chief actor.

THE FUNCTION OF THE GROUP

Youth is gregarious and appears to best advantage in the mass. The effective posing of a group in a "speaking picture" is often more illuminating than many words. The group is the incipient Greek Chorus,

which responded to every change of mood in the drama. The group must be instructed to hold poses and move with the moods of the leading players to *belong* to the play, instead of idly filling time and space. The group, as crowd or mob, is a vital part of the play.

SCHOOL PLAY PRODUCTION

The spectacular, pageantized play seems better adapted to school use than wordy drama, in which a few are overtrained, while the many sit and listen. The festival play expresses itself in massed color, form and motion, which support the central figures in their argument. The Gracchi react to the friends and enemies about them. Theseus shines in the reflected light of the evil court of his father, as Perseus rises against the taunts of his uncle's courtiers.

PRACTICAL PLAYCRAFT

The continuous action play, featured in recent stage art, should prove helpful to school play production. If curtains are used, this will require a curtain program, in charge of some competent helper, who watches the exits and entrances, playing the curtains with the movement of the play. With the groups all in line and timed as to appearance, the play moves on without long pauses, like chapter after chapter of a story book. Group assignment also means orderliness, each group doing its part, then making way for the next. With a good leader for each group, many rooms or an entire school may take part without confusion. One class or group handles the mob; another prepares the dances or games; another stands for the potters or beggars, as the subject demands. A leader is held responsible for

the action rehearsals, costumes and appearance of each group. These are numbered in order of appearance.

STAGE AND STAGING

The usual square, boxed-in school stage requires tactful handling from the start. For the larger plays it can easily be built out with broad steps leading from the floor, for large numbers making below-stage entrances and exits. This arrangement will be found especially happy in the case of festival and processional effects. The long, bare platform across the end of the assembly hall can readily be adapted to fit any need, with the assistance of standards, rests or screens. Stage settings make excellent project subjects, the mechanics of which should be turned over to the boys and girls, who, with the help of teacher, janitor or interested parent, may accomplish wonders. Decide on your plan, collect materials and then carry on. The costumes should be handled in like manner by the girls. The properties should be given over to the creative spirits of the school. Greek and Roman detail are such well defined art subjects there should be no difficulty in securing borders and columns to supply proper atmosphere. A group of artistically draped people, set in relation to a few broad steps, and a background of columns, will help pupils gain very good ideas of composition. The approaches to many of the new high school buildings suggest excellent stadia for out-of-door performance.

VALUES AND PROJECTS

In play preparation general and specific values must be borne in mind and balanced against each other. Classified they might read:

I. General values pertain to general project, occasion, choice of subject.

Dramatic values to heavy, light, tragic, comic elements and to effect of whole.

Problems of staging, lighting, properties, costumes, color schemes come under projects.

Use of materials on hand, conditions to be met, selection of groups.

Then supervision, stage management, scenery, curtains, stage setting.

II. Specific values pertain to individual training, character parts, fitness.

They include training in speech, expression, acting the part, dress and accessories.

Also interpretation, relation of individual part to entire play.

Personality, promptness, attention, reliability, talent, division of labor, group work, leadership, all belong in this listing.

III. School Projects: Play production from study subjects; elements of a play; types of plays.

Word study: choice of English; word derivation and comparison; Greek, Latin, Teuton and English roots.

Stage settings: designing, making, managing of properties and curtains.

Costumes: materials, colors, designing, style.

Geography: maps and globes; tracing journeys; old and new names.

Civic ideals: comparison of Greek and Roman.

Education: Greek physical training; Roman law and letters.

Greek art: sculpture, architecture, drama, music, dancing.



DROMOS OF SPARTA—*Restored by Hoffman*

GREEK GAMES AND FESTIVALS

[800 B. C.-1926 A. D.]

Rhythm of runner—twinkling heel and ivory shoulder—
Grant them feet so light to pass through life—
For youth ever wakens the clear-toned gale of song.

So sang Pindar, the poet of youth and games, many centuries ago. We can picture the ancient bard, in flowing robe and beard, as he sits in the seat of the judges, or at the banquet strikes his lyre in praise of the victors.

For Greek youth ran first for the gods and for himself afterwards. The opening event of the early Olympiad was the foot race, when the runners encircled the track with burning torches, the swiftest lighting the altar fire at the goal; the prize, mayhap a parsley wreath, a chaplet of olive, a cloak; but to the champion a golden wreath of laurel or a statue, placed on the street of his native city.

Nor were these honors easily won. The youth was obliged to present an unblemished record and a year's special training, before he was allowed to enter the lists for the national festivals. To excel he must outskill the best in the land. The morale of Greek training is epitomized in the ancient oath of the Boy Scout of Sparta—an inspiring pledge of loyalty to his arms, his comrades, his country, to humanity and to religion.

Spartan girls were trained much the same as boys. They practiced running, leaping, throwing the discus and javelin. A poet describes the games in which Spartan girls, "like colts with flowing manes, make the dust to fly about them." The famous statue of the "Girl Runner" has left us this record.

We cannot hope to restore the Golden Age of Play; but the value of the Greeks to us today consists not only of inspired statues, Parthenons and classical literature. The revival of the Marathon and the Olympic Games has given incentive to modern athletics. Since we owe the best of our physical training ideals to the Greeks, it seems only fair to invite them to appear on our program and let them speak for themselves.

GROUPS TAKING PART

KRITIAS, DYPLUS, KINDUS, THALES, *Spartan boys*
GORGO and others, *Spartan girls*
HIPPIAS, LUCIAN, ARISTES, ALPHEUS, *Athenian boys*
CAIUS, MARTIAS, TITUS, HEIRO, *Roman refugees*
CYRUS and ZETES, *Persian Princes, hostages*
SPARTAN BOYS, *a group under their* IRENS
ATHENIAN BOYS, *a group under their* GYMNASTAI
ARCHONS, MAGISTRATES, JUDGES, GYMNASIARCHIUS
HERALDS and STANDARD BEARERS
NARRATOR

STAGING THE PLAY

Present in connection with a gymnastic program.

It may be used for indoor or outdoor performance.

It is adapted to a bare gymnasium or assembly room.

Seat the audience in a semicircle facing the players.

The prelude should be given on a platform at one end of the room.

Leave space between audience and platform for events.

If given outdoors, back stage against building.

Model setting after famous "Dromos of Sparta." [See plate, page 16.]

Help out background and sides with trees or shrubbery.

Contestants wear belted, bordered tunics over gym suits.

Boys wear shades of one color, green, scarlet, tan, blue.

Spartan girl runners wear all shades of yellow, with green wreaths.

Greek ball players wear a variety of soft rose, blue or violet tints.

Archons, Magistrates, Master of Games, Gymnastai colored robes.

All wear sandals and headbands or wreaths. Study pictures.

Physical training classes supply program of games, dances, events.

Program should include stunts from decathlon, and easy pentathlon.

Present events as far as practical in Greek manner. [See *Olympian Program*.]

Spartan girls join in races with boys and win some of them.

Greek ball players close program with dances. [See *Program*.]

Judges and officials carry staves and hold dignified poses.

GREEK GAMES AND FESTIVALS

SPEAKING PRELUDE TO GAMES

The platform center front is reserved for the principals. The officials sit on a raised bench at the back. On circling side benches sit the IRENS and GYMNASIAI in charge of their groups. These stand about picturesquely, as the leaders do their parts. HERALDS call the crowd to order. NARRATOR opens program.

NARRATOR. Friends and patrons assembled to do honor to our exercises today: Many hundreds of years have passed since the Greeks played their games in the Valley of Olympus and on the Fields of Troy. The centuries have marked the years with great Olympian, Pythian, Isthmian and Nemean Festivals. Through these the Greeks trained their citizens to rugged valor and to victory over all their foes. Down through the ages the nations have followed in their footsteps. When, after 2,000 years, the Olympian Games were resumed, the 668th Olympiad carried on the unbroken record. It was a Greek who won the first foot race of the new series. Our Greek festival today evokes the spirit of ancient times. You see before you Spartan and Athenian youths and their Persian and Roman vassals. These will tell you how our games came to be.

[Boys step forward]

KRITIAS. Men of America: I, a son of Sparta, will tell you of our country. The Laconians were at first but

a wandering tribe. Thrown upon unfruitful shores, they took hold as best they could. Few in number, they had to take recourse to arms, and to use the strategy of war. Our forefathers were brave and built no walls. Lycurgus, our great lawgiver, said, "Our city is guarded by a wall of which each brick is a man." Lycurgus in his wisdom also said that in order to grow men, we must teach the children. He had them instructed by nurses severe but just, that they might early learn to be indifferent to pain and discomfort. At the age of seven years we were sent to camps, to learn to take care of ourselves. The strongest among us became our leader, and we obeyed him in our games. Dyplus will now tell you what next we did.

DYPLUS. In charge of an older citizen, we slept on the reeds at night; we foraged for food in stream and forest; we played games and exercised between times; we ran about freely, doing our duties, growing hard and strong. At twelve years of age we were put under an Iren or leader, one of our own number. We were now given sterner tasks and punished if we failed. We contested with each other and learned to bear pain manfully. We had no money [no ice cream] nor luxuries. We learned music and verses about our heroes and our gods. In the evening we sang songs about the fire. We discussed the worth of men and gave keen answers. If we were dull or failed, our Iren must take the punishment for neglecting us. Kindus will now speak.

KINDUS. Thus we grew up in the ways of our fathers and under the laws of Lycurgus. Without fear we grew to the full stature of manhood. The Spartans had few gymnasiums. We exercised in the open. We

competed not in armor, but with our free, fearless bodies, trained to obey and to endure. We brought the joy of music to our work and our men went to battle singing. I will recite you one of our battle songs:

We fight for our children and our land,
Our lives unheeding, we bravely die.
Courage youths, together we stand,
March without fear, nor turn to fly.

THALES. Thus when you see us earnest in the practice of defense, you must not think us cruel or savage. If we are hurt in wrestling, it is because we lack skill. When we meet in combat, we show no pity even to our best friend; but if we are beaten, we must show no ill will. If we conquer we must be generous to the enemy. When we are full grown we may sit and eat black broth at the common table with the citizens. We then take the oath of citizenship and become guardians of the state. This ceremony ye shall witness today. Gorgo will speak next.

GORGO. You will think it strange when I tell you that the Spartan girls were trained like the boys, though less severely. What our brothers did, we did. Like them, we were obliged to run, wrestle, throw quoits and javelins. We have even entered the races and often have taken the prizes away from them, as our victories in the Olympian records show. For, as Lycurgus says, we must make the girls able, and the women strong, if we wish to rear courageous men. In Sparta women were given a full course in physical training that they might gain both physical health and hardihood of character to make them fit

wives and mothers of soldiers. Our training did not make us less womanly, but more beautiful. I now challenge some boy to compete with me in the races.
[*Cheers.*]

NARRATOR. Before we hear from the Athenians, let the Roman and the Persian lads speak. [*Others push Caius and Cyrus forward.*]

CAIUS [*standing proudly with folded arms*]. We Romans leave all this [*gesturing*] to trained gladiators and prisoners. If one of them wishes to fight for his life, let him gain it. With us, only Roman citizens can be soldiers. All our young men go to the Campus Martius and there learn the tactics of war. As boys we ride in the Game of Troy, but we do not play at war. When our country is threatened we serve and then return to our homes and farms. As boys, we go with our fathers about their affairs and to the Forum to hear the debates of the Senators. The Romans are law makers and would make a great city of Rome. I and my friends will show you a spear and shield exercise later in the program.

CYRUS and ZETES come forward timidly.

CYRUS. We Persian lads too have training, but not so rigorous as the Spartans. Our enemies are met at sea. Our people are great sailors. On land we rise early; march and run; learn to endure cold and heat, learn the use of bow and arrow, for Persians are famous archers. Our youths go hunting under the leadership of the King, and silently and stealthy as the sleek leopard, we follow our prey in the forest. Our motto is, "Ride well, aim well, and speak the truth." We contend among each other to gain courage

and power. In school we learn justice by observing our elders when they decide cases of law for the people. We learn self-control; obedience to authority; self-restraint in eating and drinking. When of age we help guard the city. As princes we train early to become leaders and rulers of men. I thank ye.

HIPPIAS. You have already heard from our Spartan neighbors. We Ionians are Hellenes born. We are not so intrepid as our cousins, but more enduring. With fewer enemies, we have had more leisure to acquire skill and cultivate beauty and art. We turn to warfare only when our country is in danger. But our training gives us keen wits as well as skill. At the age of seven we do not join a military company, but start to school at dawn with our pedagogues. There we write on tablets and learn to recite in song, the deeds of our heroes. We then play games, with such skill as we have, throwing the ball, running, leaping, jumping, vying with each other. At fourteen we are ready for the gymnasium and there we exercise the body vigorously in running, jumping, hurling the javelin or spear. We learn the value of exercise in the midday sun, the bath, rest and food. Then, in the afternoon, we practice music and join in the exercises of the dance. These arts lift our souls to the gods. At evening we return home with our pedagogues to our parents to tell the deeds of the day, to find justice and affection, and to sleep. Lucian will carry on the tale.

LUCIAN. I will tell you of the sterner training of our young men in the Palæstra. No longer delicate, but with bodies accustomed to the elements—air, heat and cold, we now mold them to the highest skill. We

use oil to soften and warm them; we brown them in the sun; we roll them in the dust, that we may grapple more firmly in wrestling. We bathe often and scrape our bodies with the strigil, then oil and rest them. We learn to box and join in the rough pancratician, that we may endure all hardships manfully. Aristes will tell you of our musical exercises.

ARISTES. It is our Plato who says, "Gymnastics for the body and music for the soul." While the body should be trained for strength, the soul stands in need of grace and harmony. Like our Spartan cousins, all Athenian boys were taught to join in the choral dances of religious ceremonies. The Emmeleia, the sacred dance, is performed by a procession of boys before the altars of the gods. The Pyrrhic dances are performed with shield and spear, accompanied by flute. In the Gymnopædic dances, each stern movement is marked by music, filling the soul with cheerfulness and courage, so that the body may become elastic and buoyant. For this reason our men are skilled in leaping, running, evading, and easily renew attack without fatigue. Music supplies inspiration with our physical training to make our bodies graceful, alert and balanced. Alphæus will tell you of our festivals.

ALPHÆUS. Now that you know our plan of training, let me tell you of our national festivals. Not only for health and defense do we train our bodies, but for the gods. The Olympiad, of which you have spoken, is held in June once in four years. This festival calls all Greece together in brotherhood and peace. A truce is declared throughout the land, and all enmities are laid aside as we compete together in

the races and events. Here Lados of the Spartans won the long race; Phayllus of Thrace the far jump; Heiro of Syracuse the chariot race. Here the free-born Athenian whirled the discus ninety paces, and the boy victor gained the pentathlon. The mighty poet Pindar sang our praises in verse, our brows were bound with laurel wreaths, and the names of victors were then inscribed upon statues in Athens. Friends, this is the splendid inheritance which Greece has left to you all. [*Applause.*]

NARRATOR. You have heard but a half-told tale. Students, you may spend the rest of your lives studying and reading about what the Greeks thought and did on physical training and not know the half. It would take two more lives to know what the world has done since. The ceremony of the Scout Oath will take place next, in which will join the youth of all nationalities.

The ARCHONS come to the front of the stage, while groups assemble below and around the steps. After some preliminary ceremony, such as stacking the trophies, flags or emblems of group or class, at the front of stage, an ARCHON speaks:

ARCHON. After due examination of these candidates, we find them entitled, because of practice, training and service, to enter the Scout or Guardian class of the state. [*Actors repeat together the Boy Scout Oath of Sparta, while our boys give the modern one.*]

ANCIENT SPARTAN OATH

I will not disgrace my sacred arms nor desert the comrade placed at my side. I fight for things sacred to my country and for the common welfare, whether I am alone or with others. I will hand on my

fatherland greater and better than I found it. I will honor the Magistrates and uphold the laws. I will honor the temples and the religion which my forefathers established.

MODERN BOY SCOUT OATH

We will never bring disgrace to this our city, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice; we will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone or with many. We will reverence and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those about us who are prone to annul or set them at naught. We will strive unceasingly to quicken the public sense of civic duty. In all these ways, we will make this our beloved city not less but greater, better and more beautiful than it was before us.

AMERICAN BOY. As ye have heard, we owe much to the Golden Age of Greece, and to all the world for our ideals and models. It is left for us to carry on and help the world forward to higher patriotism and nobler deeds. The Spartans taught us courage; the Athenians skill and beauty; the Romans fearlessness and law; the Persians gave us shrewdness and self-control. Our country learns from all countries, as it is made up of all countries. But we want to use our strength and what we know for better things than war. We propose to protect our country when she needs it, but we wish to keep her as a refuge of peace for all in time of trouble. [*Cheers.*] And now we invite you to our games.

OLYMPIAN PROGRAM

The appended copy of an old Olympian Record may interest the pupils. The first half may be adapted for a school program.

The games began June 21st, the summer solstice, and continued four days. On the fifth day processions, sacrifices and banquets were held in honor of the victors.

Twenty-four events were divided between four days, eighteen for men and six for boys. The following is the plan for a festival program:

1. Foot race—in early days with lighted torch, the victor lighting the altar fire.
2. Double foot race—twice around the ring.
3. The diaulos or long race, turning back at the goal and repeating.
4. Wrestling.
5. Long jump.
6. Throwing discus or javelin.
7. Pentathlon—trying out the victors of previous events—"the victor of victors" receiving the laurel wreath.

The remaining events were boxing, chariot races for four horses, pancratium—boxing and wrestling, horse races, foot races and wrestling for boys, pentathlon for boys. The remainder were special events for men.

Roman Shield Exercise

Exercises can be adapted to Julius Fucis Gladiator March. Figures may be arranged from the following themes:

1. Leap forward and present shield, pass. Repeat. [Two steps to measure.]
2. Leap forward and clash shield, pass. Repeat. [Two steps to measure.]
3. Leap forward with raised spears, pass. Repeat. [Two steps to measure.]
4. Rapid tempo, parry and cross spears, turn, cover with shield. [Four steps to measure.]

Other interesting figures may be invented.

Greek Ball Game

Six or eight girls toss, catch, bounce and throw balls to music in three-quarters time.

Slide-step, 2 measures [arm swaying with ball], toss-catch, forward around circle.

Same with bounce-catch, returning around circle. Fit to music used, 16 measures.

Throw-catch with a partner, going around circle in same direction.

Teacher may introduce other figures. Keep perfect time and make graceful gestures.

For other dances or pantomimes, see *Bibliography*. An Atalanta's Race may be added to the program. [See picture of *Atalanta's Race*, page 82.]



JASON AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE

STORY OF JASON

The story of Jason is one of the earliest of the great travel tales of the Greeks, and antedates the heroes of Homer by centuries. As is the way with folk tales, these too gather into themselves the experience of many. Consequently the Adventures of the Argonauts represent the exploits of most of the ancient Greek heroes, who all joined in the famous trip of the Argo.

The Search for the Golden Fleece came about in this way: Æson, the father of Jason, was the real king of Ioleus, but for some reason Pelias, his brother, took the kingdom away from him. Æson just managed to escape with his young son Jason, and an old servant carried the boy to that Schoolmaster of Princes, old Chiron.

Knowing the story of his father, when Jason came of age, he determined to find Æson and help him regain his throne. Taking leave of Chiron and his friends, the youth set out for Ioleus. On the way he gained the friendship of Hera by carrying her over an angry stream, and it was here that he lost a sandal.

Jason arrives in due time at Ioleus, and finds his uncle Pelias offering a sacrifice in the market-place. Pelias recognizes Jason at once as the youth of the one sandal who an augur had predicted would succeed him on the throne. Pelias is curious and invites Jason to a banquet, at which Jason finds his father.

When Jason boldly claims the kingdom, Pelias gives him the difficult and deadly task of searching for the Golden Fleece. But Jason has many friends and they all join him in the adventure of the Argo. Pelias is much pleased with this, thinking no doubt that he will be safely rid of them all, by this one fell design. Here you may find out all about the Hellespont and Phryxus and how the Golden Ram came to be in Colchis. Ancient maps of Greece still show these famous names, and you can even trace this marvelous journey taken by the young Argonauts, along the shores of the Pontus, or Black Sea.

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

JASON, <i>son of Æson</i>	TELEMON <i>and</i> THESEUS
ÆSON, <i>father of Jason</i>	ZETES <i>and</i> CALAIS
KING PELIAS, <i>his uncle</i>	FOUR SONS OF PHRIXUS
MARKET MAN <i>and</i> HUCKSTERS	ÆETES, <i>King of Colchis</i>
COURTIERS <i>and</i> GUARDS	MEDEA, <i>daughter of Æetes</i>
AMYCUS, <i>Bebrycian king</i>	TALKING OAK
KING PHINEUS <i>and</i> HARPIES	DANCERS
ARGUS, <i>captain of the Argo</i>	BEBRYCIANS
TIPHYS, <i>the steersman</i>	LYNCEIUS, <i>the pilot</i>
CASTOR <i>and</i> POLLUX	HERACLES <i>and</i> ORPHEUS

Many others are mentioned as heroes of the ARGONAUT. The cast may be doubled. Choose armed men from crew of the ARGO.

STAGING THE PLAY

A continuous play arranged in three sections.
Front drop curtain and sea scene only required.
The entire stage is used for the King's banquet.
Provide a raised platform for the King's table.
Do not disturb this scene, as other action takes place in front of it.
The camouflaged ship should move before the middle curtain.
A board of painted waves separates the ship from the foreground.
The remaining space in front of the ship is used for land action.
The ship remains stationary, sailing suggested by rocking.
Sailors move behind sham side, which is waist high.
Continuous action suggested by exits and entrances at sides.
The Clashing Rocks are painted on movable screens.
These are manipulated by small boys from behind.
Birds may be dropped from black threads fastened above.
Boys should make and occupy dragon, oxen and other "horribles."
Mechanics of properties should be turned over to the boys.
Costumes should be simple and in character. See *Appendix*.
Characters should be chosen carefully to fit the parts.
Wrestlers must be able to wrestle and dancers to dance.
Kings should assume a kingly bearing and carry well their parts.
Dancers may perform pleasant, rhythmic steps and scatter flowers.
Music for feast may be pantomimed on old Greek pipes, lyres, etc.

JASON AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE

PRELUDE

Stage market-place in front of drop curtain. Booths and baskets may be brought in. HUCKSTERS sit with their produce, while people pass and repass. JASON comes on with one sandal, crosses the stage and then leans against a pillar at the side, watching the scene. KING PELIAS comes on with a few slaves, and looks sharply at JASON.

PELIAS. Who is this stranger?

MARKET MAN. He came to the market this morning and has been waiting about all day.

JASON [*coming forward*]. I am Jason, the son of Æson. I am come to find my father.

PELIAS [*stares in astonishment*]. Your father? Where is your other sandal?

JASON. I lost it crossing a swift stream. Where can I find my father?

PELIAS. Come tomorrow to the feast. Your father will be there. [*Goes off. All disperse. JASON looks about him, then goes out left.*]

SCENE I

THE KING'S BANQUET HALL

Guests enter, heralded by trumpets. They lounge at tables, while eating and drinking, and applaud the DANCERS as they finish. KING PELIAS sits with ÆSON and JASON on either side. Pretense at eating fruit and cakes.

PELIAS [*holds a golden goblet on high*]. Guests, since it is to the unexpected return of our nephew Jason that we owe this happy hour, let us drink to him—Jason, the courageous Prince, who has returned to our court. [*All shout, “Jason! Jason! the Prince!”*]

JASON [*rises and stands*]. I thank you, good uncle, for this splendid feast and for your good will toward me. I must now tell you the true reason for my visit to your court. I have come of age, and am here to demand for my father and myself this kingdom, which you have ruled so well. I am now strong and ready to help my father.

PELIAS [*in great astonishment*]. Not so fast, good nephew, not so fast. Shall we not first see some evidence of your boasting, some trial of your strength, before giving you a country to rule? Even now the augur has brought me a message, from the shades of Phrixus, begging me to fetch back his remains along with the Golden Fleece of Colchis. That were a fit task for a Princeling who wishes to rule a kingdom!

COURTIERS. The Golden Fleece of Colchis! Jason will fetch it back!

ÆSON [*aside*]. Do not trust him, Jason—be careful.

JASON. I have heard of the Golden Fleece and the perils it will bring to him who goes in search of it. I wonder that one of these heroes here has not set sail for it before! [*“Ha-ha-ha!” from the audience.*] I fear not the task that will prove the metal of a Prince. [*ÆSON looks at his son and shakes his head.*]

PELIAS. The task is thine, oh Prince! We have been waiting for a fearless hero to undertake it. Oh, goodly youth, choose thy companions and we will build thee a ship, that thou mayest hasten to bring

the Golden Fleece. Then shalt thou reign over this land. Thy father and I will await your return. Ha-Ha! We will wait—we will wait. [*All shout, "Jason, Jason, for the Golden Fleece."*]

JASON. I fear not your mockery. The gods give me a fearless crew, trained by Chiron, and a ship built by Argus, steered by Tiphys and guarded by Heracles, and we shall gain the Golden Fleece and more, and return safely. Father mine, have no fear. [*The banquet breaks up in confusion.*]

SCENE II

BUILDING THE ARGO

As the middle curtain drops, the nose of a ship appears to the left of the stage. ARGUS, TIPHYS and LYNCEIUS come on with tools and boards. Preserve bold and aggressive action throughout.

ARGUS. With a prow made from a beam of the Talking Oak shalt thou steer, good Tiphys. It will warn thee when in danger.

LYNCEIUS. And with these long oars, made from trees of Mount Pelion, and these firm cedar timbers for sides, no waves can wash us out of our course.

TIPHYS. Here comes Jason, with his crew of mighty men. We have built a worthy ship for them. They have named it the Argo, after the builder.

JASON [*as all assemble about*]. Heroes of the Quest, before we go aboard our good ship Argo, we must choose us a leader. Let us select the greatest among us! Heracles!

HERACLES. Argonauts, only he who brought us together for this great enterprise is fit to be our leader.

Jason shall be captain of our voyage. [*All cry, "Jason, Jason!"*] But let us draw lots for our seats and make sacrifice for the voyage. [*A vase of incense is set on the prow. The men enter from the rear.*

TIPHYS [*standing higher in the prow, sings out*]. Now we will at it with oar and sails! [*As the ship comes on, BEBRYCIANS are seen to the left on shore.*]

TELEMON. What strange shores are these? Yonder men are beckoning us.

JASON. This is the country of the Bebrycians. Amycus the King challenges all strangers to wrestle with him. Woe to any weakling.

POLLUX. I will wrestle with him. [*Others: "And I—and I!"*] But put us ashore. [*They leap ashore and POLLUX easily throws AMYCUS. AMYCUS rubs himself and all reëmbark, laughing as AMYCUS limps off. The ship rolls on. Sailors chant: "Ho-la-ho."*]

The blind KING PHINEUS comes on from the right, pursued by black HARPIES. [Small girls in blackbird dresses. They make shrill noises, flapping their wings and shaking their beaks.]

JASON. See the poor old man! Let us rescue him. [*They leap to land and drive off the birds. JASON supports PHINEUS to a rock and seats him.*] What evil fate pursues you, my good man? Cannot we help you?

ZETES and CALLAIS [*who have followed the birds, returning breathless*]. The birds are gone. Now tell us your tale.

PHINEUS. 'Tis the punishment of the gods. I am blind and weak with hunger, and have no strength to beat back the evil things.

JASON. Give him food and let him tell his tale. We sail for Colchis, in search of the Golden Fleece. [*They give him food and comfort him, while he warns them of the dangers.*]

PHINEUS. You are on a dangerous journey, and it is better that I tell you some of the trouble you will meet.

JASON. We shall be grateful for your help.

PHINEUS. Do you see the Clashing Rocks yonder? There is but one way to pass through them. Take with you a dove. As they swing open, let it fly through. The same way must your ship go to escape being wrecked.

JASON. Thank you, good friend, and farewell. We will profit by your advice. Have no more fear of the Harpies. The gods prosper you. Farewell.

In this case the Rocks steer past the ship, maneuvered by the boys behind them. The ship rolls and the sailors cry out, making altogether an animated scene.

TALKING OAK [*cries out*]. Steer away! From rocks and shoals on our way! Have a care! Turn your course from monster's snare.

The brazen birds of the Stymphalides may here drop on the Argonauts. These are quieted by ORPHEUS playing on his harp.

JASON. And now, with our worst perils past, we are in the sea of Pontus and soon will come to the river Phasis, which leads to Colchis. There lies the Golden Fleece.

TELEMON. Would we not better hold our council now,

how to enter the city and how to make known our quest? [*They disappear inside the ship, while TIPHYS steers on, the ship rocking and proceeding on its journey. Hold scene for a time.*]

SCENE III

THE SHORES OF COLCHIS

The four sons of PHRIXUS approach on the shore and make themselves known. The Argonauts disembark, while the ship recedes.

JASON. Ho-la! We are strangers. Can you help us find the city of Colchis?

SONS OF PHRIXUS. We are the sons of Phrixus. We can take you into the city.

JASON. Well met! I am Jason, your cousin. We come for your father's bones and the Fleece. Will you not return with us? First we must find the King.

SONS OF PHRIXUS. At last—at last we shall be free!

Enter MEDEA, right.

MEDEA. Who is the gallant youth in the scarlet cloak?
[*Steps back as ÆTES appears.*]

ÆETES [*rushing forward, speaking to the sons of PHRIXUS*]. What strangers bring you here? Speak!

SONS OF PHRIXUS. We met them by the river, Sire. They begged us to bring them into the city. Let them speak for themselves.

JASON. We have come upon a long and dangerous journey, good King Æetes. Thus far the gods have prospered us and brought us safely to your shores. We are in quest of the Golden Fleece, and to carry home the bones of Phrixus, to rest in his own country. I am Jason, his nephew.

ÆETES [*suppressing his wrath*]. Sons of strangers, how am I to know that you are not robbers and tricksters? As for the Golden Fleece, you are welcome to that if you can get it away from the dragon, which is more than I can do.

JASON. Just show us the place and we will try for it.

ÆETES. There are conditions. You will first have to capture the Fire-breathing Oxen and sow the Dragon's Teeth. That is part of the bargain.

JASON [*angrily*]. Dragon's Teeth or Dragons! Let's get them over with! [*The KING goes off and JASON turns and sees MEDEA.*]

MEDEA. Noble youth, I must warn you! Do you know that either of these tasks means certain death?

JASON. I have no fear. We must finish our quest. [*She takes him to one side and instructs him. Exeunt both groups, JASON to the right, MEDEA to the left, as curtain drops.*]

FIRST PANTOMIME

JASON appears shortly at the left, pushing his plow after the Fire-breathing Oxen and sowing the Dragon's Teeth from his shield as he goes along. He leaves his plow in the wings on the right, and turning, he sees armed men spring from the furrows, painted on the other side of the wave strip and hiding the bodies. He downs a few of these and throws his shield among the rest, when they fall upon each other until all are overcome. JASON stands gazing at them in astonishment. The first curtain now falls to give the dead a chance to get themselves off. All should be done in the spirit of adventure.

SECOND PANTOMIME

As the curtain rises again, the nose of the ship is seen to the left in the darkness. MEDEA steals toward it from the farther side of the stage. She calls softly to JASON, who appears and descends over the

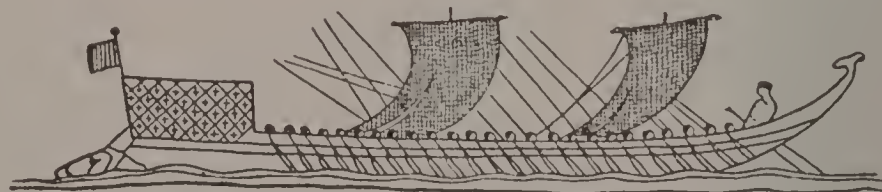
side. Together they go quietly across the stage and behind the scenes to the right and emerge again as the next curtain rises to show the garden and the tree on which hangs the Golden Fleece. The fiery-eyed dragon lies crouched beneath the Fleece. MEDEA then pronounces the charm over the dragon; JASON secures the Golden Fleece; both escape the way they came. As the curtain falls, they come out on the ship's side, enter and sail away victorious. Curtain.

THIRD PANTOMIME

The curtain rises on the banquet scene, with guests standing about. These begin to shout as JASON, bearing aloft the Golden Fleece on a staff, appears at the right with MEDEA at his side. Argonauts follow in groups, one carrying the dragon skin. ÆSON comes forward with arms extended; KING PELIAS shrinks back and finally disappears. JASON, ÆSON, MEDEA and the SONS OF PHRYXUS, seat themselves on dais. Argonauts group themselves on either side.

JASON. The honor of Iolcus is restored. The Golden Ram once more reigns over our fortunes, and the bones of Phryxus have found rest in his native soil. (*Turns to Æson*) King of Iolcus! (*Shouts of "Hail, Hail. Long live Jason and the Argonauts!"* *The scene may finish here.*)

Note. Only a skeleton of the Jason adventures is given in the play. Other episodes may be added, as players are capable of handling them. A short, clear story is better than too much amplification.



PROMETHEUS THE FRIEND OF MAN

MYTH OF CREATION

The Greeks had many theories about the creation of the world, previous to our own accounts. According to one of their early myths, Prometheus (forethought) and Epimetheus (afterthought) were brothers descended from the Titan race, which flourished under the rule of Saturn.

This was in prehistoric times when giants, cyclops, dragons and other monsters were supposed to rule the physical world. This legendary period undoubtedly corresponds to our Mesozoic or Reptilian Age. The Greeks believed that these creatures were the cause of earthquakes, volcanic eruptions and other convulsions of nature.

The creation of animal life was ascribed to Epimetheus. To the animals and birds he gave generously the gifts of strength, swiftness, endurance and courage. He provided them with wings to fly about, and legs to run with; claws, beaks and fangs with which to get food, and shells, pelts, feathers and thick skins to protect them.

Prometheus then undertook to make a nobler creature, and formed man out of clay. He found that the best natural gifts had already been given out to the animals and birds. In place of these he made man walk upright and provided him with reason and quick wit. But man was still a helpless creature. In pity for his best beloved creation, Prometheus ascended to heaven and lighted his torch on the sun.

A quarrel among the gods and the downfall of Saturn had previously robbed the earth of fire. Well Prometheus knew that if man were equipped with this tool, he would be able to win all things; without it, he must remain a forlorn wanderer upon the earth and finally perish. Prometheus called down upon himself the anger of the gods, and suffered torture for his generosity. This Greek legend has been used by many great writers, Æschylus, Milton, Shelley and others. Read Mrs. Browning's and Longfellow's more modern interpretations.

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

PROMETHEUS, EPIMETHEUS, *two Titan brothers*
MEN, *gnomelike creatures—represented by children*
WOMEN and CHILDREN, *smaller children*
STRENGTH, FORCE, VULCAN, *giants*
CHORUS OF NYMPHS, *dancers*
NARRATOR, *boy or girl in gown*

STAGING THE PLAY

Only one setting required, occupying entire stage.
Scenery of uncouth, cubistic rocks and upheaved earth.
Coloring should be gray, dreary and cavelike.
Gnomelike creatures crouch about, searching and digging.
Some turn over rocks with signs of great effort and struggle.
For fire imbed a large tin tub in asbestos or other fireproof.
Artificial fire of harmless, effective sort may be used.
Turn on bright lights while it is being used.
Dress gnomes in brown sacking and other dingy stuffs.
Choose large boys for leading parts for contrast in size.

PROMETHEUS THE FRIEND OF MAN

Curtain opens on two brothers, large-muscled and strong, dressed in rude skin robes, leaning on stout staves. They stand together and discuss the situation.

PROMETHEUS. What a pity that man, the noblest of all creatures, should be weakest and least able to help himself! The beasts you provided well with claws and strong bodies, with which to struggle for food. Worst of all, man has not even a good covering with which to keep himself warm! The others are provided with fur, feathers, wool or hair, to protect them from cold and storm, while man shivers in the blasts. I am truly sorry for him and meant him for a better fate.

EPIMETHEUS. I am sorry too. But there was nothing left for him, when his turn came. You *did* give him reason and an upright stature, which is some gain. He gazes upward and can see before him. But he is slow and needs a deal of help from the outside to carry him along. What can we do for him? I wish we could have kept fire for him. The world was happy indeed, while Saturn reigned.

PROMETHEUS. Well, there is nothing for it but to get him some more fire. Then he will be able to help himself. I will go ask Zeus. He knows I am the friend of man and he may grant my wish. [*Goes off.*]

EPIMETHEUS [*looking gloomily around at the shivering creatures*]. It is the only way to save them. With the world cold and without heat, man is

wretched and helpless indeed. I hope Prometheus may get the fire, but I doubt it!

PROMETHEUS [*returning after a time*]. “Fire indeed,” says Zeus. “We have trouble enough!” He says that if men had fire, they would soon be as wise and strong as the gods!

EPIMETHEUS. I knew that Zeus would never consent. He fears both you and man. Some other way must be found to help him.

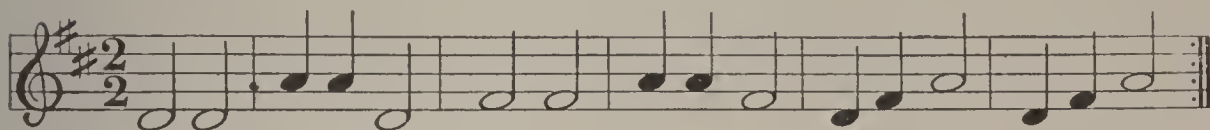
PROMETHEUS. Yes—and that way must be found soon, or man will die. [*Plucking a tall reed at his side, he breaks it and finds it hollow.*] I have it at last! See this hollow reed? In this I can carry fire to the children of men. I will go to the far east, to the dwelling of the Sun and catch some of his flames, and bring them back to earth with me. Stay here until I return. [*Goes off.*]

EPIMETHEUS. Hasten then, and I will gather brush-wood for you in great heaps, with which to feed the flames when you bring them. [*He gathers brush and the GNOMES help him. The brush may be placed over the artificial firing.*]

PROMETHEUS [*bounding in with a flaming torch.*] Behold the return of the Golden Age! Now, you poor creatures, come and revive yourselves in the warmth of the sun! Come now, grow and expand into life, my children. The fire will save you. [*The fire fans into flames and the GNOMES gather round to warm themselves. They laugh and dance and chatter, putting out their hands gleefully. They weave themselves into a dance.*]

PROMETHEUS [*to EPIMETHEUS*]. Now they are happy and will save themselves, while we can go to other

work. But I fear the anger of Zeus when he sees this activity. For now man will not stop short even of forging chains for the gods themselves. [*Exeunt both. As the GNOMES move around the fire, they begin to sing in shrill and untuneful chant or recitative.*]



Fire, fire, Flames leap higher! Burn, burn, Upward turn. From the sun Thy gifts come.

SONG OF FIRE

Fire, fire,
Flames leap higher!
Burn, burn,
Upward turn.
From the sun
Thy gifts come.

Light, light,
Away all fright.
Heat, heat.
Iron now beat.
Glow on glow,
Blow on blow.

Warm, warm
Away all harm.
Give, give,
That we may live.
Run, run, run,
Toward the sun.

Fly, fly,
Sparks on high.
Flare, flare,
To the glare
Of the sun
We have come.

Leap, leap,
The sun to greet.
Fire, fire,
Higher, higher.
From the sun
Thou hast come.

While the circle is dancing, some of the GNOMES bring out bars of iron and put them into the flames; others beat out tools and implements; others begin to quarry and build. WOMEN and CHILDREN bring more fuel. As the light glows brighter, all work and sing together. The curtain falls on a scene of great activity.

The story of PROMETHEUS is too significant to be closed in a light or trivial way. If no more action is desired, a NARRATOR may appear before the curtain, and recite the conclusion of the story.

If a more significant ending is desired, PROMETHEUS may be brought to the judgment of Zeus by STRENGTH and FORCE, accompanied by VULCAN. The latter carries his forging tools and unwillingly forges PROMETHEUS to the rock.

NARRATOR'S CONCLUSION

NARRATOR. Friends, it would seem from our play, that all is well that ends well for man, but not so for Prometheus. His kindly act, which meant life for man, meant death or worse to himself. Prometheus now suffers the wrath of Zeus, who, for reasons of his own, had denied fire to mortals. Vulcan is sent with Strength and Force to chain Prometheus to a high point of Mount Caucasus, to which a vulture descends daily, to prey upon his vitals. But Prometheus does not shrink from his punishment, though cruelly taunted by his tormentors. They now tell him that man, for whom he is enduring this torture, will be the last to help him in his trouble. They say to him :

* Now triumph in thy insolence; now steal
The glory of the gods and bear the gift
To mortal man. Will he relieve thee now?

Oceanus and the Nymphs of the sea come to condole with him. Many others try to help him. At last Hermes is sent to him as messenger from Zeus, to show him how useless it is for him to struggle against the

* See Robert Potter's *Prometheus in Chains*.

gods. But Prometheus has taken his stand and answers :

Thy councils, like the waves that dash against
The rocks' firm base, disquiet but do not move me.
Think not that through fear of what Zeus
May in his rage inflict, my firm disdain
Shall e'er relent; e'er suffer my firm mind to
Sink to softness; to fall prostrate;
To stretch my supplicating hands, entreating
My hated foe to free me from these chains.
Far be that shame and cowardness from me.

Prometheus, as you see, had made his choice; had done a good deed and, though suffering, would not desert the children of men. After many years the good Heracles, as you will remember, when returning from the Garden of Hesperides, saw a vulture hovering over the mountain, to which Prometheus was chained. Drawing the bow of Apollo upon it, he freed his friend from torment. So great was the power of Prometheus that, when he was relieved, his world fell into chaos with him. Thus, good friends, we bid you adieu, leaving you to think over the noble deed of Prometheus, the Friend of Man.



A GREEK FESTIVAL

THE LABORS OF HERACLES

LEGENDS OF HERACLES

Heracles—Greek for Hercules—was one of the merriest and best loved of the old demigods, always ready to do his neighbor a good turn and repaid by the loyalty and admiration of all. Tradition names Thebes as the home of Heracles, who was a son of Zeus and Alcmene, and half-brother to Apollo. He was a wonder child from his birth and marvelous tales are traced to his very cradle.

It is also related that he was early trained in the use of the bow, in boxing, wrestling, music and letters. Later he was supposed to be instructed by Chiron, the mythical Centaur schoolmaster, who had in charge many of the heroes of the Argonaut. Hawthorne explains this in a funny way. Other writers speak of Chiron as a wise herdsman, who taught his pupils much natural lore.

According to myth, Heracles grew to great stature and power and was the most skillful as well as the most beautiful youth in all Greece. Not only did he excel in strength, but early in life he chose between vice and virtue, giving himself to the service of mankind, and performing great deeds in honor of the gods.

His Labors show him to be generous and whole-hearted, considerate of even his enemies. His great fault was a hot and ungovernable temper, which often got the better of him and caused him great suffering. But he always made up for these outbursts and held the love and respect of all. He started out with his friends, the Argonauts, but soon left them for adventures of his own.

Besides his helpful acts, great healing powers were ascribed to Heracles. He was the friend and protector of man, a prototype of the Knight of the Middle Ages, or of our modern Boy Scout, and performed "his good deed daily" against all odds. He was the patron god of Greek games, and many statues were erected to him. The Nemean games were named after Heracles' first Labor.

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

HERACLES [*Roman Hercules*]
PRIESTESS *to Apollo at Delphi*
KING EURYSTHEUS, *cousin of Heracles*
AMAZON QUEEN *and her MAIDS*
HERA *the goddess*
ATLAS *the giant*
MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN, ATHLETES

STAGING THE PLAY

A continuous action play staged with two curtains.
Drop curtain rises on second curtain of field and trees.
The second curtain should be set well back on stage.
Rear stage is set for Eurystheus, Amazon and Festival scenes.
Props such as hut, mule, altar, boulder, etc., pushed on as needed.
Give management of curtain program to one reliable person.
Suggest journeys by properly timed exits and entrances.
A boy Heracles can be found in almost every school.
Choose him for size, natural wit, humor, acting ability.
Red hair is often included in the ensemble, or rent a wig.
The Heracles part seems long, but humor makes easy acting.
Villagers, Amazons, Games, etc., are assigned to special groups.
Save time and labor by giving out parts to right people.
Costumes may be inconspicuous, except for leading parts.
Boys will enjoy making and impersonating the animals.
Encourage informal and spontaneous acting.

THE LABORS OF HERACLES

A Humorous Play for Boys

SCENE I

HERACLES THE SHEPHERD

Drop curtain rises on HERACLES as Greek shepherd, dressed in rough tunic, lying among his flocks in the foreground.

HERACLES [*singing noisily*].

Ho-ho-ho, flocks and fields are my delight,
Ho-ho-ho, flowers and sunshine all bedight.

[*Yawning.*] Great singer I am! What a life—herding sheep—when I should be using my big muscles for something worth while! [*Idly picking a few flowers.*] A son of Zeus—I—and coddling lambs! [*Sits up and shakes his big fists.*] You were made to do things. [*Pounds the earth, making it fly in all directions.*] A brave fellow and a warrior—I could beat them all at swords and boxing. Where is my sword? [*Stands up and fumbles in his belt, but cannot find sword.*] Well, I still have my good, strong legs to run and leap with! [*Capers about, examining his muscles.*] I have good arms, too. I could squeeze a lion to death! Lazy legs—you could take me on many a frolic around the world. [*Looks about.*] I wonder what people are doing everywhere? Here comes a man with a cart. [*Calls.*] Ho there! What a bag o' bones of a mule! The

man seems to be about ready to fall to pieces, too!
[A dilapidated stuffed mule is pushed on from left side of stage and leaned against wings.]

Enter MAN with shambling gait.

MAN. News! Bad news! No crops, no food, no hunting, nothing to eat, starving!

HERACLES. All bad? That is bad! What's wrong? Whose fault is it?

MAN *[stagger]*. The lion—the lion! He tramples our grain fields, sleeps in our vineyards, eats our flocks, frightens the people so they dare not go out to gather food. I got away with my mule, but can go no further, so we must starve.

HERACLES. Look out, there; you'll fall! Where is he? Where is this lion? I'll kill him for you.

MAN. *You* kill the lion—you're crazy! He is as big as two ordinary ones—an arrow will not cut through his hide. Besides, you have no weapon!

HERACLES. Are not my two arms enough? Besides, I'll have a weapon. *[Picks up a club and trims it.]* Ho-ho! Here's *work* to do! Come, my friend, we'll give your lion a lesson. Ho-ho! Some one come and watch the sheep here; both of you get into the cart and I'll give you a jolly ride while you show me the way. *[Lifts both man and mule into the cart and trots off to the right with them, singing.]*

Ho-ho-ho! Now for the lion so strong!

Ho-ho-ho—but it won't be long.

[A hut is pushed on from left and the party soon reappears. HERACLES and the MAN hide in the bushes near by. The lion (a boy in a skin) comes out roaring. HERACLES strikes at him but does not kill him.]

HERACLES *then attacks the lion with bare arms and downs him. The boy inside the skin gets out (under cover) and HERACLES throws the skin over his shoulder and knocks at the door of the hut. A WOMAN peeps out and shrieks: "The lion—the lion!"*']

HERACLES [*laughing*]. No, my good woman, the lion is dead. This is only his skin. [*All come running out, calling: "The lion is dead—the lion is dead! Heracles has killed the lion. He is a hero." They examine the skin. WOMEN throw up their hands and exclaim: "Heracles has come. He has killed the lion."*] Ho-ho-ho! It was nothing. I am hungry, though. We walked a long way, your neighbor and I, to kill him.

MAN. Yes, yes. Get some food, good wife; let us make a feast. This is Heracles! See how strong he is; stronger than the lion. We will make him a cloak of the skin. Now let us eat and we will play after. [*They bring out a low table with bread and jars of milk. HERACLES seats himself.*]

HERACLES. All gather round and eat without fear, for now you can get more. Laugh and be happy, for the lion is dead. Before I go I will help you straighten out your fields and get started again. [*Eats and drinks. CHILDREN dance about, chanting: "The lion is dead, the lion is dead! Now we can play, now we can play." The MEN bring the lion's skin and hang it about HERACLES and give him a club made of a young tree. As he starts off, all shout: "Long live Heracles, the good Heracles!" HERACLES smiles and waves his club. The CHILDREN run after him. He sings, "Ho-ho-ho! Forth the lion must go—" as he*

goes off to the right.] Hut is pushed off left. Curtain.

SCENE II

THE HYDRA

An altar of Apollo appears at the left rear.

Enter HERACLES in his lion skin.

HERACLES [*comes to front stage*]. Well, I have had a good visit with my mother, but this lazy life will never do. I had a fine fight with the lion and gained me a nice coat. What shall I do next? [*He turns to the altar. A PRIESTESS appears and stands over the fumes at rear. HERACLES kneels with arms extended and speaks.*] God of light and good works, give me work to do, my brother, Apollo.

PRIESTESS [*weaving about and speaking slowly, gazing upward*]. Heracles, you are to go to the house of Eurystheus, and do whatever he asks of you. This is the will of Apollo. Go to thy toils. [*HERACLES sinks crestfallen before the altar; then rises slowly, comes forward and seats himself on the boulder to think.*]

HERACLES. Be Eurystheus' servant! A gay life for me! Eurystheus is mean. He will be ugly to me. I will not go! I will wander over the world and have some fun on my own account! I'll meet people and help them. [*Swings his club angrily a moment, then stops short.*] I am a coward—afraid of hard words! Apollo knows best. He needs me. I will work for him. [*Goes off singing.*] Ho-ho-ho! More work for you, my arms, more work for you, my legs.

Last curtain rises showing KING EURYSTHEUS, short, dark, crabbed, sitting on his throne, scowling.

Enter HERACLES, smiling and swinging his club.

HERACLES. Well, Cousin Eurystheus, what do you want me to do? Apollo has sent me to help you.

EURYSTHEUS [*sneering*]. Apollo has sent you to help me? You must be mad! Well, if you want work, go kill the Hydra—and don't be long about it. It has only nine heads; be sure and dispatch every one of them. [*He winks at an attendant as he points HERACLES to the door.*]

HERACLES. A Hydra with nine heads! That's an ugly thing—but I'll do my best. [*Exit.*]

EURYSTHEUS. Ha-ha-ha! He'll have a fine time killing that thing. Ha-ha-ha!

Second Curtain, with hut pushed on left.

Discovered: HERACLES knocking at door of hut.

HERACLES. Ho-ho! Are you all dead? A stranger to speak with you.

WOMAN [*opens crack in door cautiously.*] Not all dead, but very like to be! The dreadful Hydra has poisoned the water and the very air we breathe! He kills our cattle and any one who dares go out to work. We are dying of hunger and fear.

HERACLES. Where is he? Show me his den! I'll make short work of him.

WOMAN. He is out in the swamp. But you can't kill him! He has nine heads and while you are killing one, he'll eat you up with the others. He's frightful! You'd better come in and hide before he gets you.

HERACLES. Ho-ho! A head more or less will not matter. In the end I'll get them all. Give me a drink of milk before I go. [*WOMAN brings cup and he drinks.*] Ah! That's good for thirst. [*Smacks*

his lips and twirls his club.] We'll get him all right. Never fear. [Exit right.] Curtain. Hut is drawn off, and woods of first scene revealed.

Reënter HERACLES. He stumbles in exhausted and sinks on rock. He is spattered with mud. He stretches and yawns; head sinks on chest.

HERACLES. Well, that was harder than I thought it was going to be. He almost had me once. [*Raises his arm.*] That's a bad scratch. [*Pulls leaves and rubs scratch. Rubs his legs.*] Fine supporters you are in time of trouble—going down in the mud just when I braced myself for a good stiff blow! Well, I got 'em after a while—all nine of 'em. [*Yawns and falls fast asleep. Shouting is heard off stage.*]

Enter a WOMAN, a crowd at her heels.

WOMAN. That's the man who came this morning. See! He's caked with mud. His cloak is torn—he killed the Monster. Bring water, food, bathe his hands and feet, clean his cloak.

HERACLES [*rubbs eyes and stretches*]. Ho-ho! What's all the fuss about, eh? Oh, yes, the Hydra, to be sure. He was a tough one. The next one I'll take on land. Too much work—ho-ho! What I need most now is food and sleep. [*Yawns and stretches again.*]

WOMAN. You shall have all you want! The people are getting well. Bring some oil to bathe his wounds—and some clothes. He must be a god to be able to resist the poison.

HERACLES. I am Heracles—son of Zeus and servant of Apollo! [*Rising.*] Let us pour them a libation before we eat. [*Lifts eyes.*] Father Zeus, you have helped us and we love you for it. Apollo, make this

people well and happy and their land fruitful.
[Pours a bowl of water.]

PEOPLE *[shouting]*. It is Heracles—Heracles, the strong one! He has helped us again. Long may he live! Heracles! Heracles! *[Exeunt all.]*

SCENE III

THE STAG WITH THE GOLDEN HORNS

HERACLES. Ho-ho-ho! How my bones do ache! One does not kill a nine-headed hydra every day! But it's worth the pains. Uncle Eurystheus ought to be pleased with that task. *[Walks along.]* They were nice people, too, and glad enough to have me do it. I'll enjoy a rest and a soft seat at court for a few days now.

Curtain rises on EURYSTHEUS' throne, where he is seated with food in front of him. He looks up crossly when knocking is heard.

EURYSTHEUS. What is that knocking? Heracles back from his nine heads? Wouldn't have believed it *[as servant announces]*. Well, have him in. *[As HERACLES enters.]* What is it now?

HERACLES. Ho-ho! Good cousin, that was a hard task you gave me, but I got the heads, all nine of them. Couldn't bring them, but they're all dead, very dead. Hard work makes a man hungry, too. *[Looks at table.]*

EURYSTHEUS *[indifferently]*. Well, you're back, are you? Glad you got through so quickly. Up in the North there is a Stag with Golden Horns. I need them right away. You may go after them at once and bring them. Hurry along—you'll just about have time before the next task. *[Turns to his food.]*

HERACLES. Don't you want to hear about the Hydra—and the folks, how glad they were?

EURYSTHEUS. Don't bother me with that—hurry along to your work.

Exit HERACLES dejectedly to front of stage as curtain falls behind him.

HERACLES. Is that the way to treat a fellow, Apollo? You gave me an ugly job.

Forest Curtain comes down. After a time HERACLES comes staggering on with Golden Horns on his shoulders. Sinks down under his load, drops club and bow.

HERACLES [*feebly*]. Ho-ho-ho! That was a long one. A year's chase. But here are the horns, whatever he may want with them. I've half a mind to smash them. [*Takes up club as if he would.*] If it were not for my promise to Apollo. It was good fun at first, but too long drawn out. Ou-ou-ouch—my legs! Father Zeus, protect me, I must sleep. [*Sinks to ground.*] *Curtain.*

SCENE IV

GIRDLE OF THE AMAZON QUEEN

HERACLES [*striding on*]. This promises to be an easy one. I must get the Queen's girdle for old Eury's daughter [*prances jocularly about*] to improve her looks. I expect she needs it. Ha-ha—Ho-ho—I shall be pleased to visit the Queen's court. I'll flatter her and smile on all the maids. I'll show them *tricks* with my club and jump for them. They will like a little fun. This will be a jolly stunt. [*Curtain rises on QUEEN'S garden. Her MAIDS are practicing arch-*

ery and javelin throwing. One sees HERACLES and runs to the QUEEN.]

MAID. There is a giant at the gate, who would practice with us and teach us.

QUEEN. Let him in. It will do you good to practice with one stronger than yourselves. [*Develop such games and stunts as you please. The MAIDS are delighted with HERACLES. They finally bring him to the QUEEN, who bids him sit and rest, while they bring him fruit. The MAIDS go to play, and he entertains the QUEEN with his exploits. She asks him what he wishes in return for teaching the girls. He admires her girdle and says he would like that, if she is willing to give it to him. She unclasps girdle and hands it to him. Just as he is getting away, HERA rushes among the MAIDS and denounces him.*]

HERA. He is a traitor! He is a traitor! He wishes to carry away your Queen. Seize him—seize him! [*MAIDS rush after, HERACLES escapes.*] *First Curtain.*

SCENE V

AUGEAN STABLES—GIANT GERYON

HERACLES. Well—well—well! Just one little thing after another. Should think that old Eury would get fed up after a while. I didn't mind those girls—that was rather fun—and the Augean Stables—that was no trick at all. My wits and the river did that. That *was* clever. But this three-headed giant Geryon! Hum-hum! He'll be hard—better rush him and get him off my mind. [*Goes off and soon a great roaring and other noises are heard. Throws three heads on the stage.*] There! He thought he would

frighten me with noise, but he found his master. I tied him up solid in one body and sent him back to old Eury, by some slaves. Let them take the scoldings. And now for a swift journey to the far west for the Golden Apples of Hesperides. [*Starts walking in and out the wings.*] My, but it's hot! [*Takes off his lion skin.*] Look here, Apollo, I may be your servant, but this is too much. Can't you cover me with a cloud? You'll fry me to a cinder, and then who'll do your tasks for you? I say, there [*shaking his fist up to the heavens*] this may be fun for you, but it's death to me! This Africa is no iceberg. I say, *stop it!* [*Shoots an arrow toward the sun—cloud obscures sun. Reflector turned off.*] U-u-u-uh! That's better. [*Picks up his bow and wipes his brow.*] Good brother Apollo, I will be patient. [*Bows his head and goes off.*] *First Curtain.*

SCENE VI

THE GOLDEN APPLES OF HESPERIDES

Forest scene again.

HERACLES. Well, here I am at last. I hope he isn't out, after all my trouble. Atlas, are you at home? [*Curtain rises on ATLAS, scantily clad, with a huge globe on his shoulders. HERACLES laughs heartily.*] Well. I should say you were at home, fastened to the place, as it were!

ATLAS [*crossly*]. What do you want? Haven't I enough to bear without any meddlers coming round?

HERACLES [*sympathetically*]. I should say you have, old man, I call that a pretty heavy load. We'll strike a bargain! I have been sent for the Golden Apples

in charge of your daughters. But I have already fought so many obstacles, I'd *like* a standing-still job. Here you are, with your feet asleep and grown into the earth with weariness. Let's change jobs. I'll hold up that ball while you go stretch your legs and neck a bit. Doesn't that sound attractive to you? There, there! Steady now! Careful that you don't shake the stars down! Hum-m-m! That's some weight. Now, you hurry along and get the apples. You know where they are and I can endure it that long. [ATLAS goes off rubbing his neck, grinning.] Say, there are other tasks besides mine, I guess! I wouldn't like to stand under this one too long. [Shifts uneasily as time goes on.]

ATLAS [reënters with apples]. Well, well! Here are the apples! You seem to be doing nicely. Don't you think that I would better carry these to Eurystheus myself?

HERACLES. I-I-I—don't know. S'pose you haven't seen him in a long while. I-I'd have to get a fresh start. Can't you spell me a bit, till I get the wrinkle out of my coat? [Shifts back the globe to ATLAS, picks up the apples and makes off.]

ATLAS. Come back here! Come back and keep your word! That's not fair! Come back!

HERACLES. Not so, old man, not so. I spelled you, that was the bargain. That's your job—not mine. [Gets off.] *First curtain.*

HERACLES [doubling with laughter]. Ho-ho-ho. Ha-ha-ha! That was a close call for a permanent job. I never will quite get that crick out of my neck. [Twists his head.] Well, I think I have had work enough for a while. But let me get home again out of this hot country and I'll take it easy for a spell.

What is that vulture hovering over that mountain yonder for? I have seen him before. [*Draws his bow.*] There! That may puncture his ambitions somewhat. Well, here's for home and a rest. [*Exit.*]

Entire stage is prepared for a festival. Assemble all the characters behind the curtain.

Enter HERACLES from right. All rush boisterously forward.

HERACLES. Well, well, friends all, what is this—a party? Games and a banquet for your uncle. I'd like nothing better.

MAN. We have proclaimed a feast in your honor, and our young men will wrestle and run and jump for the victor of the day. [*They place HERACLES on the throne of EURYSTHEUS.*] This is our real King and helper and for one day you shall have royal sway. [*Girls crown him with flowers and bring him food; boys perform stunts of all kinds. HERACLES cheers and gives prizes, and all is noisy, joyous confusion.*]

HERACLES [*standing*]. Thanks, my friends all. I was aching to see some real sport once again. You are heroes all. And now I must go home to my family, which I have not seen for many years. There are many more labors to be performed and some of these young heroes should get ready to do them. Farewell. Think kindly of Heracles. Ho-ho-ho! 'tis a merry life we lead! Ho-ho-ho! [*Steps down and exit, while all call and shout: "Long live Heracles—as long as his deeds!"*]

Note. Many more episodes might be added. Those given are the most graphic and adaptable to dramatization. A happy ending to a life of service and ideals seems best.

THE QUEST OF PERSEUS

STORY OF PERSEUS

Among the most interesting and ancient hero stories told of the demigods are the adventures of Perseus. Because of the jealousy of his grandfather Acrisius, he and his mother Danae are thrown adrift in a chest upon the sea. Dictys, uncle of Perseus, finds the chest on the shore and rescues and protects them. Dictys is suffering the same treatment from his brother Polydectes, who is reigning in his stead—the famous “wicked uncle” theme.

There are many differing stories about Polydectes, who, though he was kind to Perseus, evidently did not much relish having the lad about. Polydectes gave the youth a good education at court, but teased and trapped him into some rash boasting. He finally sent Perseus after the Medusa head, which, in an excited moment, Perseus had said he could secure for the King.

Perseus, a warm hearted, thoughtful lad, was knight errant of his mother and tried to protect her from unpleasant experiences. He very much regretted his foolish speech, which left her alone and at the mercy of the wicked King, while he was away on his dangerous quest.

But Perseus had good friends among the gods. The fleet-footed Hermes advised him and Pallas Athene gave him much wisdom. Between them he gained the information needed to make his quest successful. He returned with the dreadful trophy of the Medusa head just in time to save his mother.

Many a gallant deed he performed on the side, with the strange helpers provided by the gods. Among these was the freeing of Andromeda, whom he brings home to his mother. He restores Dictys, the good uncle, to the throne, and all “live happily ever after.” You can trace Perseus’ journeys from Argolis to Africa.

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

DANAË *and the lad* PERSEUS
PERSEUS, *the youth*
DICTYS, *brother of the King*
POLYDECTES, *the King*
HERMES, *god*
THREE GRÆÆ, *sisters*
THREE NYMPHS
THREE GORGONS *and* MEDUSA
ANDROMEDA *and the* MONSTER
COURTIERS *and* PRINCES

STAGING THE PLAY

A continuous action play arranged in three settings.
Shore, wood and palace interior as in Jason and Theseus plays.
Set banquet scene back stage, leaving room for other scenes.
Set cave of Grææ and Gorgons' lair in wings for forest scene.
Set Andromeda's rocks in wing of seashore scene.
Continuous action may be secured by a careful curtain program.
Mark time exits and entrances with curtain, not too fast or slow.
Choose a thoughtful yet vigorous personality for Perseus.
Properties and dress should be carefully copied from Greek models.
Characters must speak and pose well. Make pictures of the scenes.
Perseus has been the hero of many great paintings.
Costumes may be colorful and of many contrasts.
See that Perseus appears in cloak and travel hat.

THE QUEST OF PERSEUS

PRELUDE

DANAË *and the lad PERSEUS are discovered by* DICTYS *in a chest stranded on the seashore. DICTYS runs on and examines it.*

DICTYS. What a strange looking chest! It must have washed in from some wreck. [*Raps on it.*] There may be treasure in it. [*Hears a sound.*] Or something living. [*Takes a bar of wood lying by and pries it open. DANAË, with her babe, steps out.*] What miracle is this! [*DANAË tells her story.*]

DANAË. Do not fear! I am most unfortunate. Acrisius, King of Argos, my father, afraid of a prophecy that my son would reign in his place, put us both adrift in this chest on the sea. Take pity on us—we wish no harm.

DICTYS. I myself suffer the same fate, since my brother, Polydectes the King, holds the same fear. In consequence I am but a poor shepherd. I live by my flocks, but am contented withal. Come with me, I will hide you in my hut, where you will be quite safe. Here you can care for your son until he is old enough to help with the sheep. [*DICTYS takes the boy by the hand. They go off to left.*]

SCENE I

Opens on the second or woodland curtain, where PERSEUS, now a full grown lad of sixteen, is walking up and down with his mother, discussing the future.

PERSEUS. The King is kind, but I trust him not. He asks always of you and says we must both come and live in the palace. He has given me a Prince's training and now he says that I must go and get the head of Medusa, which one day he led me to boast that I was mighty enough to bring him. Woe is me! This is sure death.

DANAE. My son, you must not go on that terrible errand to please anyone, no matter what my fate may be. He shall not send you!

PERSEUS. But today he mocked me before the whole court, saying, "Ah! Here is our hero. When do you start for Medusa's head?" I hotly answered, "Tomorrow, if need be!" And he commanded, "Then get ready at once. We must not delay this great deed." Now that I am strong enough to protect you, I must go on this deadly quest.

DANAE. Go then, Perseus. Pray to the gods—they will help you. It was promised that you should perform great deeds. I will hasten to the temple and hide myself there until your return. [*They part affectionately. PERSEUS throws himself down and prays to the gods. The shining HERMES appears.*]

HERMES. Perseus, if you have the courage to strive, you will find the way to win. Take this sickle-sword. With it you shall slay the Gorgon. But take heed that you do not look upon her face, or you will be turned to stone.

PERSEUS. But how can I do this thing, being but a human? I have no wings to fly, nor power to make myself invisible. Who will help me?

HERMES. Go to the Grææ—the Gray Ones—the ancient daughters of Phorcys. They have but one tooth and

one eye between them. Win from them the secret where dwell the Nymphs, who possess the shoes of flight, the invisible cap and the magic pouch. Tell them Hermes sent you, and use your wits.

PERSEUS. Wait—wait! What shall I do first? [*As HERMES disappears.*]

HERMES. Begin your Quest—the gods will not fail you, if you have courage. *Curtain.*

SCENE II

PERSEUS arrives at the cave of the GRÆÆ, where one sits munching acorns with the one tooth, while another is looking with the eye into the back of the cave. The third sister is polishing a copper shield. All are covered with long hair of gray flax, and gray cloaks. PERSEUS stands at the side looking in.

FIRST SISTER. Sister, turn your eye this way. I hear something stirring.

SECOND SISTER [*turning to the front*]. Sister, I see nothing. Give me the tooth and you watch while I eat my acorns. [*PERSEUS darts in and takes the eye and tooth while they are exchanging them.*]

BOTH GRÆÆ [*together*]. Where is the tooth, where is the eye?

PERSEUS. Ancient daughters of Phorcys, I have not come to rob you, but to ask my way to the Nymphs, who guard the cap of darkness, the shoes of flight and the magic pouch.

BOTH GRÆÆ. A mortal—a mortal! We will not tell you!

PERSEUS. Then I will keep the eye and the tooth. But I will give them to the one who will tell.

GRÆÆ [*groping about blindly*]. We will tell, we will tell! But give us the tooth and the eye. [PERSEUS places the eye and the tooth in the nearest hand of each, but holds their wrists firmly with his strong hands until they tell.] Beyond Atlas, lies the Valley of the Nymphs. [*He drops their hands and while they rub them and mumble he escapes, taking with him the copper shield lying in the entrance.*]

THIRD SISTER. He has taken my shield—my shield!
Curtain.

SCENE III

PERSEUS enters upon the Valley of THE NYMPHS, who are afraid and run from him. He throws himself down on the ground and the youngest one returns. Others come back later.

FIRST NYMPH. Why have you come here, and what is your trouble? How did you find your way to our dwelling place?

PERSEUS. The god Hermes sent me and gave me this sword. I am commanded to kill the Gorgon, and I need the shoes of flight, the cap of darkness and the magic pouch. If you do not get them for me, I shall surely die.

SECOND NYMPH. Tell us your story, that we may know that you are worthy.

PERSEUS. Before I was born, a prophecy was told to my grandfather Acrisius that I should rule in his place. He set my mother Danæ and myself adrift in a chest. We were rescued by Dictys, the brother of Polydectes the King. The King has sent me upon this quest that I might be destroyed. He fears me

for my mother's sake, who serves in a temple to escape him. If I bring not the Gorgon's head to the feast, I must hang my head for shame. As for my mother, I know not what fate is in store for her. [PERSEUS *weeps.*]

FIRST NYMPH. We believe that you speak truthfully and that your need is great. But we are keepers of the magic treasures, and any hour they may be needed by others. Will you swear that when you have slain the Gorgon, you will return them to us?

PERSEUS. That I will, with haste. By this sickle-sword, you may know that I speak the truth. It is the sword of Hermes.

THIRD NYMPH. Then if you will stay here until my return, I will bring the treasures.

PERSEUS *polishes his shield and looks into it, as into a glass, while waiting THE NYMPHS' return, one bringing the cap of dog-skin, another the winged shoes, and the last one the magic pouch.*

FIRST NYMPH. May this cap of darkness shield thee from all thine enemies.

SECOND NYMPH. May these winged shoes lift thee out of all danger.

THIRD NYMPH. May this magic pouch hide thee safely from the power of Medusa. *Curtain.*

SCENE IV

This is largely in pantomime. The stage is arranged as the lair of THE GORGONS and three of them are discovered asleep. The fourth sits on a rock at the right, with a reptile in her hands, to which she is uttering hoarse sounds. PERSEUS swoops down over her, cut-

ting off the false head attached. The body falls over, as he stands in the middle of the stage with the writhing head, protecting his face with the copper shield. PERSEUS flees. The other GORGONS, awakening, pursue him, as the curtain falls. The episode of ANDROMEDA may be omitted, the banquet scene following immediately upon the MEDUSA incident.

SCENE V

PERSEUS enters from the right with the wallet over his shoulder. He sees the figure of ANDROMEDA chained to the rock. She reaches out her arms; he drops his bag and leaps upon the rock by her side. The SEA MONSTER comes on with wide open mouth. Hiding his face with the shield, PERSEUS flings his sickle-sword and cuts off the MONSTER'S head. The MONSTER writhes his last. PERSEUS frees ANDROMEDA, who falls at his feet and tells her story.

ANDROMEDA. It is not for fault of my own that I am in this plight, oh Prince! This is punishment for my mother's folly, who boasted that she was fairer than the Nymphs of the Sea. To save our country from the Monster, must I be sacrificed. [Weeps.]

PERSEUS. Then I have saved not only you but your country, by the death of this Monster. Come with me. I am returning to my mother, the lovely Danae. She will care for you. But we must first haste to the Valley of the Nymphs and return to them these magic treasures, which helped me save your life. Curtain.

SCENE VI

PERSEUS, accompanied by ANDROMEDA, is on the way to the palace of the KING, when, passing the temple, he

is arrested by a voice crying out: "Oh ye gods, hear me! Walled up in a tower, I am left to die of hunger. My son Perseus, my hero! Return soon or I shall surely perish!"

PERSEUS [*calls*]. Mother, I am here! I will rescue you. Be patient till I come. [*Reappears with DANAE.*]

Curtain is drawn as PERSEUS goes out at one side and reveals the banquet scene of the KING'S palace. The KING is seated on a dais and guests are assembled around tables. PERSEUS, DANAE and ANDROMEDA enter to trumpet sounds. The KING observes PERSEUS and calls out mockingly to his LORDS and PRINCES surrounding him.

POLYDECTES. Whom have we here? Perseus, the lost hero! Step forward, oh youth with the empty hands. Where is thy gift?

PERSEUS. I have not come empty-handed, oh King, nor without a gift for the feast. All friends of Perseus, hide your eyes, nor gaze on the sight worthy only the eyes of Kings and Princes.

POLYDECTES. Step forward, my Princeling, and do not try to frighten us with boastful words. Step forward and show us thy royal gift.

PERSEUS. That will I, King Polydectes, and take thou thy last look upon the earth. [*He pushes back his mother and the others who are with him. These hide their faces while he flashes the ugly serpent head of MEDUSA before the eyes of the KING and his COURTIERs. The latter begin to stiffen, some still mocking and smiling, while others turn and half hide their faces. The pictures of Niobe and the serpents are models for expressions of terror.*]

PERSEUS. And now, dear mother, we will seek the good shepherd Dictys and let him finish his life in a reign of peace. I must also return the sickle-sword to Hermes; and the Medusa head must be set upon Athene's shield, where it may forever guard us against the deadly serpents of lies and deceit. [*All exeunt.*]

Note. While the story of Perseus is one of the oldest of the hero tales, in sentiment it accords with the ideals that inspired many of the traditions treasured by the Greeks. The killing of monsters in fact takes Perseus into the realm of mythology. These mythical monsters that seemed so real to the minds of primitive peoples later were recognized as symbols of moral and ethical evils, the destruction of which required no less doughty heroism than was needed to slay the Minotaur or the giant Geryon. The myth doubtless grew out of superstitions concerning elements that could not be defined satisfactorily to the untutored faculties of these early nations except by personification. Kingsley's *Greek Heroes* gives a fine interpretation of these mythical characters.



THESEUS AND THE MINOTAUR

STORY OF THESEUS

Theseus was the much loved hero of Athens, who in later times held the place of Heracles in the hearts of the youth of Hellas. At the Restoration of Athens a temple was erected to him at the base of the Acropolis, the columns of which still stand. The Panathenaic Festival was dedicated to Theseus.

The story of Theseus runs as follows: Ægeus, King of Athens, having no heir to his throne, made a pilgrimage to Delphi, there to consult the Oracle. Not pleased with the answer, Ægeus went to visit his wise friend, Pittheus, the King of Trœzene, and while there contracted a secret marriage with Æthra, daughter of Pittheus.

Before leaving for Athens, Ægeus led Æthra to the seashore. There removing a great rock, he placed his sword and sandals in the hollow beneath it. He then said to her: "Do not reveal to our son his name and rank until he is old enough and strong enough to lift this rock. Then send him to Athens bearing these tokens, by which I shall know him."

This son was afterward named Theseus. He was carefully trained by his grandfather Pittheus in all the arts pertaining to a King's son. When he had become strong and manly enough, his mother led him to the boulder on the seashore. There she urged him to try his strength, which he quickly proved.

The story of Theseus is undoubtedly both mythical and historical. The story of the Minotaur tells of the freeing of Athens from the power of Crete. The many exploits of Theseus, like those of Heracles, Perseus and other popular heroes, grew with the ages. It is said that Cimon had the bones of Theseus brought back to Athens and laid to rest under the temple built in his honor.

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

THESEUS, *son of Æthra and Ægeus*
ÆTHRA, *mother of Theseus*
ÆGEUS, *King of Athens*
PITTHEUS, *Theseus' grandfather*
MEDEA, *witch woman*
ATHENIAN CITIZEN
COUNTRYMAN
ELEUSIAN CITIZEN
MINOS, *King of Crete*
ARIADNE *and sisters*, DAUGHTERS *of* MINOS
YOUTHS *and* MAIDENS *of* Athens
DANCERS *and* SERVANTS

STAGING THE PLAY

Staging and curtains same as for Perseus sketch.
Make a separate prop of labyrinth wall for fourth scene.
Connect story by means of well timed curtains, exits and entrances.
Hold pauses for Theseus' journeys to Athens and Crete.
This will give the effect of time and distance.
For journeys have Theseus dress in cloak and travel hat.
Costumes and properties fully described under *Directions*.
Theseus was the last of the old Greek heroes.
He was the active Knight Errant type of modern times.
Theseus expected to do the impossible and did it.
The character must be kept high keyed and aggressive.
The action should smack a little of the heroic.
Choose a lively, capable youth for the part.
The words of the play are mere vehicles for action.
The pantomime should be as expressive as the text.
The actor of parts avoids wordy performance.

THESEUS AND THE MINOTAUR

SCENE I

Discovered: ÆTHRA and her son THESEUS walking on the seashore. Second Curtain.

THESEUS. Mother, when shall I hear the story about myself? Am I not yet old enough and strong enough to know the truth? See, I am already above your shoulder.

ÆTHRA. My son, today is your birthday. Perhaps today is the time for you to know the secret. Let us see how strong you are. Here is a big boulder. Let us see if you can move it.

THESEUS. Move it? I shall hurl it clear over. [*Pushes mightily.*] There, see how powerful I am?

ÆTHRA. My son, my son! Now you shall learn the secret of your birth. Do you see what lies in the hollow of the rock, there?

THESEUS [*stoops and holds to light a sword and a pair of sandals*]. How strange, mother! Some one must have placed them there. This is a King's sword—the handle is of ivory, embossed with gold.

ÆTHRA. My child, it is your father's sword, placed there by himself, until you should become mighty enough to roll away the stone. Ah me! Now you will leave me. [*Weeps.*]

THESEUS. Where is my father? Is he a King? What country does he reign over? Why have I never seen him?

ÆTHRA. Your father is Ægeus, King of Athens, and he is awaiting your coming.

THESEUS. But I cannot leave you and grandfather! I should like to try this sword, though. I feel strong as Heracles with it in my hands. [*Swishes it.*]

ÆTHRA. Here comes your grandfather. He will help you plan your journey. [*Steps to one side.*]

PITTHEUS. Well, grandson, you have rolled over the stone at last and found your fortune?

THESEUS. Yes, grandsire. I have found my father and he is my fortune. When can I go to him? I must see my father, the King. [*Strides about.*]

PITTHEUS. It is a hard and dangerous journey, and you would better go by sea. I will get you a ship and sailors.

THESEUS. Oh, danger! I long for danger. What can happen to me with this good sword, with which to defend myself?

PITTHEUS. There are robbers and thieves, wild animals and giants, and enemies of all kinds, ready to destroy you. You must take soldiers with you.

THESEUS [*indignantly*]. Indeed, that is not the kind of a son my father is expecting. What better than to play Heracles and exterminate these monsters? I am ready to go at once.

Both go off with him, explaining and warning. His mother weeps over him. They return shortly, with THESEUS equipped in shield and helmet and his father's sword in his hand.

PITTHEUS. Be not too rash, Theseus. Your father is expecting you alive.

THESEUS. My father, the King, is expecting a Prince and not a coward! [PITTHEUS *shakes his head.* ÆTHRA *weeps.* SERVANTS *bring a handsome cloak, a helmet cap and shield, and equip THESEUS for his*

journey. THESEUS takes leave of his mother and grandfather and goes out. Some time may elapse between this and next scene.] *Third Curtain.*

SCENE II

The early adventures of THESEUS are only incidental to the slaying of the Minotaur, but may make a dramatic entrance at court for him. THESEUS comes announced as a hero by his own acts, and gains the attention of his father by his deeds as well as by recognition of the sword. His new friends help him force his way into the KING'S presence. MEDEA is seated by the KING'S side.

ÆGEUS. What is this commotion I hear? Some new outbreak of our enemies? Has there not been rioting enough? I am getting old and cannot endure much more.

MEDEA. Sire, there is news of a youth, strong and bold, who is pushing his way into your presence. Another aspirant for your throne.

ÆGEUS. What can we do to stay him? Another inter-loper! [*Rises totteringly.*]

MEDEA. Let him enter. I will prepare a draught of welcome for him. [*Mixes wine.*]

ÆGEUS [*as THESEUS enters with a noisy crowd at his heels*]. Welcome, youth. Why this visit to our court, and this uproar, as of a hero's triumph?

ATHENIAN. My lord, he is a hero! Has he not slain the robber Sinis, and broken Procrustes the Stretcher to fit his own bed?

COUNTRYMAN [*pushing forward*]. Yea, good King. He slew the dangerous boar back in the woodland of

Crommyon. And the wicked Sciron, who threw the travelers over the cliff into the sea, he finished in like manner. I followed him and saw both acts.

ELEUSIAN. And he hath rid us of King Cercyon, our boastful wrestler, who forced all strangers to fight with him, killing them outright.

MANY [*together*]. He is a hero, a hero indeed! It is Heracles come back among us again. We have need of him. He is the Prince to rule over us. [*They push him forward. THE KING observes him with amazement. THE COURTIERs look at him scornfully.*]

ÆGEUS. Come then, my bantling hero! Let us see this Heracles returned. Here is a bumper to thy prowess! [*Raises his goblet.*] Drink, ye Princes, to your rival. Hail a new competitor for our throne. [*SERVANTS pass goblets to drink. MEDEA, the witch, urges her special cup on THESEUS, who pushes it aside, and goes toward his father, drawing the sword of gold and ivory from his belt. Pose picture. THE KING reaches out to him and speaks.*]

ÆGEUS. This is my son, my son! [*He embraces THESEUS.*] This is indeed your Prince and future King. He bears a King's sword and, by all accounts, has already honored it. [*All salute THE KING as he places THESEUS beside him in MEDEA's place.*] Begone, thou witch woman. Begone with thy treacherous councils, from this kingdom. [*Pointing to the young COURTIERs.*] And ye sons of Pallas, depart, lest my wrath overtake you. This is my son and rightful heir, who shall soon reign in my stead. [*Noise and shouting as the COURTIERs depart in anger, while ÆGEUS embraces THESEUS.*] *Second Curtain.*

SCENE III

Discovered: THESEUS and his father ÆGEUS sitting talking together. A few SERVANTS moving about.

THESEUS. But father, it were not wise, in this unsettled state of your kingdom, to make me King at once. I am too young and untried, and you have many years before you. Now that the wicked witch woman, with her evil councils, is gone, let us set your kingdom in order and once more rule the people justly.

ÆGEUS. I am weary of this contention. I would rest. Let me lean on thee and let us together restore the good will of the people. Stand thou with me before them and help me. [*They walk affectionately about together.*]

THESEUS. Surely it was for this that my good grandfather Pittheus trained me. Take courage, father. Were it not better that I perform first some great deed? This would win the love and respect of all, before I try to play the part of King?

ÆGEUS [*pushing THESEUS aside*]. Ah, how low have I fallen! But even now must I send the shipload of youths and maidens as a tribute to Minos, king of Crete, to be devoured by the monster Minotaur. Ah, woe is me, that I listened to that wicked witch! There is none strong enough to overcome the Minotaur, and thus we must suffer. [*Walks nervously about.*]

THESEUS [*aghast*]. What! send Athenian youths to be devoured by the Cretan Minotaur! No wonder the citizens do not trust you! I will destroy the monster! This is the great deed that shall win the love of your kingdom. [*Paces about.*] Let me go with them? We will not play slaves to King Minos!

ÆGEUS. No, no, my son. I cannot let you go now! You would only lose your way in the Labyrinth and be destroyed in the end. Wait until we can get a great army together, then march at the head of it.

THESEUS. We will not wait for an army. With your magic sword I shall have no fear. Call your court together for council and tell them that I will go.

ÆGEUS. They will but laugh and say, "There goes the hero. Now we have seen the last of him." They will again assail my throne. I cannot have thee go!

THESEUS. The gods will preserve me as they have heretofore directed me. Stay you here and set to work. You will see my white sail returning and together we shall reign over Athens. [*ÆGEUS goes off despairingly to one side, as THESEUS disappears on the other.*]

Note. Since the climax of the play is the slaying of the Minotaur, Theseus' journey to Crete is omitted. After a proper wait the short scene between the hero and King Minos shows the character of the surly King. The following original dialogue written by a class was reconstructed for Scene IV. The students enjoyed working it over into better form as given in scene below:

KING MINOS. Well, what do you want?

THESEUS. I want to kill the Minotaur.

MINOS. What do you want to kill him for?

THESEUS. So that he won't eat any more of our boys and girls.

MINOS. Well, he belongs to me, so you can't do that!

THESEUS. Well, we'll see about that. Etc.

SCENE IV

Discovered: KING MINOS walking about the city, accompanied by slaves. He meets THESEUS, who walks along boldly in his fine dress, before the first curtain.

KING MINOS. Who is this bold youth striding along so proudly?

SLAVE. A stranger in the city, oh King!

KING MINOS. Call him here. [SERVANT *brings back THESEUS, who has gone on.*] What do you want in our city? Where are you from? Who are you?

THESEUS. I am Theseus, from Athens. I come with the youths and maidens who are to feed your Minotaur.

KING MINOS. You will make a fine titbit for the monster. [*Sneeringly.*]

THESEUS. Indeed, I have come to kill him and release Athens from this dreadful tax.

KING MINOS. E-h-h—You would kill the Minotaur? You are welcome—you are welcome. [*Walks off in a surly fashion. THESEUS gazes after.*]

THESEUS. Kings, indeed, who fear their own shadows! They slay youth that they themselves may live. I will slay the monster that youth may live [THESEUS *disappears to the side.*]

SCENE V

The first curtain is now drawn and the wall of the Labyrinth appears, before which the youths and maidens of Athens are gathered. The girls weep, while the boys cheer THESEUS, who comes on armed with his sword, ready to enter the Labyrinth. The three DAUGHTERS of KING MINOS have followed him and stand at the side gazing at him.

MAIDEN [*pleadingly*]. Oh, do not enter that dreadful place! It were better that we should die, than that you should be lost to your father!

YOUTHS [*boldly*]. Let us go with you. We, too, can fight! Eight are better than one! At the worst we can all die together!

THESEUS [*looks from one group to the other, as ARIADNE, one of the KING'S DAUGHTERS, steps forward with a spindle of thread*]. Who is this?

ARIADNE. Oh youth from Athens, I am Ariadne, King Minos' daughter. I have come to save you from the monster Minotaur!

THESEUS. Fair maid, how can you do that! Can you help me slay the monster?

ARIADNE. I cannot help you slay the monster; that *you* must do. But I can help you find him in the Labyrinth and, with care, you may find your way out again.

THESEUS. But help me find him and, with my good sword and the aid of the gods, the Minotaur shall be slain. I do not fear him!

ARIADNE. That is what I have come to do. Follow this thread and roll it on the cone as you go. It will lead you to the lair of the Minotaur. There you will find another thread to bring you back again, if you escape with your life. The gods protect you.

THESEUS [*to the YOUTHS and MAIDENS*]. I will return. Have no fear. [*Goes.*] [*Suitable music may be played until THESEUS returns. The MAIDENS fall on their knees and moan.*]

MAIDENS. He will be killed! He will be killed! We shall all die. He is very brave—he is a hero!

YOUTHS. We should have gone with him. We, too, are Athenians. We are not cowards. [*They gesticulate and talk together. The DAUGHTERS of MINOS stand with bowed heads, waiting. Finally THESEUS plunges back into their midst with drawn sword, and falls as if dead. They all gather around shouting, "He is alive! He has killed the monster."*]

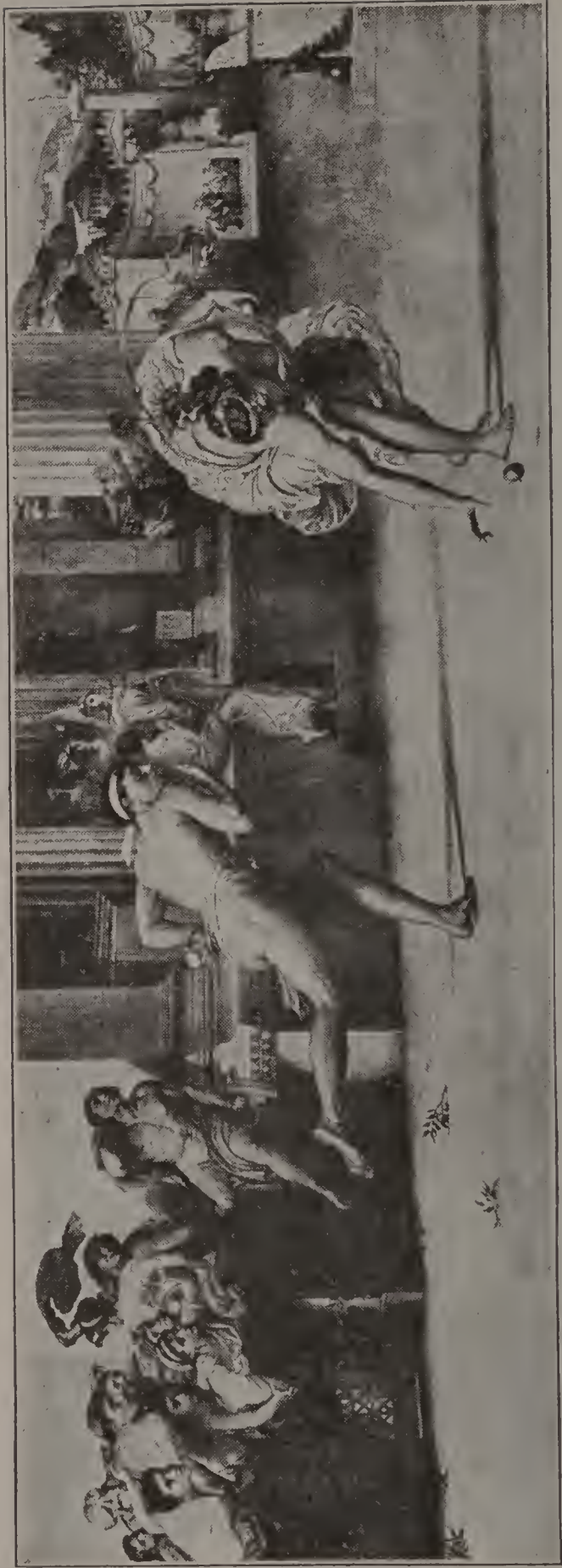
Third curtain in rear is now raised, showing the city.

The populace pours in, crying, "The Minotaur is slain! The monster is slain! Long live Theseus, the hero of Athens!" They raise THESEUS on a dais. KING MINOS comes on, raging.]

KING MINOS. You have killed the monster and freed Athens! Men of Crete, take him prisoner! Will ye be slaves to Athens? [*The crowd hisses MINOS and pushes him away.*]

THESEUS. It was a fair fight, Minos; and you have lost it. No more Athenian youth shall be sacrificed to your wicked power. [*A procession is formed, led by trumpets, and the scene closes with music and dancing, the procession circling about the stage and finally off.*] *Curtain.*





ATALANTA'S RACE—Poynter

ATALANTA'S RACE

STORY OF ATALANTA

Arcadian Atalanta, snowy-souled,
Fair as the sun and fleet-footed as the wind.

According to myth, Atalanta was a native of Arcadian Greece, which was also the home of her foster goddess, the Greek Artemis (Roman Diana). Atalanta dates very far back in Greek mythology. Although born of human parents, she is named among the Argonauts. She was far-famed for her skill and courage in the chase and took part in the Calydonian hunt.

Her father, Schœneus, was disappointed because he desired a son and had his infant daughter exposed, as was the custom in those rude times. But she was protected and nursed by a mother bear in the forest. Here she was later found by some hunters who reared her and gave her the name of Atalanta. Her father finally acknowledged her, after she had become famous.

All this heroic treatment seemed to give Atalanta unusual power. She joined herself to Artemis, goddess of the chase, and became known as the "fair, fearless and fleet-footed Atalanta." She had many admirers, but, warned by an oracle that they would bring her misfortune, she kept them all at a distance.

Occasionally she would allow her admirers to compete with her, knowing that at any time she could out-skill them. How she finally met her fate is told in the play. The harsh ruling of Artemis shows how great the prize set before the victor. In the end both Atalanta and Hippomenes were turned into lions because they trespassed upon the forbidden gardens of Zeus.

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

ATALANTA, *the huntress*
SCHÆNEUS, *her father*
GROUP OF HUNTRESSES
MESSENGERS *and* SLAVES
ATTENDANTS
MASTER OF THE GAMES
HIPPOMENES, *the Judge*
ARISTIDES, DAMONIDES, CERTES, *competitors*
SPECTATORS, *as many as desired*
DANCERS, *ten to twenty*

STAGING THE PLAY

This sketch takes the form of a mimic Greek Festival. Suitable for indoors or outdoors, and requires but one setting. As a "play within a play," it calls for both players and spectators. The stage is used for spectators, the steps for judges. The program of games and dances is given in the pit below. Races and dances prepared by Physical Training department. English and art teachers prepare text, costumes and decorations. Study Poynter's "Atalanta's Race" for general effects. Play presented by three groups: spectators, games, dancers. Spectators should be trained in expressing enthusiasm and applause. Spectators also supply artistic grouping and color schemes.

Note. If a longer program is desired, it may be supplemented by a gay procession and Greek dancing in honor of the victors. This should be supplied by a fresh group, while all the people of the play remain as guests. [See *Appendix for Greek Dancing, Costumes, Properties.*]

ATALANTA'S RACE

PANTOMIME PRELUDE

The stage as arranged for the SPECTATORS should show a woodland scene, with a Greek column on either side and an altar with incense at the back. ATALANTA enters and turns to the altar, pauses, and hears from the hidden oracle, that if she wishes future happiness, she must join herself to Artemis, goddess of the chase. She is then joined by her HUNTRESSES, who come running on, to whom she tells her fortune. They pantomime their joy, belt their chitons into short hunting tunics, sling their quivers over their shoulders, maneuver with their spears, or go through a short archery practice, and then flee away to the forest. Practice running, throwing, shooting to music. (See *Music, Appendix.*)

SCENE I

Because of the urgencies of her many suitors, ATALANTA decides to race with them.

Enter ATALANTA and her MAIDENS.

MESSENGERS *approach from the other side of stage.*

MESSENGER. We bring you, fair huntress, the conditions of the race and the names of your competitors.
[*Hands her a scroll.*]

ATALANTA [*reads from scroll*]. Aristides—Damonides—Certes. Hippomenes to be Judge. [*To MESSENGERS.*] H-m-m—your masters do know the conditions of the race?

MESSENGER. Yes, Atalanta, thy conditions are well known. Yet, in spite of these, there are many youths who would try, for the prize's sake. My lady, you

set your aim high, but it will be gladly met by many valiant ones.

ATALANTA. You know that the conditions are made by the mistress of my life, no one less than the goddess Artemis herself. She is a jealous mistress, and no follower can escape her word. Go now, and say that all will be in readiness at the race course on the day set. The god Mercury be with them and speed their gait.—Poor fools, running to meet their death! [*With her HUNTRESSES goes out on one side and the MESSENGERS on the other.*]

SCENE II

A public stadium, with crowds of SPECTATORS assembling. If given indoors, the stage can be used for the SPECTATORS, the boys sitting on the edge with feet hanging over. Others stand behind them and upon a back row on benches. Considerable art may be employed in this scene in coloring and grouping.

The scene opens with the noisy coming and going of groups on the stage. Below the JUDGES and COMPETITORS, with their SLAVES and ATTENDANTS, assemble. There may be considerable trying out, feinting and mock stunts going on in the pit. Also a few preliminary stunts of javelin throwing, jumping and other events may be indulged in. Make this a short preliminary program to the main event, if you like. The crowd must be trained to cheer and appreciate intelligently. The MASTER OF THE GAMES is an important character. He must be officious and commanding in his attitude. He is wrapped in a large scarlet cloak and carries a huge staff, with which he starts and closes events. Five minutes should be given to this.

*Then the COMPETITORS enter the pit. Wild cheering.
A trumpet sounds.*

MASTER OF THE GAMES [*joins HIPPOMENES with hand grasp*]. Greetings, Hippomenes. Thou art to be judge today. Stand thou here upon this platform, whence thou canst see the entire track.

HIPPOMENES. Greetings and may the fates be propitious. Hast thou examined these candidates for certain death?

MASTER OF THE GAMES. Yea, they are as fit as training can make them. But unless the gods interfere, I can see no hope for their enterprise.

HIPPOMENES. Can it be possible that any man will be so rash as to risk his life for a race? Has Atalanta yet arrived?

MASTER OF THE GAMES. A slave just brought word that she has entered the Circus. Ah, there she comes, acclaimed by the shouting crowd. Go to thy post.

Accompanied by her father, ATALANTA steps into the center of the pit to sound of trumpet. Dropping her mantle of white wool, she pauses, slender but strong and erect, in her short tunic of white, with gold buckle and belt. She releases her ivory quiver and bow of the chase and stands ready amid deafening applause.

HIPPOMENES [*gazing in admiration*]. Pardon me, youths. I knew not what ye were competing for. [*Stands with his arms folded on chest.*]

MASTER OF THE GAMES. All is ready for the first trial. Aristides, take thy stand. Atalanta, give him inner place. [*At a signal they are off.* HIPPOMENES strains forward to see the result. ARISTIDES is

quickly out-distanced. He is dragged off. Two others suffer like fate. Great cheering from the stadium. ATALANTA approaches the JUDGE'S stand.]

HIPPOMENES [*to MASTER OF THE GAMES*]. Here, take thou my cloak and staff and do thou judge in my place. I shall run with Atalanta.

MASTER OF THE GAMES. Art mad, man? Thou hast not trained! It will mean certain death to thee!

HIPPOMENES. I am mad! No man shall win her but myself! The gods will help me! Where are thy lists? Write me in.

MASTER OF THE GAMES [*to ATALANTA*]. Thou hast a new competitor. [*HIPPOMENES enters.*]

ATALANTA. What god can tempt one so young and handsome to throw himself away? I know not that I should conquer so goodly a youth. [*Crowd cheers impatiently.*]

HIPPOMENES [*secreting something in his belt*]. Why mourn those laggards, Atalanta? Now thou shalt have a worthy competitor. I offer myself for the contest.

ATALANTA. I pity thee for thy youth, and wish thou wouldst give up the race. Or, if thou be so mad, that thou wilt outrun me. [*Her father prompts her.*]

ATALANTA gives him the start. As she approaches him, he drops an apple. She hesitates a moment. She is even with him—he drops a second apple. She stoops but dashes on. As she passes him he throws a third, which she pauses to pick up and HIPPOMENES, passing her, touches the goal, a bare arm's length ahead.

ATALANTA [*holding out the apple*]. It was the apple! [*Breathlessly.*] It was the apple! *Curtain.*

ARACHNE AND ATHENE

GREEK FOLK TALE

Arachne was supposed to be the daughter of a Lydian dyer who was famous for his royal purples. She was a very skillful weaver and very proud of her skill. By her boasting she aroused the anger of Athene, the great patron goddess of the textile arts, and had to pay for her vain words in a very strange way.

Athene was unrivaled in her weaving art, all her patterns and colors showing exquisite taste. She wove herself a marvelous robe that was the envy of all her friends, and was reputed to have woven one for Hera. She also gave Jason a beautiful scarlet cloak, when he set out in search of the Golden Fleece.

Textile arts stood high among the Greeks. The chief ceremony of the Panathenaic festival was the dressing of Athene in her new Golden Robe, which was then spread like a sail out over the procession. This remarkable robe represented the handiwork of all the maidens of Athens for the four years intervening between festivals.

The story tells that the only rival Athene had was her own pupil Arachne. The ability of the latter was so great that many agreed she wove more beautifully than her mistress. Urged on by her friends, Arachne made a boasting challenge, which was overheard by Athene herself, who took the maiden to task for her vanity and ambition.

It all ended badly enough for Arachne in real folk tale style, since the latter never allows any brashness to go unpunished. Poor Arachne was changed into a perpetual spinner—a spider—doomed to spin an endless web down through the ages. It would seem that modesty is the best policy, even when dealing with the gods.

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

ARACHNE, *Greek maiden*

ATHENE, *goddess of wisdom*

OLD WOMAN, ATHENE *disguised*

NYMPHS, MAIDS, DANCERS

OLD MAN, YOUTHS, WOMEN, CHILDREN, *bystanders*

STAGING THE PLAY

Playlet suitable for indoor or outdoor presentation.

Particularly adapted for textile classes.

May be given in schoolroom, garden or on a stage.

Set scene on a porch, with steps approaching.

Vine-covered columns or rustic vases will give Greek effect.

At one angle set two large looms, with gaily colored hangings.

Steps and space below to be used for helpers and dancers.

A border of plants separates the street from the weavers.

Street characters pass in the foreground.

Pay attention to artistic grouping and color schemes.

Arachne is richly dressed in blue and gold tapestry effects.

Athene's robes should be copied from one of the old statues.

Consult *Costume Suggestions* for other characters.

ARACHNE AND ATHENE

The Rival Weavers

Discovered: ARACHNE seated at the loom to the left, engrossed in her work. WOMEN passing carry fruit and flowers. A few curious CHILDREN hang about.

Enter two MAIDS with baskets of colored wools, which ARACHNE sorts over, matching with those on the loom. She only turns to gaze haughtily as others come on, as at intruders.

Enter TWO WOMEN.

FIRST WOMAN. She hath an astonishing web there!

SECOND WOMAN. Indeed, she is rightly famed throughout Greece for her weaving.

FIRST WOMAN. And proud enough she is of her skill. She hath it from her father.

SECOND WOMAN. Pride goeth before a fall, well we know. [*As they go off ARACHNE tosses her head.*]

Enter TWO YOUTHS in dandified garb.

FIRST YOUTH. This is the far-famed Arachne and her web that I told you of.

SECOND YOUTH. What is she weaving there? She stops not short of Olympus and the gods, I hear.

FIRST YOUTH. She is ambitious and vain of her art. As for herself, she falls far short and has but few friends.

SECOND YOUTH. That is sad. There is no interest here; let us get on. [*They go off chatting and ARACHNE shakes her head angrily.*]

NYMPHS [*run on laughing*]. She is so determined to excel that she has not even time to observe her admirers as they pass by. [*All laugh.*]

FIRST NYMPH. Indeed, thou dost weave like a goddess!

SECOND NYMPH. Or is it for a goddess' room?

THIRD NYMPH. Why, 'tis a picture of Olympus! Wilt hang it by the bed of Jove?

FIRST NYMPH. So wonderful thou art, Athene herself must admire!

ARACHNE [*tossing her head*]. Let Athene but try her skill with mine. I'll gladly vie with her, and if excelled I will pay the penalty.

SECOND NYMPH. Thou darest to weave against Athene? Impious maid! Thou art bold indeed! [*The NYMPHS draw away from ARACHNE and begin their dancing.*]

An OLD WOMAN has drawn nigh and heard the challenge. She gazes at ARACHNE'S work while the NYMPHS finish their dance. Then she steps forward.

OLD WOMAN [*shaking her head*]. Such a challenge were fit to give your fellow mortals, child, but scarcely to offer a goddess.

ARACHNE. Why should Athene be offended, if my work be best?

OLD WOMAN. Thou wouldst not place thyself as her equal, vain child?

ARACHNE [*tossing her head*]. I am not afraid of the goddess.

OLD WOMAN. 'Tis not fear, but respect for the divine one, thou shouldst have.

ARACHNE [*crossly*]. Let the goddess come and try her skill, if she dare venture. And thou, old woman, keep thy council to thyself. [*Turns and looks at her.*]

OLD WOMAN [*drops her cloak and shines out as a goddess.*] Athene comes, thou boastful one. We will weave together. You may look to your laurels. [*The NYMPHS all bend before ATHENE. ARACHNE collects herself and stands, proud and fearless.*]

ARACHNE. Take thou the other loom and let the contest begin.

THE NYMPHS *bring heaped baskets of colored wools. Some assist ATHENE and others ARACHNE. They kneel and pose, making pretty pictures, while the two rivals work swiftly at their looms. Soft music.*

Beautiful patterns should be prepared beforehand and uncovered as they proceed. The famous butterfly of ATHENE may be gradually revealed on her loom. The NYMPHS and BYSTANDERS all exclaim over its beauty. At first ARACHNE works swiftly and over-confidently, but she soon becomes confused and flurried. She goes madly on; gradually her breathing becomes heavy and she begins to sob, as she strives to outdo the goddess.

BYSTANDERS. See, she loses her power. She is not the equal of Athene. The goddess wins. What now of her boasting?

As ATHENE finishes her web, and the beautiful butterfly hangs complete on her loom, she points to ARACHNE'S work. The maiden, overcome with shame, throws herself against her loom. ATHENE touches her forehead and says:

ATHENE. Live on, boastful woman! But that thou mayest preserve the memory of thy deed, thou shalt continue to weave, both thou and thy descendants,

on through all future time. [*A gray curtain, picturing a black spiderweb, unrolls in front of ARACHNE and a big, fat, brown spider is dropped over the back of the loom, dangling from a strong thread. The NYMPHS now hover about in frightened, regretful poses. Some group themselves around ATHENE. The BYSTANDERS assume various tragic attitudes, hiding their faces, etc. A fine tableau should be held for a few moments. If there is no curtain, ATHENE may go off to the right, the NYMPHS following her. The others disappear on both sides.*



BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

STORY OF BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

This is one of the loveliest of the old Greek tales and it should be enjoyed as a play sometime during the school years. Ovid gives a version of the story in his *Metamorphoses*, or nature mysteries, but we are interested in its setting forth of the graces of hospitality, which the Greeks held to be a trait of the gods.

The social life pictured in the story was that of the Brazen Age of Greek mythology, when men led a life of contention and madness. Themis, the goddess of justice, had deserted them. Even the gods had become tired of their evil deeds and but seldom visited them.

As the story runs, one day Zeus, with two companions, the fleet-footed Hermes and Ganymede the cup bearer, made a journey through Phrygia in order to try out the temper of his subjects. Zeus asked for shelter and hospitality wherever he went.

After meeting with some very bad treatment, they arrived at the humble home of Baucis and Philemon. This good old couple, in spite of their poverty, showed a spirit of kindness and generosity, which made them fit to be in the company of the gods and gained their highest regard.

The argument of the play is built, first, upon the gratitude of these simple folk for the good things provided for them; second, upon their distress at the plight of the strangers, and grief over the rudeness of their neighbors; third, upon their surprise when they discovered whom they had entertained and their joy at the reward promised by their noble guests.

This play requires the best talent and should be given by a group which has had some training in dramatics and in diction. An oak and a linden are supposed to be the trees which finally received the spirits of Baucis and Philemon. These two trees are pointed out by an old shepherd to this day.

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

BAUCIS, *an aged wife*

PHILEMON, *her husband*

ZEUS, *in garb of traveler*

GANYMEDE, *cup bearer*

HERMES, *winged god*

VILLAGERS and DANCERS

THREE STRANGERS, *the gods disguised*

STAGING THE PLAY

For indoor or outdoor performance.

Play lends itself to any platform or stage space.

A garden with trees and hedge makes a good setting.

A pergola or leaf-covered shelter will serve for the dwelling.

A few broad steps should lead up onto the stage.

Place table, benches, dishes and other properties at hand.

The old couple are dressed in coarse gray or white robes.

The dress of the gods can be copied from pictures.

Villagers appear as rabble, then as dancers in the interlude.

If given indoors, gods and villagers approach from floor below.

The temple to the left may be indicated by incense.

Words of text should be spoken with dignity, clearly.

Hurried gabble or palaver entirely out of place here.

Walking, gestures and movements must be dignified and graceful.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

EPISODE I

The aged couple, BAUCIS and PHILEMON come on toward the stage from the right. PHILEMON leans upon his staff, BAUCIS, a little ahead, leading him with her right hand. When well toward the center, they stop and gaze around them.

PHILEMON. The gods are kind, Baucis. In our old age they have given us this friendly rooftree for shelter, where birds build in the eaves and make us sweet music. These noble trees spread their branches to the heavens above, to give us shade when the sun rides high. For food we have the grains and herbs of the field, the honey of the bees, luscious fruits and goats' milk. Yonder bubbling spring gives us cool, clear water to drink and keeps green the branches of our towering friends. Truly the gods are kind—they are kind. [*He sways slightly as he gazes about, nodding and gesturing.*]

BAUCIS. Yes, yes, Philemon. We are indeed blest with beauty and simple plenty for our needs. Our lips should speak praises daily and our hands share all that we have.

PHILEMON [*moving absently about*]. I feel strangely lifted tonight, as if heavenly visitors were nigh!

BAUCIS [*looking around curiously*]. Truly, such an evening, with its glorious sunset, should lure the gods

themselves from their thrones, to step lightly about on this, their beautiful earth footstool. It is all bedecked with fair flowers and soft green, ready to receive them. [*She puts out her hands invitingly as she moves over the sward.*] I, too, would welcome them.

PHILEMON [*raising his head and listening*]. 'Tis as if I heard their voices speaking.

BAUCIS [*clasping her hands and turning toward him*]. It is but the rustling of the branches above us. See how our good friends, the trees, lean and whisper together. I have sometimes thought, dear Philemon, that they have messages to give us, if we could but understand them.

PHILEMON [*gazing and nodding his head, as if seeking something*]. Nay, I doubt not the gods do speak to us, but we know not their language.

BAUCIS [*faster and breathlessly*]. I will listen sharply for you. Perhaps they will make themselves known to us.

PHILEMON [*standing erect and shaking his head*]. Nay, nay, good Baucis, the gods come no more. Such things are now but to dream upon. The Golden Days are gone. They come no more—they come no more. [*Tremblingly he grasps his staff and with BAUCIS' assistance ascends the steps of the stage. BAUCIS leads him to a bench at the side. The moderate speech tempo of older people should be preserved throughout.*]

BAUCIS [*cheerfully*]. Sit you here, Philemon, while I go spread our supper in the doorway—grapes and bread and honey and cheese—plain though it be, a

feast for the gods. Also, we shall have a pitcher of nature's nectar, goat's milk.

PHILEMON [*smiling and shaking his head*]. A poor jest, good Baucis, a poor jest! [BAUCIS *arranges the low table in the open front of the shelter, bringing on the food and a pitcher, with drinking bowls.*]

EPISODE II

PHILEMON [*a noise attracting his attention, he rises and goes to the left of the stage, gazing out*]. Who are yon strangers coming down the hill? They seem to point this way. See, see! The mad villagers are following them—they are setting the dogs upon them!

BAUCIS [*joining him*]. Such a sight! [*Excitedly.*] Now the strangers turn upon them. See them slink off—the cowards!

PHILEMON. Even the dogs seem in fear. 'Tis a pity to mar our fair evening with such a sight. [*They stand gazing together.*]

Sounds of revelry come from the distance; a group of young people come on dancing gaily and chasing each other about; children follow; crowds of old and young surround three cloaked STRANGERS, tease and thrust at them, and dogs bark.

BAUCIS. Go, good Philemon, go and rescue the strangers and bid them come here. We will shelter and care for them. [*Pushes him along to the end of the stage. He goes anxiously down the steps to greet the oncoming STRANGERS.*]

PHILEMON. Yea, yea. I will go. They look weary from travel. [*Turns.*] Do thou put on more food and prepare the bath. We will shelter and help them.

[BAUCIS *turns back and bustles about, arranging benches, while PHILEMON hurries to greet the STRANGERS. The latter are wrapped in dark cloaks and lean heavily upon their staffs. They are dust covered and weary. BAUCIS goes forward to greet them. Arrange a good picture of the welcome on the steps of the stage. Do not hurry the action.*]

BAUCIS [*stretching out her hands*]. Welcome, strangers! Welcome to our humble abode.

FIRST STRANGER [*raising his hands*]. Peace be to this house. The gods be kind to ye.

SECOND STRANGER. We are glad, indeed, to find this shelter from yonder inhospitable village.

THIRD STRANGER. They set their dogs upon us! A strange welcome for travelers. [*They seat themselves on the benches. BAUCIS helps PHILEMON to his seat, then runs and fetches a basin of water. The strangers bathe their hands and faces while BAUCIS offers the towel. She kneels and unfastens their sandals. The guests relax.*]

FIRST STRANGER. Thanks to you, good friends. We have traveled far and were in sore need of this refuge.

SECOND STRANGER. Who are yon rude folk who greeted us with their dogs?

PHILEMON. Alack! They are not true Hellenes. They have departed from the ways of their fathers.

THIRD STRANGER. Thieves, they are! One did set upon me and tried to snatch my purse!

SECOND STRANGER. One huge beast did catch my leg before I was aware. [*Rubs his leg ruefully.*]

PHILEMON. Bring ointment, Baucis, before evil comes to the wound. [BAUCIS runs for the ointment and bandages ankle with a cloth.]

PHILEMON. And now, welcome to our humble board, and let us forget these evils in the feast. Partake ye of our humble fare and eat sweet bread, and the cooling grapes, and drink the good goats' milk. [They seat themselves.]

FIRST STRANGER. That we will gladly do, for we are famished. [They eat heartily.] I would quaff another bowl of your good milk. It quenches the thirst.

SECOND STRANGER. My thirst, too, is great. I would drink again. [BAUCIS looks fearfully into the pitcher as she pours out the last drop.]

THIRD STRANGER. My thirst seems unquenchable! [Leans forward with his empty bowl.]

BAUCIS [apologetically]. I fear we have come to the end of our draught.

FIRST STRANGER [pushing PHILEMON'S bowl towards BAUCIS]. Pour more, good woman, pour more! [She pours into the bowl and PHILEMON drinks. He rises in astonishment.]

PHILEMON. 'Tis mead I drink—the mead of the gods! I told thee, Baucis, that I felt them near! The gods have come—the gods have come! [The STRANGERS also rise. Throwing off their cloaks, they appear in beautiful robes, ZEUS in the familiar crown.]

BAUCIS [dropping her pitcher]. 'Tis Zeus himself and his fleet messengers whom we have entertained! [Throws herself at his feet. PHILEMON stands trembling. Make a tableau here.]

ZEUS. Well have ye bestowed upon the gods their own best gift of hospitality, thereby making yourselves immortals. For he who drinks the mead of the gods can no longer remain in mortal state. My children, choose such gifts as I can bestow.

BAUCIS [*taking PHILEMON'S hand*]. That we may not be separated by death, oh Zeus!

PHILEMON. That we may remain together forever, oh Zeus.

ZEUS. Palaces, lands, gold, rich raiment, ambrosial foods, all shall be yours, whatever you wish. Would ye be immortals and dwell with the gods?

TOGETHER. Nay, nay—that were too much! We would worship the gods, not dwell with them!

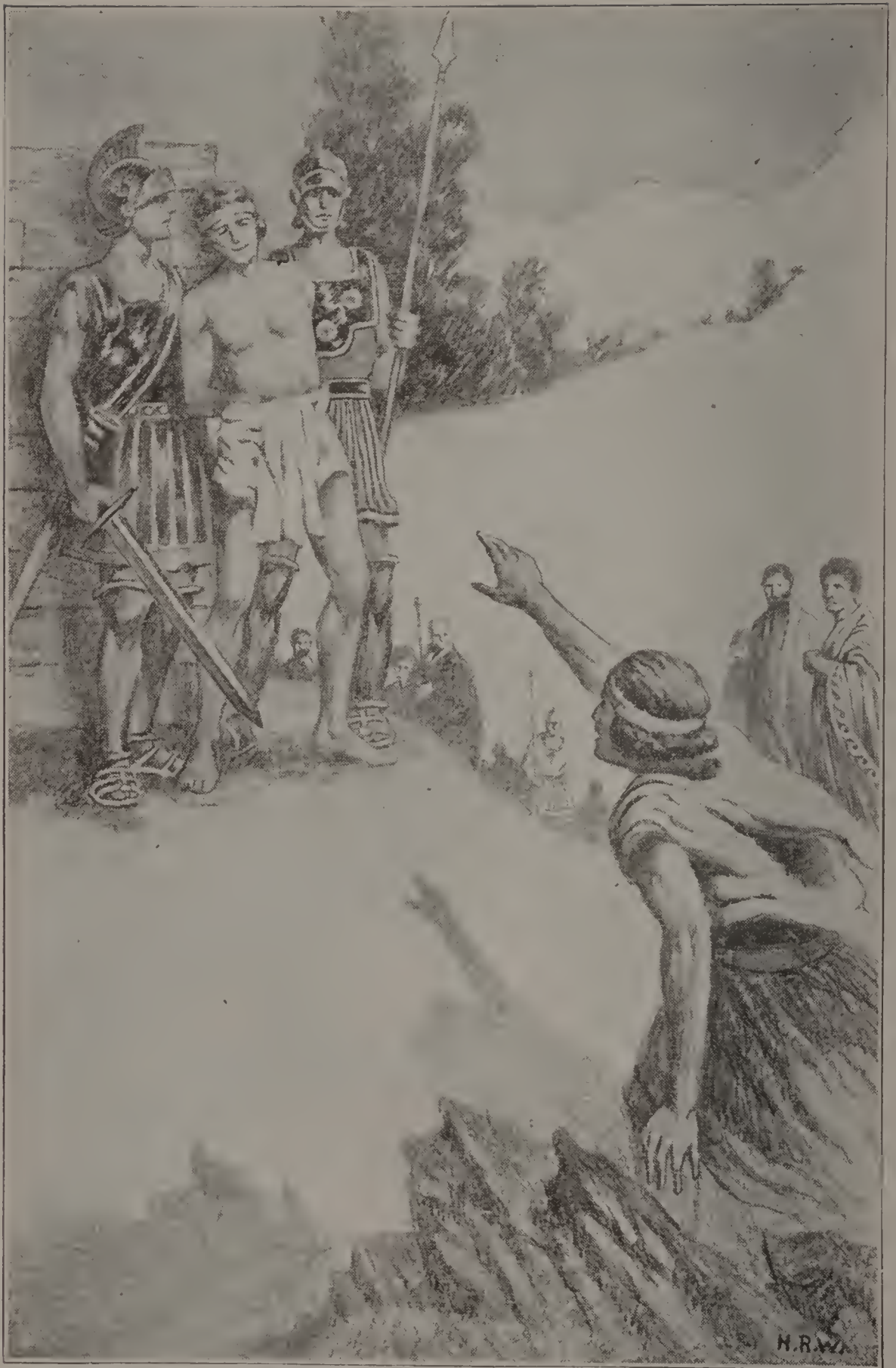
ZEUS. 'Tis well. But first, my winged messenger, go thou and destroy utterly, yon impious villagers. Let them no longer deface this fair earth with their presence. Let the earth quake and swallow them. Let the flood follow after, that no sign of their blasphemy remain. [*HERMES quickly strides away. ZEUS stands in silence, pointing to the village from which they came. Sounds of tumult and shrieks are heard. PHILEMON and BAUCIS gaze in fear as they cling to each other. The uproar finally subsides and HERMES slowly returns. Picture. ZEUS then turns to the aged couple.*]

ZEUS [*pointing*]. See yon beautiful temple arising from the ruins of the village? There shall ye daily serve and worship. And in the end, what is your desire?

BAUCIS. To be together, to stand fresh and wholesome as these, our friends, the trees—to bear fruit and to shelter all who travel this way.

ZEUS. So shall it be. Together ye shall stand united in these two trees, and give rest and shelter to all who pass. Travelers who come this way shall be blest in your shade. Mothers and young children shall sit beneath your branches and tell your tale. The whole world shall know of your fame. [*Exeunt gods to the left, quickly disappearing under the trees. The old couple gaze dazedly after. Then, looking towards the temple columns, they walk with youthful steps and rapt expression, rapidly towards the same. They disappear within and the smoke of incense may be seen rising from the altar.*]

Note. Phrygia, a Thracian colony in Asia Minor, was an important border protection to the Greek states. The native Phrygians were of mixed Persian and Syrian origin. They persistently opposed the constructive policies of the Greeks and constituted a hostile faction responsible for many disturbances. Plato protested against the introduction of Phrygian customs into Greece, or even the rendering of Phrygian music. The occasion described in the above story evidently is intended to show the hoodlum character of the mixed races.



DAMON AND PYTHIAS

DAMON AND PYTHIAS

STORY OF FRIENDSHIP

This beautiful story is typical of the friendships which existed among Greek youths. As the boy grew up he was encouraged to make warm friendships among his fellows. It was also the custom for young men to attach themselves to some worthy older man whom they looked upon as an example and as a patron; who gave them advice or help when needed.

Greek history affords many instances of such friendships. One is that of Alexander the Great for Hephæstion. Xenophon quotes a Spartan general as saying, "Men, honor calls me to die where I now stand. I bid you save yourselves before the enemy is upon us." But his young friend forsook him not.

The Greeks considered such ideals of devotion helpful in developing loyalty, trustworthiness, self-sacrifice and other desirable and noble traits of character. Our own Boy Scouts are aiming at like ideals, though of a far less strenuous and exacting nature.

Syracuse of Sicily was one of the famous cities anciently settled by Greeks and a storm center of political contention. Dionysius the Elder ruled with a strong hand. It was at this time that Plato was induced by his friend Dion to visit Syracuse to try out his plan for the Ideal State. It is said he was sold as a slave for his pains.

The date of Dionysius' reign was about 400 B. C., which gives a definite time and place for the action of our play. Damon and Pythias were members of the society of Pythagoras, to which the young nobles belonged. They were sworn to friendship, and their name yet lives in the Knights of Pythias.

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

DAMON AND PYTHIAS, *two friends*

NOBLE YOUTHS

DIONYSIUS, *tyrant of Syracuse*

MAGISTRATE

TWO WITNESSES

LICTORS AND SOLDIERS

MOTHER AND SISTERS OF PYTHIAS

BORIS, *a slave*

TRAVELING MERCHANT

STAGING THE PLAY

A continuous play presented in three scenes.

One curtain will be sufficient to stage the play.

The front drop rises on a public square or market-place.

A movable platform, steps and columns indicate approach to temple.

Scene II calls for a rustic house pushed on from left.

Scene III requires a prison yard and execution block.

These are prepared back stage and shown as curtain rises.

Pythias' journey may be suggested by reappearance from wings.

The merchant's horse is not seen but heard stamping without.

Official dress for Dionysius, magistrate, soldiers, as in plates.

Rude street dress and cloaks will do for other characters.

With a happy choice of leaders, this makes a pleasing play.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS

A Play for Boys

SCENE I

A street of Syracuse. A crowd has gathered to witness the arrest and imprisonment of young PYTHIAS. Two ROMAN SOLDIERS hold the prisoner between them. A MAGISTRATE is rendering judgment. Farther back stands DIONYSIUS, ruler and governor of the city. He is surrounded by a GUARD, NOBLES and YOUTHS.

MAGISTRATE. By these witnesses art thou accused of an attempt on the life of our Ruler Dionysius. Dost thou plead guilty to this accusation?

PYTHIAS. I did call him a tyrant and corruptor of this city. He oppresses the citizens and robs us of our privileges. It is a just accusation!

MAGISTRATE. Nay, more! You did threaten his life, as these witnesses testify?

WITNESSES. Yea, yea. We saw the attack, as he started from the crowd.

PYTHIAS. I have no desire to deny my wish to rid the earth of an oppressor. Some one must rise against him, whatever the cost.

DAMON. Be not rash, good Pythias. Remember thou hast those depending on thee. It is not wise to stir a fire with a sword.

PYTHIAS. I remember but too well! It was the thought of my own and their future that drove me to it.

MAGISTRATE. Then thou confessest thy guilt! Hear ye—judgment! judgment! Self-confessed and by

witness of these citizens, thou art found guilty of treason and intent to kill!

POPULACE. Judgment—judgment! [*Gesturing.*]

LICTORS. To prison with him and may a speedy death rid us of another malcontent.

POPULACE. Hear! hear! Away with him to prison, away, away!

DIONYSIUS [*stepping forward*]. In three days, young man, shalt thou pay the debt of thy rashness. Thy sentence shall be death by the sword.

YOUTHS. [*In turn.*] Nay, nay, hasten not thus thy judgment! The man has a family and affairs. Let him have time to prepare! It is not as if he were a common malefactor. We will stand by him.

DIONYSIUS. I will extend the time to five days. And let us on to matters of state. I am concerned with greater things than the life of a malcontent. [*Goes off with a following of fawning citizens.*]

YOUTH. But this were tyranny, indeed—to deprive a citizen of the right to close his estate and take farewell of his family and friends!

POPULACE. To prison with him, to prison! [*Growling approvingly.*]

DAMON [*intercepting DIONYSIUS*]. My Lord, I am this man's friend. I beg the privilege of being hostage for him until he returns from the settlement of his affairs. I will go to prison in his stead.

DIONYSIUS. Thou? And what if he return not! Wilt take his place in death?

DAMON. I will serve my friend even unto death! Release him and take me in his place.

DIONYSIUS [*astonished*]. Wilt thou go to prison for another? [*Turning to the GUARDS.*] Take Damon instead. And let us await the outcome of the matter.

If thy friend return not, we shall be well rid of ye both! [*Exit.*]

DAMON. Go, good Pythias, and comfort your mother. I will take your place for life or death. [*DAMON and PYTHIAS take leave of each other affectionately. DAMON goes with the guards.*]

SCENE II

Discovered: PYTHIAS standing on the porch of a country house with his SISTERS on either side. His MOTHER stands by disconsolate. The women bow their heads silently for a moment; he then kisses them farewell and steps forward to the left.

PYTHIAS. Ho, Boris! Bring me my horse. It is time to depart!

BORIS. Your horse, Master! Did you say your horse?

PYTHIAS. Yes, my horse! that I may hasten back to Syracuse. Why do you tremble so! Has anything happened to the horse?

BORIS. Yes, Master, your horse is dead!

PYTHIAS. Dead! Then, traitor, you have killed him!
[*Rushes toward him.*]

BORIS. Oh, Master, I could not let you go to die! Think of my mistress and your sisters. Stay with us! The Tyrant will not follow you here. [*Falls at his feet.*]

PYTHIAS. Murderer! It is not my horse that you have killed. It is my friend! Damon! Oh Damon! Out of my way, murderer—traitor! [*Striking him.*] I stay too long and Damon will die. [*He rushes off on foot in great agitation.*]

If staged indoors, a highway and stream may be simulated by running in and out of the wings. If given

out of doors, part of the journey may be easily suggested by various reappearances.

PYTHIAS [*to merchant leading horse*]. Friend, sell me your horse! I must reach Syracuse by sunset, and I cannot run any farther. Sell me your horse! I will give you any price you may ask. [*Spoken breathlessly and hurriedly.*]

MERCHANT. No, good sir, I need my horse. It is too far to walk, and if I go on foot, robbers will overtake me!

PYTHIAS. I cannot parley. It is a matter of life and death for another as well as myself. Will you sell?

MERCHANT. No!

PYTHIAS. Then I must take it by force. Here is your price! [*Throws down a purse and takes the horse. Sounds of galloping heard outside.*] *Curtain.*

INTERLUDE

YOUNG NOBLES *gather before front curtain and discuss fate of the two friends.*

FIRST YOUTH. This tyranny is to be borne no longer!

SECOND YOUTH. It is the first time he has dared to attack one of our Society of Pythagoras.

THIRD YOUTH. He is afraid of us; he hates our Master's teachings. I warned Pythias, but he lost his head at sight of the Tyrant.

FIRST YOUTH. Now both may perish! We must save them or all perish together.

SECOND YOUTH. I have a plan. Let us get all our friends together and at the last moment rush upon them and save them both.

THIRD YOUTH. Good! Now away and spread the news and be ready. [*Exeunt in haste.*]

SCENE III

Scene represents a prison yard. A block stands in the center, with prisoners grouped about at various occupations. GROUP OF YOUTHS crowd forward. DAMON is led out of prison between two guards and stands near the execution block.

DIONYSIUS [*tauntingly*]. Aha, good Damon. Your friend, it seems, has not come back to die for you. You foolishly thought that he would keep his promise! But I knew better. Do not ask for mercy! None will be granted!

DAMON. I ask not for mercy. Pythias is either sick or dead, for he would never break his word to me. He would be faithful even to death, as I am to him. [*The sun sinks lower. DAMON is led up the steps of the block on which he is to be beheaded. The people look sorry, for they admire his bravery. DIONYSIUS makes merry. Noise is heard. A shout arises.*]

POPULACE. 'Tis Pythias! 'Tis Pythias! He hath come, he hath come!

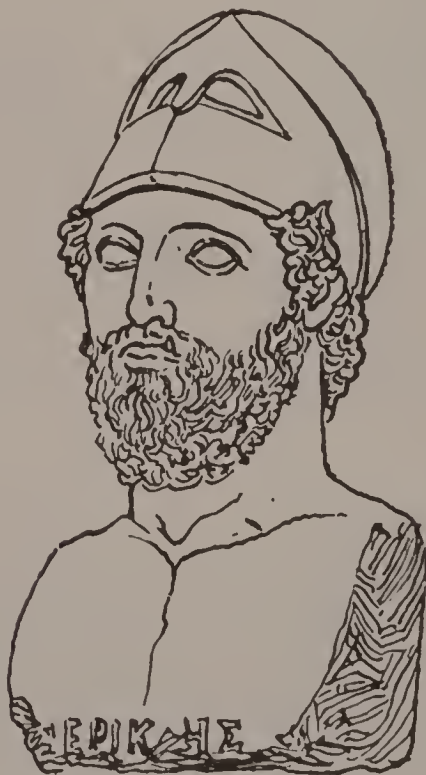
PYTHIAS [*pushes through the crowd and leaps upon the block*]. Forgive me, Damon! I could not come sooner, but praised be the gods, I am yet in time. [*Throws his arms about DAMON.*]

POPULACE. Pardon for Pythias! Pardon for Pythias! [*Much shouting and cheering.*]

DIONYSIUS [*bowing his proud head, he turns to GUARDS with gesture*]. Release the prisoner. [*Stepping be-*

tween the two.] Let there now be three true friends! Damon, Pythias and myself. No longer will I be called Dionysius the Tyrant, but Dionysius the Good. For ye have shown me that love and friendship are the greatest things in the world. Teach me to be like you. [*Cheers.*]

YOUTHS [*rushing forward*]. Hail! Dionysius also among the Pythagoreans. We will now all be Friends together. [*Gestures of surprise.*] *Curtain.*



PERICLES AND THE BUILDERS OF ATHENS

STORY OF PERICLES AND PHIDIAS

The Golden Age of Pericles forms a milestone in history and marks the climax of many wonderful events in Greece. Since the time of Homer there had been great growth in government and unexampled development of literature and the arts. The culture of Greece came to full flower in Pericles' time.

The Restoration of Athens was a project that called into operation all the genius of the Greek people. A beginning had been made by Cimon soon after the destruction of the city by the Persians. But it needed the master minds of Pericles and Phidias to complete it.

The final victory over the Persians had filled the treasury of Athens with much tribute money. Pericles had gained the good will of all the citizens by placing himself at the head of a popular party. He also established a new order, paying those who served the state out of state funds.

Pericles was much criticized for his "Democratization of Athens." The success of his measures was proven by the Thirty Years' Peace, and gained the coöperation of the citizens of Athens for his enormous undertaking.

Phidias, the great sculptor and friend of Pericles, was made superintendent of the work. He brought together the artists and artizans of Greece, who vied with each other in producing the masterpiece of Greek architecture. It is difficult to account for the glories of the Parthenon, except as it stands for genius and loving service.

Plutarch says of Pericles that, in spite of his "up-in-the-air notions, he had great dignity, aloofness, eloquence, uprightness and patriotism." As a young man he did his duty as a soldier, and then turned his attention to the needs of his beloved Athens. Though handling great sums of money, it was said of him that he had not one more drachma at his death than when he entered office.

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

PERICLES, *the ruler of Athens*
PHIDIAS, *the sculptor*
AGORACRITUS, ALCAMENES, COLOTES, *his pupils*
CALLICRATES, ICTINUS, MNESICLES, XENOCLES, *architects*
THUCYDIDES, *politician and followers*
EVANGELUS, *secretary to Pericles*
ARCHONS OF ATHENS (*five in number*)
CHIEF ARCHON
MENON, *the traitor*
SOLDIERS AND SLAVES
CLITIAS *and the potters*
SOPHRONISCUS, *the stone-cutter*
MINISTER OF AFFAIRS
COURTIERS *and* CITIZENS
WORKMEN, BUILDERS, APPRENTICES
DANCERS *and* MERRYMAKERS

STAGING THE PLAY

Subject suitable for a festival play.
Greek art and architecture is the theme of the play.
Play is staged with one setting—an Athenian street scene.
A bare platform may be dressed in deep blue curtains.
Outline the proscenium with painted Greek columns and frieze.
If given on a school stage, cover scenery with colonade.
Let art classes handle this to secure type and proportion.
All props and accessories should be light and easily movable.
Cornices, columns, bases, may be roughly washed on old curtains.
Back drop should show trees, blue sky, steps, vases, etc.
Frieze dancers should perform before front drop.
These afterwards hold poses as statues in Phidias' workshop.
Sketch makes a good project for junior and senior art classes.

PERICLES AND THE BUILDERS OF ATHENS

Senior Play

SCENE I

PERICLES *has decided upon the restoration of Athens and has assembled the CITIZENS in the market-place to discuss the project with them. He is standing on a porch at the right, near some columns. He is dressed in white, blue and gold-bordered robes and helmet. (See bust, p. 112.) CITIZENS are dressed in blue, white, gray and orange robes. Sandals and uncovered heads are the rule.*

PERICLES. Citizens of Athens, I have called you together today to discuss the building of the long walls, the finishing of our temples and the beautifying of our city. The good work which Cimon began must be completed. As yet our buildings hold no high place in the world. We have suffered the disasters of war. The Persians destroyed our finest temples. Those begun by our fathers are unfinished and falling into decay. We must complete them. I see a City Beautiful rising from these heights which will charm the world. Will you help me do this?

CITIZENS [*murmuring*]. How can we help you build Athens? We have no wealth. We must earn bread for our families.

PERICLES. Better ask, how can I build Athens without you? A great city is the creation of all its citizens and not of one man. The large stones need the small. [*Murmurs among the people.*]

THUCYDIDES. Just hear him flatter the people! This will be a great day's work for Pericles.

FOLLOWERS. Yea, yea—hear him! It is Pisistratus returned among us!

PERICLES. Good fellows and brothers, are you but meant for war and vultures' food? 'Tis in my mind that we shall build a city for our time and pleasure. To do this, we need a greater army than to meet an enemy. We shall need thousands of workmen. Will you not as lieve work for our city, as for one another? Will ye not as lieve work for pay peacefully, as for fighting and death?

CITIZENS. Yea, yea—that we will! we will fight with stones and mortar, instead of spears. We will take gold from the city treasury for pay—but show it us! Ha-ha-ha! This is humor of the right sort!

PERICLES. If so, it will only be your share of your own earnings! The treasury is overflowing with Persian tribute, which you and your fathers helped earn by sweat of blood. This gold, by the aid of your good will and brawn, we would convert into beauty and glory for Athens, and pay you for your labor besides. [*Eloquently.*] Will you help—stone-cutters—carpenters — moulders — miners—smelters? We shall have use for all. Come to the Acropolis tomorrow. Go spread the news. Bring your fellow-workers. Go to the Ceramicus and call the potters. We have need for them too. I must leave you for today. [*Goes out with friends, right. They meet in the porch of the temple at rear of stage. The crowd goes out talking and calling: "Hail Pericles, hail!" "Long live Pericles, the friend of Athens!" "Ha-ha-ha! we earned the Persian treasury. We will build the city for him. Hail, all hail!" All off.*]

MINISTER OF AFFAIRS. Did you not act a little hastily in this matter, Pericles? Are you quite ready for such an undertaking?

PERICLES. I have dreamed of it day and night. The people are restless. Why send them to war and deplete the state, when their energies will build up our city? Besides, did you not see Thucydides and his spies there? If we do not occupy the people, they will soon have them in mischief.

COURTIER. Whom will you make chief over such a mob, good Pericles? It's a large order!

PERICLES [*to a slave*]. Call Evangelus, my secretary. [*Turning, he discusses plans with the others.*] We will send at once for the Master, Phidias. He, with his pupils, will take charge of the stone-cutting, the moulding and the statuary. Callicrates, Ictinas and Xenocles will take charge of the building and the roofing. We will finish the Long Walls and the Parthenon, overlooking the sea. [*To EVANGELUS.*] Send out messengers for the master artizans, and tell them to bring their armies of laborers to the Acropolis tomorrow. There will we appoint their duties. [*MESSENGERS come and go.*] Send for Clitias, the king of potters—Epictetes, Hieron, Scythes and other vase painters. Send for the moulders, the workers in bronze and iron; send out men to the quarries for marble; send ships for brass, ivory, gold; ebony, cypress and other precious woods. Meet me tonight at my house. Bring reports of the treasury and our other resources. Bring Phidias and others. We will work till dawn. Tomorrow's sun shall rise on a new and more glorious Athens. [*Exeunt all.*] *Curtain.*

SCENE II

PERICLES and PHIDIAS stand on a platform to the left of the stage, while a procession of workmen, with tools of all kinds, pass in groups before them. The dress of the latter is in darker colors, browns, blues, tans, grays, orange, etc.; their feet are shod in sandals and thongs; their tunics shortened with leather belts. One color in different shades makes good effect in a group.

PERICLES. Good men, ye have heard of our enterprise, the rebuilding of Athens. By your presence here, I take it ye are for it. [*Shouts, "Yea—yea—we are for it."*] I have set Phidias over you for Surveyor General of all the works. The master artizans will have charge each of their own workmen and will bring reports to him. The merchants who furnish brass, ivory, gold, ebony and other materials will confer with him about quantities. The carters, wagoners, cattlemen, road-builders, quarrymen, all who transport material, will come to me and my secretaries. I must away to the city to see about other matters. The gods speed you! Phidias will read the appointments. [*Exit.*]

PHIDIAS. All stone-cutters and moulders who have had practice in these arts, place yourselves here beside Agoracritus, Alcamenes, Colotes and others of my pupils. Also the lads who would serve as apprentices. [*They group themselves.*] Next, the carvers who work in relief and the painters, who will add glory to your works, place yourselves on the other side. As to the statues and the stories of the gods to be placed on pediment and frieze, we will plan those together. Builders, see here Callicrates,

Ictinus, Mnesicles and Xenocles, your Master Architects, under whom you will place the foundations, build the walls, rear the columns, and arch the roofs of the temples of our new Athens. Are ye ready to serve with tool, lever and derrick?

BUILDERS [*shout and bare their arms*]. Yea, yea! We will help you build Athens.

PHIDIAS. And now to the potters. As a brother artist, I have long wished to pay my respects to your humble guild. For long centuries you have preserved the heroes of Greece in your household pots and pans. From these the children have gathered wisdom, as well as partaken of food. All hail to the Ceramicians! [*Laughter.*]

CLITIAS. I bring with me Ergotimus, the painter, and my band of ragged potters. Though ragamuffins, we be disciples of Apollo, good and true. We have not waited for the building of temples, but have daily cut our visions into clay. Thus did we learn the secrets of our craft, and make ready for the temples!

POTTER [*flourishing a lump of clay on a stick, and capering about*]. Yea, yea, we be merry fellows. Give us black bread and sour wine, with an onion for dessert, and we will quickly scratch you centaurs or pigmies, as you will! What say you, brother potters, shall we help build the temples? Aye, aye, that we will. [*They dance about their pots on sticks, singing roughly, "Ho-la—ho-la—ho-la!"*]

PHIDIAS. Then bring on your tents and tools tomorrow, and I will give you patterns; and we will begin modeling the stories of Troy.

Commotion among the workmen as THUCYDIDES and his FOLLOWERS force their way through the crowds,

crying: "They corrupt the people! They misuse public funds!"

THUCYDIDES. Know you not, Athenians, that ye are in the hands of a charlatan? By what right does Pericles appropriate the public funds? 'Tis but to buy you over to his will. He is worse than Pisistratus!

CITIZENS. Hear, hear! We are not bought! We are helping to build Athens!

THUCYDIDES' FOLLOWERS. Build Athens? Ye are helping build Pericles! [*All shout and argue riotously, then go off in groups. As curtain draws, crowd assembles for next scene.*]

SCENE III

Discovered: In the market-place of the first scene, PERICLES, THUCYDIDES and mixed crowd.

PERICLES. What is this charge you bring against me, Thucydides? Am I not acting to please you? State your claims and let the people here be judges of our case.

THUCYDIDES. 'Tis that thou dost tamper both with the funds and the minds of Athens. In the end Athens will be a statue erected in honor of Pericles!

PERICLES. Would you that we spend the revenues on more wars or more luxuries for you? I would rather take the moneys of conquest, and turn them for once to the glory of our Mother Athens, now lying in ruins and decay!

THUCYDIDES. You spend *too much*—work too quickly! Leave something for other generations. You are squandering public funds on your gods and temples!

PERICLES. I spend too much? Then, if you think this, let the cost go not to your account, but to mine; and let the inscriptions on the buildings stand to *my* name, and not to Athens!

CROWD. No! no! Let it stand to Athens! We are working for Athens and not for Pericles! We stand ready to give our lives for Athens! We take in wages only what we have already earned!

WORKMAN. Spend more—spend generously from the public purse! Spare no cost until all is finished.

OTHER WORKMAN. Away with Thucydides and his mischief-makers. We stand by Pericles. [*They run THUCYDIDES and his party off with shouts of, "Away, away!" "You can't make a crab walk straight!"*]

PERICLES. Thanks to you, comrades, for your approval. [*Takes their hands.*] Many years have you stood with me, but there is yet much to do. Work is better than war, we now believe. Spare not your labor, and we may yet worship in these temples before we die. The world shall know that our beautiful buildings have been reared by the labor and good will of *all* the people. Athene of the Parthenon will give us wisdom and guard us. [PERICLES and PHIDIAS go off together. Others follow.]

Note. An interlude of a Greek frieze with Greek music may be given against the front curtain. [*Appendix.*] As the curtain rises the dancers may join in poses in the sculptors' workshop.

SCENE IV

The curtain rises on a sculptor's workshop, with clay groups covered with cloth. Some of the Elgin Marbles might be posed, as parts of the pediment. The

dancers might strike some of the attitudes of the Amazons or other groups of the Parthenon frieze. The apprentices draw rapidly from the figures. The pupils of PHIDIAS talk among themselves while directing the work.

AGORACRITUS. See! The Master, Phidias, has put his own name on my statue.

COLOTES. Our Master is a great as well as a good man. He let me work on his Zeus at Olympia.

ALCAMENES. My Venus took the Athenian prize, though not justly. Where is Sophroniscus and his doughty son, Socrates? We are not getting on with this statue.

Enter SOPHRONISCUS hastily.

SOPHRONISCUS. Aye, aye, here! I had to get me new chisels. As for Socrates, alack! I left him in the market-place, arguing with his sophist friends. What will you, when you have a philosopher for a son!

AGORACRITUS. Strike him off the list. Philosophy will not chisel stone.

SOPHRONISCUS. What is this gossip I hear about your Master Phidias? I just now saw Menon in the market, reciting an impeachment for theft of gold from the mantle of Athene.

PUPILS [*aghast*]. Menon assail our Master's honesty? 'Tis a scurvy trick! How could he steal from Athene? We will be his witnesses! Phidias thief from the gods? I would as soon expect Athene to commit perjury. Menon will be struck down for his impiety. [*Alternating exclamations.*]

SCENE V

PHIDIAS *appears before curtain to right, with scroll of drawings, unrolls, reads. He is older than at first.*

PHIDIAS [*slowly*]. The years move on, but so do our temples. Our work has been a glorious one. It stands alone in the world. In this short time, we have reared the like it has taken centuries to achieve before. Many hands have made swift work; good will has made it strong; the gods have uplifted it, and Pericles has not failed us. [*He looks about, musing and satisfied.*] Here is an account of our building. [*Faster.*] Ictinus, the Parthenon enlarged and adorned with statues, pediment and frieze; Callicrates, the walls of the Acropolis; Mnesicles, the Propylea; Xenocles, the Odeum with its resounding roof; my great, golden Athene, who overlooks the sea; five colossal statues and 300 lesser ones; countless decorations; 4,000 square feet of frieze. The work has progressed, but is not finished. [*Looking up.*] My good pupils have wrought nobly. They must complete it. [*Briskly rising.*] And now to weightier matters. I am accused of stealing gold from the robe of Athene. How wise of Pericles to suggest that the cloak be made separate, that it can be weighed! [*Sighing.*] How trivial a thing is the mind of man! [*Off to the left.*] *Curtain.*

SCENE VI

Discovered: In a public porch. ARCHONS OF ATHENS sitting behind a railed place to right. PHIDIAS and his pupils stand in the right wing. PERICLES and his secretary with papers, are on platform to center back.

MENON *and friends to center facing front.* MENON holds scroll as if reading.

MENON. Ye have heard the impeachment of Phidias. What judgment will ye render?

CHIEF ARCHON [*to PHIDIAS*]. What defense hast thou against this accusation?

PHIDIAS. None but the facts of the case. Let the scales be brought and we will weigh the mantle. Ten talents of gold it calls for. Is it there? [*He beckons his pupils. They bring the mantle weightily between them, also the scales.*]

ARCHON [*astonished*]. Dost mean to say the mantle is made with such skill it can be removed from the statue?

PHIDIAS. When we work for Athene, we are given wisdom with which to defeat her enemies. [*THE ARCHONS weigh the mantle.*] Ten talents and over. Yea, I ran short on the pendant and added gold of my own.

ARCHON. Acquitted—acquitted! Thou mayest retire, Menon. [*Pupils take the robe.*] The next charge is of impiety—that thou didst mould thine own face and that of Pericles on the shield of Athene. What hast thou to say to that?

PHIDIAS. Ha, ha! Didst fear that I desired to immortalize my old bald pate? As to that, we artists must use models; and throughout we have used lesser ones than ourselves—slaves—workmen—whoever served best. On this occasion I think the shield was finished late. In lieu of a slave I used myself for the old man needed. Pericles sat with me and watched. Through the chemistry of thought, I may have transferred something of my friend onto the shield—

ARCHON [*breaks in*]. Thou dost confess to that!

OTHER ARCHONS. He confesses, he confesses!

PHIDIAS [*haughtily*]. I confess nothing. Are not our forms as good as those of slaves? Who better fit to adorn the shield of Athene than those who serve her day and night, and build her temples of beauty and excellence!

ARCHON. Add not violence to thy other sins. Take off the figures and go free.

PHIDIAS. That I will not do. Is the creator naught? Is the man who has helped you to build a new Athens only a tool? Let Athene herself strip us off her shield, if she likes us not. Athene, goddess, make thy choice! [*Great excitement.*]

ARCHON. He raves. [*To attendants.*] Take him to prison until his anger cools.

PERICLES [*interrupts*]. It were better to avoid this, Phidias. I am helpless and we have need of you. [*To ARCHON.*] End this shameful wrangle and let the man go free!

ARCHON. He must be judged first. Thou thyself canst not stop the law!

PUPILS. This is shameful! We will go to prison for you, Master. We will change the shield with a stroke—there is yet much work on the temple.

PHIDIAS [*brokenly*]. Nay, nay, friends. I am weary. I would rest awhile—in prison if need be. Come to me there. [*Pupils support him off, as all go in various directions, talking angrily.*] *Curtain.*

SCENE VII

TIME: *evening. Blue, dimmed lights on stage.*

Discovered: PERICLES *reclining on couch, facing front towards the sea. Music sounds nearer; he rises and*

steps forward. A dancing procession may pause below in front of stage, perform and pass on laughing.

PERICLES [*watching the dancers go by*]. All Athens is gay tonight with lights and dancing. Only the old and poor and its exhausted builders are left within the walls. [*Looking about.*] Athens, thou beautiful Athens! Gazing with eyes of truth upon the world. Thou art the queen of cities; built and cherished by thy citizens; the love of thousands inscribed within thy walls. [*Walks about gesturing.*] The price paid for thy beauty was my friend, Phidias. He gave his life for thee. [*Looking up.*] But Athens is thine for all ages to come. [*Gazing at the golden Athene in the distance.*] Athene, great goddess of wisdom! We have beaten the gold of thine enemies into a mantle, which now flashes thy messages out beyond the sea. [*Bowing his head.*] Receive thou our homage. Thy gleaming shield and spear are raised in challenge to the world. The work is finished. Athens is rebuilt. Rejoice, dance and pipe, ye children. *As for myself, I can only say, that no Athenian ever wore mourning through act of mine. [*Stands with raised hand for a moment, then slowly sinks back upon the couch. The lights grow dimmer and music softer. The curtain slowly falls.*]

*Last words of Pericles.

Note. The main facts of the play are taken from Plutarch. The sketch is frankly a historical review rather than a fanciful drama. The romance of great works and actual deeds often makes as strong dramatic appeal as the latter. As builders of the Parthenon, the characters of these great and small workers should be made thrilling realities.

STORY OF GREEK LAW MAKERS

Senior plays

Our present educational interest in civics and our constitution calls attention to the struggle of older civilizations in constructing laws. The Greeks are extolled for their art, philosophy and literature, but they also had unusual insight into principles of government.

The names of Lycurgus and Solon are traditionally associated with Spartan and Athenian laws. These differed as widely as their people and their leaders. Lycurgus seems to have employed sound judgment in handling his warlike and aggressive Spartans; Solon used thoughtful wisdom in the affairs of the Athenians.

The policy of Sparta was shaped for the protection and advancement of the State. That of Athens advanced the State, and strengthened its resources but looked also to beautifying the city and cultivating the arts. Thucydides said, "Our State is equally admirable in peace and in war; though lovers of the beautiful, we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness."

The rugged Spartans preferred to hold their gatherings in the open, usually in the agora or market-place, as they said they did not like to have their minds disturbed "by looking at walls." Their Councils were named Appella, which means *called*. The word is preserved in our term *Appellate Court*. To avoid jealousies they always had *two* Kings, five Ephors or overseers, besides the Council of Thirty.

The Athenians also had two great out-of-door assembly places, the Bema on the Pnyx, and the ancient Council Rock on the Areopagus. The latter was called Ares or Mars Hill, from which Paul addressed the men of Athens. On this rock from time immemorial had been held all the criminal courts and official meetings.

At Athens the councils were chosen by lot, from all parts of the country. No Archon could hold office for more than one year, and no reëlections were allowed. Each Archon presided only for a day and a night, during which period he was the head of the State.

LYCURGUS THE LAW MAKER

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

LYCURGUS, *the law maker*

EPHORS, *Spartan overseers*

HARMOST, *governor*

NOBLES *and* HELOTS

CHARILAUS *and* ARCHILAUS, *Kings*

SPARTAN GIRLS AND BOYS

MARKET FOLK, SOLDIERS, CROWD

STAGING THE PLAY

Scene represents street and agora, or market-place.

Outline stage with two Doric columns and stone altar in rear.

Arrange broad, rude steps from floor to platform.

Costume the players in rough, colored cloaks and tunics.

Archons wear red plastron in front. Nobles colored cloaks.

The situation may be introduced by characteristic groups entering and holding the stage for a short time to make atmosphere.

FIRST GROUP

Boys and girls of Sparta, practicing their games.

A race between two boys, given on the floor just below stage.

A race between two girls. Then between boy and girl victor.

A humorous mock battle with rushes or bladders between two sides may be staged; or present a game of battle ball.

The play should be lively but not belligerent.

SECOND GROUP

Group of old folks come on to watch the boys and girls at play.

Group of workmen and market folks with tools and baskets.

These chatter and arrange their wares at the right side.

THIRD GROUP

Helots or slaves gather at the left and drive off the boys and girls.

The groups crowd to the far left side and argue angrily.

Helots begin to wave their sticks threateningly.

Soldiers come on right and push them back, making way for players.

LYCURGUS THE LAW MAKER

REMARKS OF THE MOB [*given to various players to shout during entrances*].

FIRST. Ha-ha, they would make us obey. Let them try it.

SECOND. Let them gather, they make a fine show.

THIRD. Ho-ho, here come the Kings. They make an empty show.

FOURTH. It takes two of them to do nothing. We will only obey a real King.

FIFTH. Here comes Lycurgus. He is a real King. We will obey him.

EPHORS, NOBLES, CITIZENS *come on left, ascend stage and take their places, with officials in front.* THE TWO KINGS *come down the middle aisle alone, ascend the steps and take places on either side of stage.* Last LYCURGUS *comes with HARMOST.* Loud cries of "Welcome, Lycurgus, welcome."

HARMOST [*stepping forward with LYCURGUS*]. Spartans, Lycurgus has returned to us in the hour of need. Shall we not urge him again to take charge of our affairs, and help us to rebuild our broken laws?

PEOPLE. Lycurgus, Lycurgus! We will listen to his council. He is a Prince among men.

LYCURGUS [*advancing*]. Brother Spartans: It is by the will of Apollo that I stand before you. In his name I greet you. I have been consulting the oracle at Delphi and bring you his words of wisdom. You have only lost faith in your laws and yourselves.

You have a good Ship of State, with sound beams and ballast. If you have lost your rudder, let us build another, before we come to shipwreck. Are you agreed?

PEOPLE. Aye, aye! We will listen to your words, if they are fair.

LYCURGUS. The Spartans always aim to be just. For this reason you have two Kings and five Ephors. I would now appoint other thirty citizens to keep a just balance between your rulers and yourselves. [*People shout: Hear, hear!*"] Let these be a council to take *both sides*. As for yourselves, you shall keep the peace and give no advice. But when the time comes, be ready to vote and ratify or reject the cases laid before you.

PEOPLE. Aye, aye! That sounds reasonable. We will vote for the right of it, have no fear. We want only justice!

LYCURGUS. You have said it. An unjust state is a sick state. When a man is sick, a wise physician must give strong medicine. I understand there is great distress among you. Are you ready to be cured by strong measures?

PEOPLE. Ah-ah-ah—thereby hangs a tale. Now he will call figs figs and a tub a tub.

LYCURGUS. I will be bold and tell you the truth. You have been lax in your discipline. The wealth of Sparta—her land and its produce, have gone to the few; want, envy and crime are the portion of the many. We must call in the gold and silver and redistribute the land. Laconia should be like a great family estate—divided among a number of brothers.

NOBLES. Not so, not so! He would make beggars of us all. We are not for it!

LYCURGUS. Wealth is for the gods and the good of all. To a true citizen of Sparta, iron coin should rank the same as gold, since the only need of currency is in exchange for goods!

CITIZEN. Would you give us iron money? A tradesman would need a yoke of oxen to drive home his profit at night! [*Laughter.*]

BEGGAR. Ha-ha! It would take a sack full to pay for a dish of cabbages. Ha-ha!

LYCURGUS. But by the same means we would banish crime from the State; for who would rob another of such coin; or who would accept such lucre for a bribe; who would hoard such weighty treasure? [*Laughter and jeering among the crowd. All make witty retorts in true Spartan style, such as: "Ha-ha! I will carry mine in my head, it is hollow; bring on your iron men," etc. Practice pithy remarks.*]

LYCURGUS. The wealth of Sparta consists in her soldiers and defenders, not in her merchandise. Why should a Spartan send his money abroad for foreign luxuries—for engravers, jewellers, rhetoric masters, dance instructors, fortune tellers? A defender of Sparta does not need the soft living of his enemies! He should hearten himself with the black broth at the common table, in the company of his friends! Our fathers said, the true Spartan needs no other ornament than a sword—just long enough to reach his enemies. [*Loud shouts of anger from the NOBLES, who rise and point at LYCURGUS. He steps to one side shielded by the EPHORS.*]

NOBLES [*threatening, some snarling*]. Ah-ha! He has returned to lord it over us. He wishes our gold and silver, to enrich the State treasury and himself

on the side. Go back to your travels and leave us in peace.

EPHOR. Methinks Lycurgus has touched us on the wound. [*To NOBLES.*] These whining cries show where the wolves lurk. We have heard the cure for our ills, men of Sparta, who will stand by the laws of Lycurgus? Step forward. Let us raise the old call of courage—for Sparta—and her Glory. Who will pledge himself anew? [*A great shout goes up. "Aye, aye! We are Spartans, not lounge lizards! We will follow Lycurgus."* *They crowd to his side.*]

LYCURGUS [*quietly*]. As for myself, I go away. I have but one request to make. When I am gone, gather together with your leaders, to perfect in your own way such measures as will protect and bring glory to your State. Are you willing to put yourselves under oath to give the matter a fair trial until my return?

PEOPLE. We swear before the gods, we will change naught till you return. Apollo be our witness. [*All turn off in groups to either side.*]

Note. The sketch quotes as nearly as possible the actual words of Lycurgus and many old Spartan sayings are introduced which reflect the spirit of the scene as recorded in such books as attempt an account of this time. The theme supplies an excellent argument for the free spirit of the primitive Greek.



ATHENE PARTHENOS

SOLON THE LEGISLATOR

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

SOLON, *Athenian lawmaker*

PISISTRATUS, *Tyrant of Athens*

ARCHONS, SOLDIERS *and* PEOPLE

MESSENGERS *and* BOYS

STAGING THE PLAY

Stage set with one scene representing a rocky height.

Extend stage down to floor with rough burlap.

Arrange rude stone steps to upper stage.

Arrange a stone table and benches on upper stage.

Play calls for chief actors and crowd of twenty-five or more.

The text calls for broad, somewhat self-important acting.

Costumes simple. Archons appear in cloaks, carrying staves.

Groups assemble, move about slowly, going and coming.

Note. When Solon was elected Archon, the affairs of Athens were in a great tangle. The laws of Draco, which punished all crimes alike, were too drastic for the times. The Nobles had a way of getting a poor man into debt and many free citizens and their families were imprisoned and sold as slaves.

Solon saw there was but one way out, to annul all public and private debts made on security of *land or persons*. This was known as the "Disburdening Act," clauses of which read:

1. All who are in slavery for debt shall be set free.
2. No one shall sell his children or women to pay his debts.
3. No one shall lend money on the security of the person.
4. No one shall own more land than the amount fixed by law.

Solon was a clear-headed statesman whose motto was "Nothing in excess," which gained him the name of Legislator. His wisdom placed him among the "Seven Sages" of the world. Solon was also a poet and when he wished to address the people he did so in verse.—

GEORGE WILLIS BOTSFORD, *History of the Orient and Greece*.

SOLON THE LEGISLATOR

SCENE 1

CITIZENS *assemble on COUNCIL ROCK*; *groups enter talking earnestly together.* ARCHONS *ascend rock.* BOYS *light two vases of incense on either side of stage.*

MESSENGERS [*pass through below, waving pennants*].
Assemble ye—assemble ye—Citizens of Athens, this day upon the Council Rock. [*Pass on.*]

SOLON *with friends comes down the middle aisle. People turn and shout: “Solon, Solon! Hail, all-wise Solon!” They help him up the Rock where the ARCHONS greet him.*

CHIEF ARCHON [*leads SOLON forward by the hand*]. The gods be thanked for thy safe return, Solon. Athens has great need of you today. Solon will speak to us.

SOLON. I greet you with joy, good people of Athens. It is long since we have stood together on this Council Rock to reshape the Laws. How have you kept them, and are you prosperous? [*Shouts, “Yea, yea, we have kept them—welcome home!”*]

ARCHON. We have kept them at times and broken them at times. [*Laughter.*] We have profited and gained trade. We have gold in the treasury, from your advice. The Council is assembled today to discuss a matter which threatens the freedom of our State. Solon will make speech for us. [*Waves hand to SOLON.*]

SOLON [*turns gravely, wrapped in his robe*]. Brother Archons and Athenians: You well know the state

of our laws; how we lifted the bloody yoke of Draco from our necks. How our poorer citizens were imprisoned or sent in chains to foreign lands, there to be sold as slaves. How our "Disburdening Act" took the poor man out of prison and put mercy into the heart of the rich. How with choice by lot and short term of office, we made one-man rule impossible. How through metal coinage we rid ourselves of barter and exchange; by means of common weights and measures, won a place in foreign trade. A limit set on the accumulation of lands; a rectified calendar; a code of laws for public and private life; all these have helped make us an orderly and powerful people, with strength for war and time for the arts of peace. We have silenced Megara. What now stands in our way? [*Applause.*]

ARCHON. Well spoken, Solon. You have set matters before us clearly and correctly. What now troubles us is the appearance of the arch enemy of our State, the Tyrant.

ARCHONS. The Tyrant—the Tyrant! Down with Pisis-tratus! [*Muttering among themselves.*]

SOLON. Pisis-tratus, you speak of—he carried himself well at Salamis—um-m—and is no doubt now making coin of his valor for his personal gain.

CHIEF ARCHON. Not only that, but he is gathering a band of followers and slyly setting his house in order for greater honors. He is already to be feared.

SOLON. From the promise of his youth I had hoped that he would make an honest statesman. He is kind to the poor and urges their cause. What is this uproar? [*Turns as a noisy crowd, led by PISISTRATUS, torn and excited, appears at the left. Council stands. Much shouting.*]

PISISTRATUS. Ah, my good kinsman Solon, we are well met. [*Turning to people.*] As I was coming along the highway, from my house in the country, I was set upon by the nobles [*showing his wounds and torn robe.*] They hate me and will kill me yet, unless I am protected! See, these men have joined me! Give us permission to go out and seek the murderers and bring them to judgment before the Council.

SOLON. We know not the truth of this matter. Go and bring the men here and we will inquire into their case. [*PISISTRATUS and his followers go out, talking excitedly. One turns and shouts back to the* ARCHONS: "We shall see who is master of Athens."]

ARCHON. I like it not. You will find that this is but an excuse for further mischief. He is not of the *Demos*, but of the *Aristoi*, as the people will soon discover. Call a guard and send after them. Send scouts to spy out their actions. We have given him too much power. [*Group of soldiers hurry off. There is murmuring throughout the gathering.*]

SOLON. I knew not how matters had come to pass. I have often warned Pisistratus not to let his ambitions overrule his judgment. He has a good mind and could be of service to the State. But not by overriding the Constitution. [*Roaring of crowd is heard in the distance, which grows louder as it draws nearer. MESSENGERS come on crying.*]

MESSENGERS. Pisistratus—Pisistratus! He has declared himself ruler over Athens. He has stormed the Acropolis and placed himself under the protection of Athene! [*More men come running.*] He is on the way to the Council. He comes.

SOLON. He has not dared to break the sanctity of the Constitution?

MESSENGERS. Indeed he has already taken hostages of the children of the rich. None dare oppose him. Here he comes in person, with the people of Athens for guard. [*People cry out. "Hail Pisistratus, Ruler of Athens!"*]

PISISTRATUS [*boldly ascending the steps and addressing the ARCHONS*]. As you see, the people have chosen me for ruler. It was not my choice! Your laws and Constitution shall in no wise be disturbed, good cousin. We have other views and shall occupy ourselves with the arts of Athens, restore the bards, build us theaters and temples, make Homer live in song and verse. For this the people have chosen me to lead them. We will beautify Athens.

ARCHON. Ha! A peaceful Tyrant, who sings the song of the Siren—art and culture.

SOLON [*advancing angrily*]. Profane not this Council Place with your false speech, lest the gods fall upon you and destroy you. For a Tyrant's rule is not without opposition, nor will you be allowed to rule in peace. Nemesis will follow you and push you from your high place, even as I am now crowding you from this sacred rock. [*PISISTRATUS goes cringingly down before SOLON, his followers moving with him. The ARCHONS form a dramatic group around SOLON.*] The free people of Hellas have met here for ages past, nor will they bow their heads to a petty ruler. Go and reap the reward of thy deed. [*SOLON points as PISISTRATUS slinks off to the right. People shout "Long live Solon and his Laws."* *All exeunt.*]

Note. The subsequent career and defeat of Pisistratus make an excellent theme for class development. A discussion of the Constitution may prolong the play.

SOCRATES THE PHILOSOPHER

STORY OF SOCRATES

The Academy, or Garden of the Philosophers, lay just outside of Athens, on the west bank of the Cephissus. To reach it you took a road out past the Areopagus Council Rock; on through the Street of Tombs of the Ceramicus, to a shady, well watered grove. Here the Athenian philosophers loved to foregather and wrangle over Greek politics.

Tradition traces the garden back to Academus, a supposed hero of the Trojan war, who made a gift of it to the city of Athens. For many years it was a barren field, until Cimon reclaimed it, planting it with olive trees and green turf, making it a retired and refreshing spot. Later one of the famous gymnasiums of Athens was installed here and Socrates came to watch the youths at their games.

Story has it that, as a young man, Socrates followed his father's trade of stone-cutter and sculptor. But he was altogether too fond of argumentation to make a success of any trade. He was deeply interested in government and citizenship, not for the sake of holding office, but only to find out the truth about these things. He would enter into an argument with anyone anywhere, and talk all day until he got to the right of the matter.

Socrates was a great favorite among the young men of Athens. Plato was his sworn follower and pupil, and wrote down his opinions, which are preserved in Plato's "Republic" and "Laws." These are arranged in a series of dialogues and discussions with Socrates' pupils, which give us the whole mind of the great philosopher. Socrates was a great teacher and knew how to draw out his students.

You may hear discussed in these out-of-door Symposia almost any of the problems of today. The tenets of our new education so strongly reflect these old opinions, that we may be said to walk and talk with Socrates daily. The lively interest in citizenship in our schools promises just such results as the old philosopher was trying to instill into the minds of the young Athenians of his day.

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

SOCRATES, *the Philosopher*
PLATO, *the son of Aristo*
GLAUCON and ADEIMANTUS, *his brothers*
POLEMARCHUS, *son of Cephalus*
THRASYMACHUS, *a young sophist*
ACADEMUS, *old Greek pedagogue*
ROBERT and HARRY, *American boys*
BOYS of *other countries*
XANTHIPPE, *shrewish wife of Socrates*

STAGING THE PLAY

One stage setting only required—the Academy Garden.
This is set permanently behind the drop curtain.
The prelude requires only a bench set before the drop curtain.
Make the scene as realistic and historic as possible.
Spend considerable thought on the “get-up” of Socrates.
Also choose him for real ability to produce the character.
If necessary, commandeer a young man teacher.
Robert and Harry wear modern dress in the prelude.

SOCRATES THE PHILOSOPHER

SCENE I

THE SCHOOL BOYS

ROBERT *and* HARRY, *with school bags, come on and seat themselves on the bench before the curtain. They discuss the last Civics lesson.*

ROBERT [*throwing down his bag*]. I tell you, Miss Simms is a crackerjack on history. She's made Socrates so alive, I'd like to go join his class! Say, what an old top-notch he was!

HARRY. It's a fact, Bob; those old Greeks knew a lot! My word, wouldn't it be great to trail along with that gang of young highbrows, Thrasymachus and the rest, and assist in the back-talk a little? That must-a-been rich—arguing with Socrates. Ha-Ha! Thrasymachus was always trying to trip him up.

ROBERT. I say! How I'd like to attend the Academy out under the plane trees. [*Yawning.*] Think of stretching your legs on the grass while you're getting your lesson, instead of sitting up in your seat like a stiff! Oh, boy!

HARRY. Wow—wow! le's go and do it.

[*Enter behind, ACADEMUS, in Greek robe, with a school bag over his shoulder, a tablet and stylus in his hand. A few BOYS follow.*]

ACADEMUS [*appears suddenly*]. Well, why not! Come along with us. We are on our way there now and you will be perfectly welcome, I assure you.

ROBERT AND HARRY [*in simultaneous astonishment*].

Wha-a-a-at! What's that? Why, this isn't Greece! How could we get there? How could we go to the Academy?

ACADEMUS. Oh, that's quite all right. We meet there off and on, right along—some of the old crowd and some new ones. Socrates isn't dead! He's been popular right down the ages.

ROBERT. But we haven't the clothes—how will we get there?

ACADEMUS. Don't worry about that! We'll take the next Mediterranean Aero Limited, and pick up some clothes as we pass through Athens. Come on, look sharp—don't lose your heads! [*Lively exit.*]

SCENE II

THE ACADEMY

Wide steps leading onto the stage, set with plants, suggest garden entrance which is now revealed by drawn curtain. A raised section in the middle of the stage can be made to look like a terrace. This is set with a low stone bench and table. Boulders about make seats for the boys. SOCRATES comes on from right below stage, conversing with his students. They ascend the steps, SOCRATES seating himself on the bench, PLATO at his feet and the others scattering about in easy positions. Enter ROBERT and HARRY left below stage, with ACADEMUS.

ROBERT [*to ACADEMUS*]. Who are all these people?

ACADEMUS [*aside*]. Don't you recognize your old friend?

HARRY. Why, it's Socrates, of course! Can't you tell by his flat nose?

ROBERT. And that young man with him must be Plato! Keep still, or we'll miss something! [*They find places, while ACADEMUS remains standing behind them.*]

SOCRATES [*looks about smiling*]. It is good to sit under the old trees once more. Well, young philosophers, how about truth-seeking this morning? Still following the scent like young hounds, I trust? [*Looks at boys.*] I see new faces. Let all be welcome! When last we met at Piræus, we were considering Justice. Polemarchus, do you still hold, with Simonides, that "Justice consists in giving every man his due"?

POLEMARCHUS. I do, sir. You led us to see that the perfect State could only be established by putting each man in his right place, and then letting him do that for which he is best fitted.

SOCRATES. Well spoken, Polemarchus. For the benefit of the newcomers, can you tell us a little more of our discussion about building a good State, Adeimantus?

ADEIMANTUS. I think the argument was, that if we let men work at that for which they are best fitted, you will quickly supply your State with all the trades and occupations necessary to the people. You will have shoemakers, dyers, weavers, carpenters, smiths, toolmakers, farmers and merchants and market men to handle goods; banks and exchanges to take care of money and prices.

HARRY [*aside to ROBERT*]. That's like our towns, only we have factories.

SOCRATES. You have given us a good review. We were next to speak of the Guardians of the State, who would be needed to preserve Order and Justice. Glaucon, how shall we train them to be fit leaders of the people?

GLAUCON. You spoke of good education, sir.

SOCRATES. Education and rearing, I said! If by good education they can be made into reasonable men, they will readily see through all difficult questions. Come, then; like good story-tellers, let us try to describe the education of our citizens. Adeimantus, you lead on.

ADEIMANTUS. You spoke of the value of the true tale, to help men to gain truth, self-control and courage, and the contrary evil of false tales.

SOCRATES. Just so. You and I, as founders of a State, must refuse admittance of any fiction, except such as promotes the good. For what children hear and imitate becomes habit and second nature. Shall we expect the truth from children who have been instructed in lies? Assuredly not.

ROBERT [*aside to HARRY*]. Whew! That puts our light literature on the blink.

SOCRATES. What of music and literature and gymnastics, then? [*Turning to HARRY.*] What kind do you approve?

HARRY [*confused*]. I am afraid you must leave me out of this, for I don't know, but I have my suspicions.

SOCRATES. Under the term music, do you include recitation? I do. Again we have the true and the false to deal with. Do you think that music, without grace of rhythm and harmony, accompanied by foolish and evil words, would be allied to evil, and that here lawlessness might creep in, under the guise of amusement, professing to do no mischief?

ADEIMANTUS. You may include me in this doctrine. Your idea is that evil images gradually gain a place and then insinuate themselves into custom, and from there on impudently attack laws and constitution?

ROBERT [*interrupting*]. You should hear our jazz and see our Charleston. [*All turn and gaze at him.*]

SOCRATES [*absently*]. Eh—I am not familiar with those forms. But our children must be held to lawful amusements from the first, for it is impossible for those accustomed to lawlessness to grow into loyal and virtuous men. When children receive loyalty into their minds, it will accompany them into everything they do, and promote the progress of any State institution with which they have anything to do. Do you agree to this? [*Enthusiastic “Ayes!” from all.*]

GLAUCON. What you say sounds just and reasonable.

SOCRATES. Next, if the Guardians are to live hardy and frugal lives, gymnastics must hold a place in education. This no doubt ought to begin in childhood and go on through life. What do you think of this? My own belief is not that a good body will render a good mind, but that a good mind, by its excellence, will help render a perfect body. The spirited element of gymnastics will hold the two in balance and the child will gain the highest strength.

THRASYMACHUS [*sarcastically, sitting up*]. But, good friends, this sort of existence, always training for perfection, will be anything but a pleasurable one.

SOCRATES. Perhaps so. But should our object in training Guardians be to secure to them the greatest amount of happiness for *themselves*, or will it be their duty to see that the State as a *whole* enjoys happiness? Will it not rather be the business of the Guardians to study the best ways for *all classes* to partake of as much happiness as the nature of their case allows?

ADEIMANTUS [*nodding his head*]. Precisely so. I think what you say is right.

HARRY. That is what our City Commissioners are trying to do with baths and parks and playgrounds in the United States!

SOCRATES. All this will be necessary to establish Justice. The Guardians will not only see to the greater things, but will not forget those trifling regulations of good manners, dress, behavior and the like, which help preserve the serenity of the State.

THRASYMACHUS. Say, say! Are you not carrying this matter of training *too far*? To try to legislate on these matters would be foolish. It is never done! Nor could any legislation on such points be permanent.

ROBERT. But *our* States are beginning to legislate as to *what* shall be taught in the schools. And we'll have to do a lot more before all the nonsense is taken out!

SOCRATES [*turning*]. Who are these youths you have brought here, Academus?

ACADEMUS. I picked them up in the States where they are trying out many of your plans. They believe in education over there.

HARRY [*as both boys rise*]. We are from the United States of America. We have been studying Civics so as to become better citizens and learn how to help rule the country. We like your plans and shall go home and study hard. We thank you for letting us listen in; we wish we could join your class.

SOCRATES [*rising and coming toward the boys*]. Well, well! In the end all great dreams come true. Now you have found the way to our Symposia, come again. I have heard that your young athletes carry all before them in the games. [*Pats them.*] Now go join the lads on the race track for a while. Vie with one

another and instruct each other. Then come back and we will stir up another argument. [*Boys shake hands and mix together.*]

ROBERT [*holding back*]. I say, Socrates, is it true that you were a stone-cutter? What made you give it up?

SOCRATES [*laughing heartily*]. Ha-ha! Quite true, my boy! [*Confidentially.*] I gave it up because I found that I was a better hewer of men than stone.

XANTHIPPE [*comes on scolding*]. And is *this* the way you do my errands? I sent you to the market for fish for dinner! Might as well have sent you to the ocean to catch a whale. [*Hustles him off, still scolding.*]

Note. This argument is taken mostly from Books II and IV of Plato's Republic. It will not be necessary for pupils to memorize the words of the sketch in their entirety. A condensed copy may be held in the hand and, with thorough oral reading preparation the player thus may give a thoughtful and deliberate rendering. The argument should be clear, intelligent, dramatic and interesting.





CUMÆAN SIBYL—*Elihu Vedder*

ROMAN TRADITION

We admire the Greeks for their valiant advance from outworn tradition into a new order. While heroically attacking their moral and physical chimeras, the lively Hellenes evolved unity of race and language, and gained some understanding of man's moral and mental qualities. They had inherited the alphabet, reading and writing, arts and crafts, from the older East, but they improved on all they received. Turning from lower worships they began to build a civilization upon reason and judgment, inspired by philosophy and glorified by art. The development of the Greek genius expressed itself in higher social, civic and artistic ideals—the Hero concept, philosophy, architecture, sculpture, origin of drama, classics of literature, physical education—all carried to standards which have not been surpassed.

The Romans gave us the next chapter of Progress—the human race stepping out of mythological beliefs into the realism of the Historic Age. As Greece had faced the ancient East and struggled upward to maintain her Community of States, Rome now faced westward and advanced upon the unconquered, barbarous new West. The geography of Italy gave the Romans tremendous vantage and pressing on they shortly brought the wild tribes of western Europe into a semblance of law and order.

The old tale told by Virgil of Æneas, who at the destruction of Troy, wandered forth with his old father (Greek Tradition) on his back, to found the new city,

Alba Longa, is really not so much of a fairy tale as might appear. The Latins always acknowledged their inheritance of Greek ideals. Standing on the front doorstep of the world, the Romans had to be alert, practical, efficient, progressive. We are grateful to them for holding aloft the torch of wisdom handed on to them by the Greeks.

The story of Roman adventure on land and sea is told in thousands of books. First the conquest of the primitive tribes, Etruscans, Volcians, Silurians, Sabines—who left considerable savagery strewn along the path of the victorious Romans; the line of native kings beginning with the warlike Romulus; the good king Numa; the wicked Etruscan Tarquins; the leaders of the First Republic; the host of young braves who arose to every need—Mucius, Horatius, Manlius, Curtius; noble women, Clœlia, Lucretia, Veturia, Cornelia; their great orators, generals, social leaders—Catos, Ciceros, Scipios, Gracchi, Cæsars, bad and good Emperors—from Augustus to Justinian; all these are written in our school books and are well known friends.

Whatever her later history shows, we cannot forget that the grandeur of Rome and her worth to civilization sprang from a small group of shepherd-farmers, who from tribal customs evolved a high form of family and civic life; whose vigorous rural life produced men and women who never ceased to be interested in great causes and momentous issues. Over and above all her conquests on land and sea, Rome's great achievement was organization and establishment of law and order in a hitherto lawless world, as her poets and scholars developed Latin into a basic language form.

POMONA AND VERTUMNUS

STORY OF THE SEASONS

Pomona was an orchard nymph of Roman lore who loved gardens and fruit. Particularly did she love the trees that bore large and juicy apples. She was usually pictured carrying a pruning knife and accompanied by lively, dancing nymphs who assisted her in the care of her trees and vines. She was a great favorite and had much poetry written about her.

Ovid the poet said of Pomona that "she cared not for forest and river, nor for wood and stream; but she loved the boughs that bore the thriving fruit." As the goddess of horticulture, she typifies autumn, the season of ripened fruits. In many representations of Pomona she is shown carrying boughs or baskets of ripe apples or pomegranates.

Vertumnus, the companion deity to Pomona, was the god of field product. He also symbolized the changes of season, and the transformation of bud and blossom into fruit. In the days of Roman power you would have found his statues decked out in the varied garb and coloring of the changing seasons.

As the myth relates it, Vertumnus appeared to Pomona in many forms: as a ploughman in the spring; a reaper in the summer; a vine-dresser in the fall; and last of all as an old woman in the winter. Ovid speaks particularly of Vertumnus' power of transformation and his quick-change mimes. The tale of Iphis and Anaxarete has been traced to Egypt. This adds a delightful story-telling touch to the play.

The story of Pomona and Vertumnus is one of the few Roman tales which have a decided element of humor. It makes a spirited extravaganza and suggests pleasing repartee and gaiety, evolved in mock serious vein. The dialogue may be elaborated by a class of older girls if so desired.

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

POMONA, *goddess of orchard fruits*

VERTUMNUS, *god of the seasons*

OLD WOMAN, VERTUMNUS *disguised*

HEBA, CARA, VERA, DERA, LELA } *nymphs*

MEIA, BELA *and other MAIDENS* }

RUSTIC, OLD SILVANUS, SATYR, FAUN, *garden helpers*

STAGING THE PLAY

To be given with rustic setting indoors or outdoors.

Only one staging required.

Place paling, gate and shrubbery to the left.

Set tree with vine and Roman bench to right.

An urn or altar shows through the vines at the rear.

Rake, sickle, pruning hook, ladder, baskets stand about.

Copy old Roman dress from plates and pictures.

Study simple classic poses and action throughout.

Treatment should be poetic as well as arch or comic.

Maintain fanciful spirit. This is not a serious theme.

POMONA AND VERTUMNUS

A Pastoral for Girls

Enter [before curtain] RUSTIC in goat skin, leading SATYR in vine wreath, clashing cymbals; long-eared SILVANUS playing pan pipes; young FAUN with triangle. They frisk about in circles, then stand as RUSTIC recites:

Merry Thespians we, with pipe and reed and clattering heel.

Our play today is both sad and gay—
When done, to other gaping crowds we'll haste away.

Scorn not our tale, 'tis found in ancient lore.

So oft retold—you've heard it all before.
Smile with us, weep, rejoice; 'tis price enough.

[All caper off as curtain rises.]

Discovered: POMONA caring for her garden. Nymphs run on in a garland dance, laughing and singing together.

POMONA [*cheerfully*]. Come, come, my nymphs, we must be industrious today. All is overgrown, the fruit choking and our insect enemies making havoc. Lela, Mela, Dela, take you that end of the garden! Vera, Dera, Cara, come with me and we will restore order on this side! The others may trim the vines by the gate and pluck the grass from the path. But let there be no heads over the paling, mind you! Busy yourselves now, and there will be resting afterward under the trees.

CARA [*to her mates*]. I wish some visitor would come.
[Looks slyly around.]

VERA. I wish Vertumnus would come. He always helps us.

POMONA [*severely*]. There will be no visitors today. As for Vertumnus and his mimes—he likes your flattery, but he is already conceited enough.

DERA. The first time he came as a plowman, but my lady had no plowing for him to do.

CARA. Then he came as a reaper, and when our lady paid him he took her hand. You should have heard the rating she gave him. [*Nymphs laugh slyly.*]

VERA. And the day he limped by as a vine-dresser I ran out and gave him a coin, he looked so pitiful. When I looked up, I saw it was Vertumnus!

DERA. Our lady has forbidden his coming, but he will find a way.

GROUP [*on other side*]. You chatter too much, you must work more.

[*Knocking at the gate*]

DERA [*running to POMONA*]. 'Tis but an old woman. She seems weary. Shall I let her in? [*Looks up pleadingly.*]

POMONA. I know not whether we can have her in. You have not yet finished.

OLD WOMAN. Kind lady, 'tis but to rest me a moment. I will not disturb your labors. [*Tottering over her staff.*] If I were young as once, I would help you.

POMONA [*to nymphs*]. Seat her under the tree until we finish. [*Nymphs support her to the seat. She leans back wearily, closing her eyes, while all fall back to work again. The nymphs hum a little song as they work busily.*]

POMONA [*who has been trimming the vine about the tree*]. Whither were you bent, good dame?

OLD WOMAN. I was on my way to the market in the village to buy food. But it is a far way for old bones. I thank you for this halt in your pretty garden. 'Tis the prettiest garden I have yet seen. [*Peering about.*]

POMONA. Yes, it is a pretty garden and well worth the care and labor we give it. The trees and vines are always laden with fruit. See the fine apples! I will have some plucked and we will refresh ourselves. Lela! Mela! Bela! Pluck us a basket of apples and grapes. Run Heba and prepare us a jar of delicious drink. We will all rest and refresh ourselves. You, too, shall share with us, my good dame.

OLD WOMAN. Thank you, fair ones. It is food and drink to gaze upon you.

[*All bustle around, remove tools. Fruit is set on a garden table; jar and ladle and bowls laid beside. The nymphs nestle at the feet of POMONA or find places on stools and benches about. The fruit and drink are passed, while a nymph takes a bowl and carries it carefully to the shrine, where she pours a libation. All relax and smile happily on one another.*]

OLD WOMAN. You are indeed happy to be in such a place, surrounded by beauty and peace. Tell me, does no one invade your enchanted garden and try to carry off some of its treasures?

HEBA [*pertly*]. Indeed, old Silvanus often pokes his head over the paling and would make off with any one of us, if we would but let him. [*Laughs.*]

CARA. Or some mocking satyr shows his horns over the gate. Only yesterday one came with a vine wreath wound around to cover him, trying to tease me.

VERA. A darling young faun, with hoofs and horns scarce sprouted, baa-aa-ed through the hedge last

night, thinking to attract me. I threw water on him and he ran away. The *Bona Dea* preserve us!

POMONA. Yes, indeed, there is one continuous procession of suitors, but we want nothing of them but their friendship. They are all helpful to us, too, but of all none is more persistent than Vertumnus.

NYMPHS [*in turn*]. Oh, he is young and handsomest of all, and so in love with our mistress that naught stands in his way.

OLD WOMAN. Pray tell me about Vertumnus. Why have you not encouraged him, if he is young and handsome and useful besides? I hear he likes the same things you do and delights in gardening, and handles your apples with admiration.

POMONA [*laughing*]. His is indeed a difficult case. Under some guise or other he comes nearly every day. And many's the day's work I have had out of him, when he gets by the gate on pretext of vine-dressing, or reaping, or some other excuse. He looks so simple with a band of hay about his head that I can scarcely refrain from laughter. When he brings his pruning hook and ladder over his shoulder, I send him to the highest branches. Yet, we get good work out of him, all on account of his infatuation.

CARA. He has a lively wit and is entertaining, as well.

OLD WOMAN. You are too stony-hearted. You should take a lesson from the vine [*pointing to it*] and from your numerous suitors, choose yourself a real tree.

POMONA [*laughing*]. To twine and cling about. But it is the vine that bears the fruit. This tree offers nothing but useless leaves!

OLD WOMAN. That is what trees are good for, sometimes. If the vine had no tree to support it, it would

lie prostrate on the ground. Do you know the tale of Iphis and Anaxerete—the suitor and the noble lady who ruined his life?

POMONA [*clapping her hands*]. Hear ye, nymphs. A tale! A tale of unrequited love! Bring more fragrant drink. We shall while away the noon under this shade while our good friend recites.

NYMPHS [*settling down to listen*]. Oh, we dote on tales. Let it be an affecting one, with tears.

ANOTHER NYMPH. Or make us laugh—gaiety is best!

[*Let the sentiment of the tale be somewhat exaggerated.*]

OLD WOMAN. My tale shall be an old but sad one, and take you all a lesson from it. Many years ago in Cyprus lived Iphis, a citizen youth, but of high courage, and suitor to Anaxerete, daughter of a noble. Iphis was a true lover. He not only besought his mistress with attentions, but wrote verses and hung garlands on her door. He spent hours on her threshold but uttered his complaints to bolts and bars. Anaxerete was distant as that mountain, hard as stone and fickle as the sea. She mocked and laughed at him. At last, when Iphis could endure it no longer, he said: “Enjoy your triumph, oh Anaxerete! Bind your brows with laurels and sing songs of joy! Rejoice, oh stony-heart, I die! Come and feast your eyes on the spectacle!” Turning his face and weeping eyes toward her mansion, he fastened a scarf to the gatepost where he had hung many garlands [*nymphs sob*] and putting his head in the noose, he said: “This last garland will please you well.” He then threw himself forward, and with a groan fell dead! [*Nymphs exclaim and hide their eyes, “Oh!*



FRIEZE OF DANCING NYMPHS

Oh!"] His friends cut him down and took him to his home. All said, "This is the work of the cruel Anaxerete." When the funeral procession passed by the house of Anaxerete the next day, she heard the lamentations of the mourners, and said to her maids, "Let us see this sad procession!" They mounted to the turret where, through an open archway, they gazed upon the funeral. [*Nymphs look expectant.*] Scarcely had Anaxerete's eyes rested on the bier, when she began to stiffen. The warm blood in her veins grew cold. Endeavoring to step back, she found that she could not move or turn. By degrees her limbs became stony as her heart, and she stood there a cold statue. [*More weeping. POMONA gazes transfixed.*] That you may not doubt my story, the statue still remains and stands at this time in the temple of Venus at Salamis. This goddess loves not a cold heart, and gives punishment where it is deserved. [*Spoken severely.*]

POMONA [*wiping her eyes*]. This is indeed a sad tale, and Anaxerete was far too cruel!

NYMPHS [*echo*]. Too cruel, far too cruel! [*Some sob.*]

OLD WOMAN [*rising*]. Take my word, my dear, if Vertumnus still loves you and has proved himself by service, accept him at once, since love repulsed is a dangerous thing.

POMONA [*standing and wringing her hands*]. Oh, do you think Vertumnus will come again. Do you think he will still love me after I have treated him so badly?

OLD WOMAN [*throwing off her disguise, and showing the youth VERTUMNUS in fine garb.*] 'Tis I, Pomona, your Vertumnus; I love you and will never leave you again. [*POMONA weeps in his arms.*]

NYMPHS [*springing up and dancing about*]. 'Tis our Vertumnus! Oh, joy this day! Oh Lady Pomona, you will not let him suffer death as did Iphis.

VERTUMNUS. Nay, nay! No one shall die now, but we will all work in the garden together and make it the most beautiful spot in the whole world.

POMONA. Go ye now and dance, while we prepare the feast. [*They gather wreaths and crown VERTUMNUS and POMONA and dance about them.*]

Note. The scene may close here, or the nymphs flitting about making decorations, may form a procession, the couple at the head, while Silvanus and the fauns come in, frolicking and playing on reeds and pipes. All exit in a processional.



HOW CINCINNATUS SAVED ROME

STORY OF CINCINNATUS

Cincinnatus belonged to the Patrician class of old Rome and was a model of all its virtues and customs. His real name was Lucius Quintius, but he was facetiously called Cincinnatus by his soldiers because of his crisp red hair and his crisper temper. They all loved him for his honesty and leadership and would follow him anywhere.

Cincinnatus lived in the days of the early Republic, after Rome had shaken off the yoke of the Tarquin Kings. Instead of a King, they placed two Consuls and Senators of their own choosing at the head of the government. When more help was needed, they called in a Dictator, who for the time being helped tide over affairs.

Cincinnatus had been of great help to the Romans and was called three times to serve as Dictator. The last time he was eighty years of age. The date of our story is set at 458 B. C., and this was the second time he was called to this office. He was so efficient that in sixteen days he was back at his plow, with all the citizens plodding along at their regular business as usual.

Many interesting things were developing at this time in Rome. While the Patricians were the ruling class, the Freedmen, who had gained their liberty, were pushing into the middle or Plebeian class. Many new laws had to be made and old ones changed. Most of the new citizens could neither read nor write, and they asked that the laws be written down, so that they could see them and have them explained.

Cæso Quintius, Cincinnatus' own son, opposed this and was exiled, while his father was reduced to the little farm beyond the Tiber. The Decemvirs were now appointed and the laws were put into writing and cut into Twelve Tables of Stone. (See Story of Roman Law, p. 201.)

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

CINCINNATUS, <i>dictator</i>	GRACCHUS, <i>Æquian chief</i>
RACILLIA, <i>his wife</i>	MINUCIUS, <i>Roman consul</i>
TWO SLAVES	SENATORS and NOBLES
TWO DEPUTIES	LICTORS and SOLDIERS
CINCINNATUS' <i>two sons</i>	POPULACE and DANCERS
MESSENGERS	STANDARD BEARERS
LEGIONS	ÆQUIANS

STAGING THE PLAY

A continuous action play staged with three curtains.
Drop curtain opens on country life, field, trees, rude hut.
Second curtain shows Forum, with pillars and broad steps.
Third curtain, any scene with trees, mountain, tents in wings.
Give entire stage to the soldier scenes.
Arrange curtains and use in order of program.
The Forum scene is dropped as *Triumph* emerges from the wings.
First and third curtains found in usual school stage props.
Second may be rudely painted on old canvas or paper.
If played on a bare platform use screens and standards.
For costumes study *Costume Suggestions* and *Illustrations*.
Senators and City Officials appear in bordered togas.
Citizens appear in long gray and white cloaks.
Soldiers in short, belted kilts and high, laced sandals.
Officers in armor, with corselet, helmet, greaves and spear.
Much of the play is in pantomime. Drill on silent expression.
Choose good speakers for the dialogue. Let speech be broad.
Soldiers must work out their action carefully.
Prepare *Triumph* for spectacular effect.

HOW CINCINNATUS SAVED ROME

Junior Boys' Play

PRELUDE

Discovered: GRACCHUS, chief of the Æquians, sitting under a tent-flap with a scribe at his side, who is writing with stylus on a wax slate. DEPUTIES from Rome arrive.

FIRST DEPUTY. Gracchus, we have come to complain of the Æquians, who are plundering the lands of the allies of Rome.

GRACCHUS [*looking up*]. Why complain to me? I am busy with other matters and cannot hear you. You would better go tell your message to that oak yonder!

SECOND DEPUTY. What insult is this! [GRACCHUS goes on with his work.]

FIRST DEPUTY. Let this sacred oak and all the gods hear how treacherously you have broken the peace [*raising his spear*]. Rome shall avenge this insult, for you have scorned alike the laws of the gods and of men. [*They go off.*] *Curtain.*

SCENE I

Discovered: CINCINNATUS well to the left of the stage, just turning his primitive plow in the furrow facing right. Two SLAVES with other implements and a basket of grain stand near.

Enter TWO MESSENGERS from the right wing.

FIRST MESSENGER. We seek Cincinnatus. We come in haste from Rome.

CINCINNATUS. I am Cincinnatus. What is your message? Why do you come here?

SECOND MESSENGER. Hail to you, Lucius Quintius! You are acquainted with the facts of the Æquians, how they have broken the treaty of peace with Rome; marched into the land of Tusculum, plundering the country and gathering much booty, and even now have pitched their camp on Mount Algidus?

CINCINNATUS. I thought Minucius the Consul had marched an army against them; also another to stop their plundering!

FIRST MESSENGER. Of a truth this hath he done, although the Commons have hindered the levying of more soldiers. But another evil has come upon us: seeing their opportunity, a great host of Sabines have come well nigh to the city walls, plundering all the country about.

CINCINNATUS. This is indeed a dire evil. And what hath Minucius wrought upon the mountain?

SECOND MESSENGER. Aye, good Cincinnatus, therein lies our plight. Minucius, delaying his attack, has been surrounded by the wily Æquians, and now he can do nothing but lie hid in his entrenchments. The enemy, growing bolder, has him surrounded on all sides. But there escaped from his camp five horsemen who brought the tidings to Rome.

FIRST MESSENGER. Yes, sir, the people are in great fear. In looking about for help, they see but one man who can save them from this peril—thysself, Cincinnatus! By common consent, therefore, they have elected thee

Dictator for six months. For, they say, what are riches to be accounted against a man who can lead us out to victory and to the honor of Rome!

SECOND MESSENGER [*saluting*]. May the gods prosper this thing to the Roman people and to thee! Put on thy robe and return with us to Rome, to hear the words of the people!

CINCINNATUS [*in great astonishment*]. The gods are calling me back to the service of my country! [*Calls.*] Ho, there! Wife, Racillia! Bring forth my robe and scrip for a journey!

RACILLIA [*appearing with toga and sandals*]. What is this? Thou art called to Rome! Now they are in trouble, they want you back again! [*SLAVES bring urn of water and large towel.*]

CINCINNATUS. Nay, nay, wife, thou knowest I must serve my country always!

FIRST MESSENGER. The people of Rome have made him Dictator and bid him come forth to save the city.

RACILLIA [*shaking her head*]. I have not forgotten Cæso, and how they stripped you of all but these few poor acres.

CINCINNATUS [*while making ready*]. Do thou keep the place, good Racillia! I will not be gone long. The gods will prosper the truth of our cause. Take thou charge of affairs, nor let the slaves lag. [*Kisses her brow. Turns and follows MESSENGERS.*] *Curtain.*

SCENE II

The streets of Rome before the Forum. CINCINNATUS is first met by his TWO SONS in armor; also KINSFOLK, FRIENDS, NOBLES, LICTORS. *Crowds of people press*

about from the wings. CINCINNATUS stands in the porch of the Forum.

CINCINNATUS. Greetings, my sons! I see you are ready for action. [*Kisses their brows*].

SONS. Yes, father, where you send us, we will go. [*They step behind him.*]

CINCINNATUS. I see, good friends, you are all with the cause! [*Shouting, "Yea, yea."* Groups of LICATORS march before him.] Lucinius Tarquinius! I appoint thee to be Master of Horse. Take thou command of this Legion and march forward! [*To the SOLDIERS assembling in the square.*]* Assemble in the Field of Mars! Let every man of age be there at sunset with provision for five days and let him bring twelve stakes. Let the elder men prepare the food, while the young men make ready their arms! Take leave of your families, and speed to their protection and the succor of our friends. *Curtain.*

**Note.* This was the usual preparation of the Roman army.

SCENE III

EVENING AT MARS FIELD

Discovered: CINCINNATUS, standing in the center, giving last directions to the LEGIONS, who are assembling under the STANDARD BEARERS. All are in short tunics, sandals and bound legs, helmets on their heads, carrying spears and shields. There is much noise and clashing of armor. Gradually order is restored.

CINCINNATUS [*also in armor and cloak*]. Attend to my words! We must needs come to our journey's

end while it is yet night. Remember that the Consul Minucius and his army have been besieged for three days and that no man knows what a day or a night may bring forth! Let all proceed now to Mount Algidus! Standard Bearers, make haste and lag not, that we may arrive by midnight! And when you perceive the enemy at hand, halt your standards, every man in his own place! Then compass the enemy's army with our army! Then dig you trenches and set up stakes therein! When this is done, shout over the camp of the enemy to our countrymen, that they may know that we bring them help! Then will they attack from within, while we harry them from without! It will not be long till the vandals pray for peace. Now away! Depart in quiet, and every man look to his prowess and the honor of Rome!

[*Under direction of their leaders, LEGIONS march with stealthy movements to side of stage. The interest may be sustained here by the crossing and recrossing of the same groups, then slowly assembling them in circling lines at the rear of the stage. The lights should be dim, leaving the lower stage in darkness to hide the soldiers. The shouts must be answered from the back of the stage, followed by the noise of battle. Cries and struggling masses gradually come nearer. The final struggle will take place at the back of the stage, dawn showing groups of vanquished ÆQUIANS, with ambassadors suing for peace, bringing their standards. CINCINNATUS, with folded arms, stands to receive them.*]

GRACCHUS. You have prevailed! Slay us not! Rather permit us to depart, leaving our arms behind us!

CINCINNATUS. I care not for the blood of the Æquians! Ye may depart! But ye shall depart under the yoke! Ye shall acknowledge to all men that ye are indeed vanquished. [*To his soldiers.*] Get ready the same. [*They bind a spear across two standing ones, thus forming the yoke.*] [*To MINUCIUS who appears from the side.*] I understand there is much spoil. Ye were well nigh a spoil to the enemy, therefore ye shall not share in this. Be thou a lieutenant only, until thou hast learned to bear thyself as a Consul

[*Shouts from the SOLDIERS: "Long live Cincinnatus, our Dictator!"*]

MESSENGER. The Senate hath sent word to make ready to appear in a *Triumph* at Rome!

CINCINNATUS. Make ready the spoils! Fetter some of the prisoners! Let the others pass under the yoke!

[*The prisoners are sent under the yoke, while the soldiers of CINCINNATUS again assemble under their banners and leaders. The Forum curtain is here lowered. A Roman public assembles on the steps and porch—SENATORS and LICTORS, NOBLES and LADIES to view the Triumph.*]

CINCINNATUS [*at close of festivities*]. And now, friends, since Rome is safe, I will leave the punishment of its enemies to the City Fathers, the Senators! I will return once more to my home and farm, which sadly needs my attention.

PEOPLE [*shouting*]. All honor to our Dictator, the Savior of Rome! All hail to Cincinnatus! Hail! Hail! [*Curtain.*]

Note. The early Romans were very good shepherds and farmers, but often had to go to war to protect themselves from their savage neighbors. This spirit of self defense soon won the respect of their enemies and made a warlike people of the Romans. As we know, they finally became so skilled in warfare that they conquered the world. Mars, the famous war god of the Romans, was also the god of agriculture in their earliest history, and they constantly called upon him for aid in the care of their flocks and fields. The old Latin *pagus*, or farmer, was deeply concerned with the welfare of his crops and family. One of his old prayers read:

And thou, oh Mars, suffer not
Fell plague and ruin's rot
Our folk to devastate.

ROMAN TRIUMPH

A simplified form is here presented.

Magistrates and Senators stand on Forum steps to receive victors.

Two Arval Priests advance beating on their shields.

Pipers follow with chorus singing *Io Triumphe*:

“Only Rome and Rome alone,
Only Rome eternal stays.
Eja, Eja—Alala.”

Lictors dressed in purple tunics, with axes, precede General.

General in red toga and laurel crown, in car drawn by soldiers.

Sons, relatives, secretaries, armor-bearers follow General.

Carts filled with spoils and the armor of the enemy.

Soldiers follow these, carrying armor and spoils.

Captives in chains—men, women and children in strange dress.

An interesting and realistic picture of Roman life may be displayed in such a procession. As it passes before the officials, it may be led down over the stage into the aisles, in this way making a pageant for the spectators.

Cincinnatus should return to the stage and make his last speech

from there. Great enthusiasm should be displayed by the people in the procession.

Note. In our own country after the Revolutionary War an Order of Cincinnatus was established for soldiers returning home to the farms and plantations. Washington was its first president.



FOUR SHORT ASSEMBLY PLAYS

CLÆLIA THE ROMAN GIRL SCOUT

The struggle with the Tarquin Kings lasted for many years after they were driven out of Rome. One of the fine stories of the times is that of Clælia, a high-spirited Roman girl and her companions, who were sent as hostages into the camp of the enemy. She revolted and persuaded her companions to escape by swimming the Tiber. They returned to save the honor of Rome.

This story will be of interest to Campfire Girls, to whom Clælia stands for a type of courage and loyalty.

THE CHOICE OF CORIOLANUS

The story of Coriolanus is one of the most touching in Roman history. He represented the highest type of Roman youth, dauntless and ready to sacrifice himself for his country. He also had the highest ideals of citizenship. But Rome at that time was struggling with the masses who did not understand him.

The cheap politicians of Rome advocated free corn for the people, in this way encouraging all sorts of evils. With free corn, the poor became beggars and often criminals, taking by force that which was not given them. Coriolanus wished them to work, to remain self-respecting citizens, and to help build up the Roman state. He had a hard struggle between his loyalty and his pride.

CAMILLUS AND THE SCHOOLMASTER

The Romans were harsh and unrelenting in many things, but they had a strong sense of justice, and often turned an act of injustice against the evil doer. This story of the great general is a fine lesson showing how a bad deed comes back upon the doer.

The best part of the story tells how two warring peoples became friends. This could be shown in a scene between the ambassadors

sent to Camillus, offering him any terms he wished, after his stand in regard to the school children. A keen sense of honor and right dealing is necessary to all leaders and rulers.

TRAJAN AND THE CHILDREN OF ROME

Trajan was the second of the Good Emperors of Rome, who tried to correct some of the evils of the wicked ones who preceded them. One great wrong was the neglect of the soldiers' families, who were often reduced to beggary, while the fathers were away on long campaigns, fighting for the glory of Rome.

Before this all teaching and learning had been confined to the upper classes. This effort on the part of Trajan is the first record of Public Schools in Rome. Fortunately for us, relief pictures showing crowds of these children were inscribed on tablets and set into street panels. Later these were placed in the carvings of the Forum Trajanum, erected in honor of Trajan.

CLÆLIA THE ROMAN GIRL SCOUT

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

CLÆLIA, MAIA, OCTAVIA, VALERIA *and other Roman girls*

MOTHERS, *first and second group*

FATHERS, *first and second group*

LARS PORSENA, SOLDIERS *and GUARDS*

STAGING THE PLAY

Bare stage or floor space with a tent to one side.

Take off tent when Clælia arrives in Rome.

Return first tent and add larger General's tent for last scene.

All costuming and equipment should be crude but suggestive.

Action must be strong and decisive, leaning to the primitive.

SCENE I

Discovered: Girls sitting dejectedly about.

MAIA [*weeping violently*]. I want my mother! I shall die if I stay here longer.

OCTAVIA. Hush, for shame! Don't you know we are the hostages for Rome?

CLÆLIA. Why must we be hostages for Rome? This is not *our* war! I shall endure it no longer. I shall not live a captive!

VALERIA. Can we not be patient? It will be only for a little longer, when they will make peace and we shall be sent for.

CLÆLIA. No, we shall not stay. I see a way to escape. We shall swim the Tiber! At dusk, when the soldiers are at supper, we will risk it. We can all swim and all who wish can this night return to their parents. Who will join me?

ALL. Hush, hush! The soldiers will hear us! Do you think that we could reach the other side? [*Whispering eagerly among themselves.*]

CLÆLIA. It will take courage, but the river is quiet. I have swum the Tiber before. I will be your leader.
Curtain.

SCENE II

A bare stage. ROMAN MOTHERS and FATHERS come on from the left, girls rush on from the right and fling themselves into their arms, crying out.

FIRST MOTHER. What is this? Here are the children back from the enemy's camp.

SECOND MOTHER. My child—my child, are you safe? How did you escape?

CLOELIA. We swam the Tiber! I led them and here we are. How good to be at home!

FIRST FATHER. Did they not treat you well? You were not injured in any way?

SECOND FATHER. Children, do you know you have broken the word of Rome?

FIRST FATHER. You must return at once, before you are missed, or we shall be plunged into war again. Could you not wait until peace was arranged?

FIRST MOTHER. Indeed, you must go back at once! Oh, the woe of this terrible war. [*Clasps her child.*]

CLÆLIA [*slowly and sullenly*]. I did not think of the honor of Rome. We only longed for home and our mothers. I will return and tell the King that it was my fault, and not the fault of Rome, or of our fathers and mothers.

FIRST MOTHER. Poor children! They are tired and hungry. Let them sleep and eat. They were only homesick.

CLÆLIA. Feed us and let us sleep first. Then, at dawn, we will breast the Tiber again and return to camp.
[*All turn off. Curtain.*]

Let the class dramatize the last scene of the return to camp, and Clælia's appearance with the girls before Lars Porsena; his astonishment and delight at their bravery; his generosity when he learns the good faith of Clælia and the parents at Rome. Keep to terse English and direct action, with perhaps three developments: 1. Regret and submission of the children; 2, the generosity of Tarquin; 3, joy of the children at being forgiven. A little exercise on play construction is good fun as well as good practice.

THE CHOICE OF CORIOLANUS

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

CORIOLANUS (MARTIUS) *young patrician*

VETURIA, *his mother*

CONSUL *and* ROMAN SOLDIERS

TRIBUNES *and* PLEBEIANS

MESSENGERS, PRIESTS, SOLDIERS

VIRGILIA, *wife and* SONS of CORIOLANUS

MOTHERS OF ROME

GUARDS, CITIZENS

STAGING THE PLAY

A short sketch suitable for special occasion, as Mothers' Day.

Set the stage as a porch outlined by two Roman pillars.

The porch should be placed to the right of the stage.

Veturia steps out onto porch, looking anxiously about.

Martius comes on from the left and joins her.

Only the skeleton of the story is presented.

Class may amplify, if it is desirable.

Motivate by discussing various types of loyalty.

PRELUDE

MARTIUS [CORIOLANUS]. Mother, have you heard of our success? Rome is again victorious in the face of defeat.

VETURIA [*putting her hand on his shoulders and looking at him proudly*]. I have heard. It was a daring thing to do, my son.

MARTIUS. We kept the gates open with a handful of men until the army came. See the prize—an oak wreath! Crown me with it. [*Kneels on step. She puts the wreath on his brow and he rises.*]

VETURIA. The oak wreath*—the wreath of valor—the noblest gift of Rome! [CONSUL, *with a few SOLDIERS, pushes on from the left of the stage, bringing booty. MARTIUS steps up onto the porch with his mother, who moves a little to the rear.*]

CONSUL. The Senate has ordered us to bring you a tenth of the booty from the Volscians, in token of your service and valor.

MARTIUS. But I have already been given a splendid war horse. I wish no payment for doing a soldier's duty. I will ask one favor, though, that you set free the generous Volscian who gave me a cup of water in the thick of the battle. [SOLDIERS *cheer.*]

CONSUL [*turning to SOLDIERS*]. It is idle, fellow soldiers, to force these gifts upon one who is unwilling to accept them. Let us therefore give him a gift which he cannot well reject. [*Raising his swordhilt.*] In memory of the taking of the city of Corioli, henceforth be known as Coriolanus. [*Cheers from all.*]

VETURIA [*stepping forward*]. No longer Martius, but Coriolanus, art thou named. [*Pause. Exeunt SOLDIERS to the left and CORIOLANUS and his MOTHER to the right.*]

*See Fig. 2, p. 226.

SCENE I

Enter CONSUL with SOLDIERS. Other CITIZENS gather about. CORIOLANUS comes on from the right, clad in a white toga and his oak wreath.

FIRST CITIZEN. Here comes Coriolanus. He is also candidate for the Consulship.

SECOND CITIZEN. I shall not vote for him. Do you not remember that he was against the free corn? [*They murmur among themselves.*]

CONSUL. Citizens, we are met here today to vote for Consuls, as is the custom. Coriolanus, are you a candidate? What are your credentials?

CORIOLANUS. Those of every citizen of Rome, loyalty and service. [*Shows a wound on his arm.*] I won this among the Volscians. I would serve the Roman people justly.

PLEBEIAN. Hear, hear! Did he not oppose free corn when we were all starving after the wars?

CITIZEN. He would make us pay for the Etruscan corn, when it was sent us for a gift. Forsooth, he would "serve the people!"

PLEBEIAN. He is a Patrician and would do away with our Tribunes! [*Crowd shouts, "Ah!"*]

CORIOLANUS [*looks about him in surprise*]. Have the citizens of Rome become beggars? If ye must be fed from the public dole, then give up your Tribunes, who represent you as citizens. Ye cannot be both wards and citizens!

PLEBEIAN. Hear him, hear him! The Patrician who would grind us under his heel! We will not vote for him. Away with him—he is not our choice!

CORIOLANUS [*proud but broken*]. Then will I no longer be a citizen of Rome. Are ye become a pack of wolves, with your new freedom? Your Tribunes are making you into Plebeians indeed, instead of proud Roman patriots.

TRIBUNES [*in a fury*]. Banish him—banish him—he is not a friend of the Roman people. [*Aside.*] We will accuse him of having broken the sacred laws, and we ourselves will pronounce sentence upon him! [*Gesticulating.*]

CORIANUS. Indeed! Sentence shall never be pronounced upon me by the Plebeian Tribunes of Rome. I leave you now. I have better friends among the enemies of Rome than ye Romans are to me. [*Turns proudly and exit.*]

SCENE II

CORIANUS *has appealed to the VOLSCIANS and they are advancing with an army under him, to attack Rome. The SENATE sends MESSENGERS to make peace with him. A small tent has been set up to the right of the stage with TWO GUARDS before it.*

Enter MESSENGERS.

MESSENGERS [*as they are turned away by GUARDS*]. He will not even see us, much less listen to our terms of peace.

PRIESTS [*walking on in solemn procession, to attempt to appease CORIANUS' anger*]. He is deaf to the appeal of the messengers of the gods. We must perish.

MESSENGER. Send for Veturia, his mother, Virgilia, his wife, and his two sons. Naught else will awaken him.

[*VETURIA comes on right, dressed in mourning, followed by VIRGILIA and her SONS. ROMAN MATRONS follow and stand waiting. A SOLDIER announces them to CORIANUS.*]

GUARD [*raises tent-flap and salutes*]. My lord, your mother is in camp and wishes speech with you. [*Steps back.*]

CORIANUS [*in dress of Roman General, steps forward*

as VETURIA approaches]. Mother! [*Reaches out to salute her; she brushes him aside.*]

VETURIA [*falling on her knees*]. Am I the mother of Coriolanus, or am I a prisoner in the hands of the Volscians?

CORIOLANUS. I am your son always, though Rome disowns me as her loyal subject.

VETURIA [*to VIRGILIA and his SONS*]. I bring your wife and sons. Will you dishonor them in the eyes of Rome? My son, my son! Are we your enemies or your friends?

VIRGILIA [*falls weeping at his feet*]. Save our city, Rome—give her not over to her enemies—for your sons' sakes. [*Women crowd up and add their petitions.*] Save us—save Rome from the enemy—save our city!

SONS. Father—father! Save us all from death.

CORIOLANUS [*stands with head sunk on his breast. Finally looks at VETURIA.*] Mother, thou hast saved Rome, but thou hast lost a son. Farewell. [*Hold the picture for a moment. Either drop curtain or let CORIOLANUS turn and go to his tent. The others rise and pass slowly off stage.*]

CAMILLUS AND THE SCHOOLMASTER

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

CAMILLUS, *Roman general*
SOLDIERS, *his guard*
SCHOOLMASTER *and* BOYS
NURSE *and* FALERIAN MOTHERS
FALERIAN CITIZENS

STAGING THE PLAY

Only one setting with movable props needed.
Turn the staging of the play over to pupils.
Place competent pupils in charge of changes.
Contrast the attitudes of Camillus and the Schoolmaster.

CAMILLUS [*standing in the door of his tent, left stage, looking toward the city of Falerii*]. Ho there, guard! Every day, as I sit in my tent at this hour, an old man brings a group of boys to play on yonder hill.

GUARD. It is an old Schoolmaster out with his boys for a game after the lessons are over.

CAMILLUS. He seems unaware that he is near the enemy's camp.

GUARD. One of the soldiers spied on him. He said he was harmless and unarmed. We have watched him, but have not reported the matter.

CAMILLUS. The boys play heartily and without fear. For the present we will not molest them. Send my secretary to take some messages. [SECRETARY *comes with stylus and wax tablet. He writes busily. CAMILLUS dictates.*]

BOY [*voices of boys at play are heard nearer at hand*].

I can hurl the stone farther than thou.

ANOTHER. See that thou dost not hurl it into the General's tent.

ANOTHER. Our Master says he is kind and will not hurt us.

ANOTHER. We shall visit him some day, soon, the Master says.

GUARD [*salutes*]. General, I would not interrupt your work. But the Schoolmaster seems to be drawing nearer with the children.

CAMILLUS. Let him come! What can be his object?
[*The boys burst on.*]

SCHOOLMASTER [*to GUARD*]. I would speak with your General on matters of importance.

GUARD [*salutes*]. The Schoolmaster would speak with the General.

CAMILLUS. Is this a plot? Bring him on.

SCHOOLMASTER [*secretively*]. General, I have brought you the children of Falerii. With them in your power, you will soon be able to make what terms you please with the parents.

CAMILLUS [*looking him over scornfully*]. War is indeed attended with many evils besides violence. What would you that I do to them?

SCHOOLMASTER. Hold them. The Falerians will give up their city without a struggle to get their children back again.

CAMILLUS. Certain laws, however, all men must observe. Even war itself does not pardon base and impious acts. A good soldier relies on his own valor and not on the treachery of a knave.

SCHOOLMASTER [*trembling*]. I did it for thy benefit. Thou wilt not punish me? I love not the Falerians.

CAMILLUS. Thou hast betrayed a sacred trust, and for this deserve worse than death. However, let your Masters take care of that. Ho, guards! Take this man and bind him. [*The boys have been looking on wonderingly.*]

BOY. What is the matter with the Master? You will not hold him prisoner? He said you were a kind General.

CAMILLUS. Come here, lads. This man would betray your city and you into slavery. What shall we do to him?

BOY. He deserves to be beaten. We must go back to our parents.

CAMILLUS. Here, men. Cut rods for the boys and let them beat him back to the city. [*Excitement among the boys, who beat the MASTER off the stage.*]

During the commotion the tent and other properties may be removed and a few MATRONS and NURSES appear.

MATRON. I wonder where the children are? I trust they have not wandered toward the camp.

NURSE. I have watched the Master day by day, taking them a little nearer the enemy. I like it not!

MATRON. He is an alien. You do not think he means us harm?

OTHER MATRONS. Our children, our children! They are without the city walls, and nowhere in sight! [*Others come on lamenting.*]

NURSE. I think I see them coming. They seem to be running merrily enough.

MATRON. What is this they are driving and beating? It cannot be the Schoolmaster? [*He comes on stage, the children beating him.*]

Boys [*exclaim in turn*]. He is a traitor! He took us to the Roman camp! He would have betrayed the city and made us prisoners!

NURSE. The gods protect us! And how did you escape?

BOY. The kind General was angry with the Master and gave us rods to beat him with. He said no harm should come to us.

FALERIAN CITIZEN [*just arrived*]. For this we will send Ambassadors, giving Camillus whatever terms he asks. He is just and generous. [*To a SOLDIER.*] Take this traitorous coward and throw him outside the city walls. Let him meet what fate he will. [*SCHOOLMASTER hurried off.*]

Boys. We liked the Roman General and we hope you will make friends with him, that we may visit his camp and thank him. Long live Camillus! [*Exeunt all.*]

TRAJAN AND THE CHILDREN OF ROME

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

ROMAN MOTHER *of the people*
ROSCOE, MARCUS, CARUS, TITO, VARRO,
ragamuffins, street children
THREE CITIZENS *and the crowd*
EMPEROR TRAJAN *and PLOTINA, his wife*

STAGING THE PLAY

Short sketch suited to small schools of all grades.
Only one setting required, showing the streets of Rome.
Older pupils and teachers take the heavier parts.
Children of lower grades take minor parts and walk in processional.
Let players assist with properties, costumes and staging.
See *Cincinnatus* play for Roman street scene and processional.
Discuss the attitude of Trajan toward the people.

Enter ROMAN MOTHER with two boys

MOTHER. There, sit down in the shade and we will copy our letters before the sun shines hot.

ROSCOE. Why do we need to do this, Mother? [*Pointing to his scroll.*]

MOTHER. All Roman citizens must now learn to read and write. [*Looks around.*] Where are the children? Ah, here they come; Marcus, Carus, Tito, Varro, and you have brought others with you?

MARCUS. Yes, we all want to learn to write and be citizens.

MOTHER. That is good. I see Carus has brought his tablet and stylus.

CARUS. My grandfather says I must learn all that you teach me, that I may become a Tribune and help the people.

TITO. See, I have no tablet, but can write in the clay of the street.

VARRO. I shall be a soldier like my father was, and win victories.

RAGAMUFFIN. Yes, and get killed. Or be eaten by wild beasts.

MOTHER [*stepping forward*]. Let us not quarrel; remember your *pietas*, *gravitas* and *veritas*. What is the commotion down the *Via*? See the crowd!

FIRST CITIZEN. It is he! It is Trajan! It is two years since he was named Emperor and we have not seen him yet. [*Develop action.*]

SECOND CITIZEN. He is a true soldier and could not leave the Colonies unfortified.

CROWD [*pushing on*]. Hail, Hail! The Emperor comes at last! A *Triumph*, a *Triumph* for our great general! [*Shouting by all.*]

Enter TRAJAN and his wife PLOTINA in citizen dress.

TRAJAN. Hail, friends! It is good to be back in Rome and to see your faces again. But why this noise about a *Triumph*? Men do not ask honors for doing their duty.

THIRD CITIZEN. But you are Emperor now, and all Rome has been waiting to celebrate your victories and do you honor as ruler.

TRAJAN. I have come home to be your friend and rest after the wars. It will be time enough for a *Triumph* when we have proven what we have been worth to Rome. What have we here? [PLOTINA *has stepped over to the MOTHER and the ORPHANS who crowd around her.*]

PLOTINA. These are the poor orphans of the soldiers, who fought so faithfully for Rome. This good woman is teaching them. They have no parents, food or homes.

FIRST CITIZEN. Alack! Rome is full of such as these. We have almost more beggars than citizens. Here is where we need help.

TRAJAN. See, Plotina. It is well we entered Rome humbly on foot. Of what use are all the laws made by the Senate for distant barbarians, while our soldiers' children are starving?

PLOTINA [*petting the waifs, she takes up a baby*]. Poor little ones! These are the orphans of Rome and she must be their father and mother. You must all help us.

MOTHER. Great lady, there are many of these. Can we not get them shelter and food, and make good citizens of them?

CHILDREN. Yes, yes! Give us bread, we are hungry. Did you bring our fathers back? We'll be good Romans!

TRAJAN [*looks helplessly about*]. Come, come—this will be our first *Triumph*. Go out, friends and gather in the waifs of the city and bring them to the

Forum. We will build a new *Forum Trajanum* and a Triumphal Column to record the acts of this day. [TRAJAN takes a boy by each hand; PLOTINA follows after with the babe on her arm; after her comes the MOTHER with the waifs, all the other characters following. Amid cheering a procession is formed. A group of little girls may proceed scattering flowers; all march about room.]



CORNELIA THE MOTHER OF THE GRACCHI

STORY OF CORNELIA

The story of Cornelia and her sons is one of the most thrilling in Roman history. The characters are all real people who did real service for their country, in a cause which often meant death. Cornelia was the type of Roman matron which has come down to us as the highest ideal of virtuous womanhood.

The Cornelia *gens*, or family, was one of the best of the latter days of the Republic. Cornelia was the daughter of the great general Scipio Africanus. She married one Sempronius Gracchus, a Plebeian of fine qualities. This marriage broke the Patrician line.

Cornelia, too, reared her own sons, instead of passing them over to slaves. The care of her children was not the least of her duties; Cicero says of her that her sons were "brought up no less truly in her language than in her arms." From their birth she prepared them for their civic duties.

The Roman household was a busy one, which, like our pioneer homes, attended to the production of the staples as well as the luxuries of life. This meant among other things the direction of a large number of servants in spinning and weaving. Emperor Augustus preferred a robe spun and woven by the women of his household.

The two Gracchi inherited the political views of their father and the Patrician training of their mother. They were both high-minded and democratic. A climax of the Plebeian cause seemed to center in these brothers, who were well prepared to meet it, the younger one taking up the burden where the older laid it down.

Tiberius (168-133 B. C.) served as Questor under his grandfather Scipio in Spain. On his return to Rome he saw the degraded condition of the poor; farmers without farms, tilling the fields of the rich; crowds of slaves; citizens sold for debt; the thronging rabble of the city. He brought about a reform by restoring the old Licinian Laws, which gave the poor the use of State Lands. Caius advocated colonization.

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

CORNELIA, <i>Roman matron</i>	LIVIOUS DRUSUS
AQUILLA, <i>Roman lady</i>	MAGISTRATE <i>and</i> LICTORS
TIBERIUS GRACCHUS	SENATORS <i>and</i> PLEBEIANS
CAIUS GRACCHUS	RILLA <i>the maid</i>
SCIPIO NASCIA	SERVANTS <i>and</i> SLAVES
MOB, BEGGARS, SOLDIERS	

STAGING THE PLAY

Three short plays in one, which can be staged separately.

Two settings only required: Roman garden and Forum.

Detail of garden calls for Roman bench, vase, trellis, fountain.

Approach to Forum requires platform, steps, pillars and cornice

Paint columns and cornices on canvas and stretch on frames.

All properties must be adjustable and easily moved.

Properties should be placed in charge of a responsible committee.

Hold each actor responsible for costume and character detail.

Players should dress, speak, act in a manner suitable to the parts

Roman dignity of speech and manner must be sustained throughout

CORNELIA THE MOTHER OF THE GRACCHI

Senior Play

FIRST PLAY

Discovered: CORNELIA standing to right of stage, directing the work of her household. MAIDS are spinning from distaffs, winding wool, weaving on frames. SLAVES carry baskets, fold cloth. Two half-grown BOYS are bouncing a ball to left front. CORNELIA is dressed in soft grays, with a touch of lavender; MAIDS in medium blues; SLAVES in rusty browns; the BOYS in light yellow, short, belted tunics. All except the SLAVES wear sandals. A MAID brings her work for inspection.

CORNELIA. That is better. Let us hasten to finish the Master's cloak. He likes best the garments woven by his own household. Then Rilla may take it to the fullers. Let me see the new wool brought from the country.

RILLA [*coming forward*]. It just came in this morning and has not yet been washed. The man is waiting his fee, Mater. [*CORNELIA gives her a gold piece.*]

CORNELIA. Go at once and pay him. Give the wool to old Dura to take to the wash room.

SLAVE [*kneels before her with a basket of meal*]. Mater, is it ground to please you?

CORNELIA [*sifting the meal through her fingers*]. Yes, it is very fine. Bake it into cakes for our guests tonight. [*She turns as a slave at her left says, "A lady*

to call." CORNELIA *claps her hands.*] Take away your work. We will receive her here. [*The MAIDS remove the work to the rear and set furniture in order, placing Roman bench to the front; one MAID brings her mistress a soft purple scarf, arranges flowers, etc. CORNELIA stands facing left front.*]

Enter AQUILLA, gaily attired in a gold bordered, flowing scarlet robe. A profusion of jewelry hangs from her neck and hair; she wears many rings on her hands. A small SLAVE follows her, waving a long-handled fan.

AQUILLA [*extending her hands*]. Greetings, Cornelia! I thought we should never get over the square, what with the markets crowding in upon it and all the poor and beggars standing about, waiting for the games and public dole. Why don't they go to work?

CORNELIA. Greetings, Aquilla! How are you in health? All is well, I hope? [*They seat themselves.*] As for the poor, they are thrown off the land, as you know, and have no other place to go, wretched things!

AQUILLA. My health is as usual, thank you. My husband starts soon again for the wars. I hope there will be more fine plunder when he returns. See these pearls. But I must have them reset.

CORNELIA. But our soldiers do not go to war for plunder! They go to subdue the barbarian and to increase the power of Rome!

[*Enter MAID with refreshment.*]

AQUILLA. Ugh! Be that as it may, they still bring the plunder. I have often wondered, with your father, Scipio Africanus, a great general, in Africa, that

he should not bring you rich gold and amber and turquoises?

CORNELIA. My father goes not to Africa to gather jewels for his women folk. [*The two boys have come up to admire the gems. CORNELIA gathers them to her as she steps back indignantly.*] I need not the gold and gems of the conquered with which to bedeck myself. [*Pushing forward her boys.*] These are my jewels. My sons will be patriots to uphold the honor of Rome!

AQUILLA [*also rising*]. Well—well! Be not so angry, Cornelia. It is all a matter of taste. I should not like to load myself with such jewels as yours, so you are welcome to them. I must away to the games. [*Preening herself.*] I sit today in the Consul's box. Be you content with your spinning and your *jewels*. Farewell. [*She sweeps away proudly, her SLAVE following.*]

The scene ends in a pretty tableau, the MAIDS gathering devotedly about CORNELIA, who stands gazing after her guest. Her two boys look up at her. One says: "We love you, mother!" The other says: "We will be your jewels."

SECOND PLAY

Open space leading to Forum steps in the rear. Group of PLEBEIANS, old and young, gathered to left front talking together. MOB and BEGGARS gather to right front, the latter picking from a heap of garbage at the side.

FIRST PLEBEIAN. The gossip of the Forum is that Atalus of Pergamos hath left all his wealth to Rome.

SECOND PLEBEIAN. Aye. But that would only enrich the Patricians, who have already more than enough.

THIRD PLEBEIAN. Nay, the messenger said that our good Tribune, Tiberius Gracchus, has asked that the money be distributed among the poor, and that the Licinian Laws be repassed, that we may each have our quota of land restored to us.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN. Ho-ho-ho! Did the messenger also report that the rich men of the Senate did steadfastly refuse Tiberius? Ha-ha-ha! [*Doubles with laughter.*]

OLD MAN [*steps out tremblingly from the MOB*]. Ye young men must not be so scornful; I was a slave in my youth. I am glad to be free now, though a beggar!

FIRST PLEBEIAN. Aye, good father; but our children are fast becoming slaves again, if we must sell them for debt! [*A SENATOR wrapped in a rich toga comes on and ascends the Forum steps, disappearing to the left. A curious BEGGAR hobbles after.*]

BEGGAR [*pointing to others*]. Didst see? It be said he pays his cook 50,000 *denarii* a year! O-o-o-oh! To be his cook, and eat his scraps! [*OTHERS exclaim, "Um-m-m-m," and rub their stomachs.*]

FIRST PLEBEIAN. We are already slaves and worse, since we are robbed of the land! [*MOB shouts, "Land—land—Give us back our land!"*]

MAGISTRATE [*passing*]. Why do ye complain? Do not your Tribunes dole ye out grain? Away to the games and see the beasts! [*Goes out, LICTORS following.*]

BEGGAR. We be beasts already and like to tear! Gr-r-r! We want to be men and Romans. Give us back our land!

TIBERIUS GRACCHUS [*coming from the Forum, dressed in mourning*]. Citizens of Rome, not slaves and beg-

gars! When our fathers returned from the wars, they came back to their homes and families, and to their own land. But Licinius is forgotten and his laws are broken. [MOB *shouts*, "Hear! Hear!"] Now the soldier has no home or farm to return to. His family is scattered or sold as slaves. [MOB *shouts*, "Hear! Hear!"] Will you stand by me, that the Land Laws be renewed? Will ye be slaves or citizens of Rome?

PLEBEIANS. We will support you. Long live Tiberius Gracchus! We will! We will!

TIBERIUS GRACCHUS. For this we must make a new law, or lose all we have gained. Will you risk this much? Rome belongs to the Romans! Let us claim it. [MOB *shouts*: "We will!" *They crowd about SCRIBE taking votes.*]

SCRIBE. Let those of mind for the Laws stand on this side; the others pass over. [*Groups pass.*]

SCIPIO NASCIA [*enters with SOLDIERS*]. Here is the rioter who would become King of the beggars of Rome! [*SOLDIERS try to scatter voters, who resist.*]

TIBERIUS GRACCHUS. These men are Roman citizens, not beggars nor criminals!

SCIPIO NASCIA. I call on all men who would preserve the laws of our country to follow me. I declare *veto* to Tiberius' ambitions! [*Thumbs down.*]

TIBERIUS GRACCHUS. The laws of Rome are made by the people of Rome and not by its Princes. The citizens have taken the land from them for their own uses. We ask it back to serve the people.

SCIPIO NASCIA. Away, false leader and law breaker! See, he would crown himself! [*TIBERIUS raises his hands above his head as a signal to his followers.*]

The SOLDIERS now fall upon the PLEBEIANS and all are rushed from stage, the BEGGARS after. Prolong the tumult somewhat.]

THIRD PLAY

Ten years have elapsed since the death of TIBERIUS.

CAIUS GRACCHUS is now Tribune and is carrying on the work of his brother. The Land Laws have been repassed. PLEBEIANS are electioneering for CAIUS on the steps of the Forum.

FIRST PLEBEIAN. Tiberius Gracchus gave his life for us, but his work goes on. The old Land Laws are being slowly reinforced. Now Caius Gracchus, also a son of the noble Cornelia, is gaining other rights for us.

CITIZENS. Hear! Hear! Tell us more! We will vote for any son of Cornelia.

SECOND PLEBEIAN. Caius Gracchus has done more. He has built us bridges, improved the roads, set up milestones. He thinks of our convenience and pleasure. He makes all Romans equal, with no upper seats for the games. Will you vote for him or for a tyrant?

THIRD PLEBEIAN. Yea, he has looked upon our poverty and our crowded living. He has opened up colonies for us, with land to be had for the taxes. In the meantime he has provided cheaper corn, so that any citizen may live. We must make him Tribune for his works' sake.

BEGGAR. The others *give* us corn—if we whine for it. We will whine for Caius today and for Drusus tomorrow, if both give us corn! Why pay, if we can easier whine? He-he-he! We would rather whine than pay! [*Runs in a circle.*]

FIRST PLEBEIAN. Away! You craven slave! I am speaking to citizens and friends of Caius. As a Tribune he is sacred to Rome and none dare attack him. We must save him for his mother's sake.

BEGGAR. We will eat Drusus' corn. Drusus gives us free corn. Come, fellows, he-he-he! We like corn free! [*Voters push BEGGARS away.*]

SECOND PLEBEIAN [*angrily*]. Hirelings all! Do you hear, citizens? When Caius gives us reasonable rates, his enemies offer free bread. When he provides us land for the taxes, Drusus offers it for naught. Thus have we become a city of beggars and leeches! No more do men hold up their heads in Rome.

MESSENGER. Caius Gracchus sends word for all friends to meet him on Palatine Hill tomorrow. He says to cease all strife and come to peace. [*Salutes and goes out. Many make excuses as they turn to go, as "I must go to my country house," "I must take a journey," "I have bargained for some workmen," "I must bury a friend."*]

FIRST PLEBEIAN. Meet all, then, on Palatine Hill. Come not unarmed, for our enemies are many. As for me, I shall spend the night on the Hill. There are evil omens; we may lose our cause. But we can die with Caius. [*All go.*]

SCENE I

Discovered: CAIUS walking in the garden with his mother. She wears a black veil and carries a Roman lamp as if returning from a tomb.

CORNELIA. I have not mourned outwardly for your brother Tiberius, but gave him proudly to our cause. Must I lose you also to Rome?

CAIUS. Good mother, you reared us for her, and now that she is gone mad, we must still serve her. We must even give our lives to save her.

CORNELIA. The people themselves are craven. They will desert you.

CAIUS. But Rome is greater than her people. Her true sons must not fail her.

CORNELIA. Then go, my son. The dawn is breaking. May your cause prosper and that of Rome. Farewell!

CAIUS. Farewell, Mother! I have not forgotten Tiberius—I will be calm, for your sake and Rome's. [*Kisses her brow and turns off left.*]

SCENE II

On Palatine Hill, the two parties move excitedly about.

CAIUS GRACCHUS and his friends stand a little raised to the left; DRUSUS, with soldiers and citizens, ranges to the right, DRUSUS standing higher. As a citizen crosses to CAIUS' side, they try to pull him back.

FIRST PLEBEIAN. It is useless to attempt to vote. See, they have brought soldiers.

CAIUS. Be at peace, friends. Take no offense, even though they offer insult. [*Louder.*] We are unarmed citizens of Rome, assembled to vote for a Tribune.

MOB. Hear! Hear! They would vote peaceably for a Tribune. [*Yells of derision.*]

CRIER. Hear! Hear! A proclamation from the Consul Opimius! For the head of Caius Gracchus—its

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full weight in gold! [*Crowd shouts, and breaks over, making passes at CAIUS.*]

SECOND PLEBEIAN. See! The Consul himself coming at the head of troops. Caius, all is lost. Make your escape, while we hold back the mob. [*Struggle begins.*]

CAIUS. Is there naught to stay this second crime? The Consul himself leads Rome to its doom. [*The old servant of CAIUS tries to protect him.*]

OLD SERVANT. Go, Master, save yourself. Across the Tiber, quickly! I will follow. Away! Away!

CAIUS' followers fight off his pursuers with short swords. The tumult lasts thirty seconds, then all are off. The play closes with a picture of CORNELIA appearing between curtains.

CORNELIA. Alas, my sons, my sons! Ye were indeed patriots—ye have lived and died for Rome. [*Curtain.*]

Note. The noble Cornelia did not mourn openly for her sons. Later the Romans were ashamed of their treatment of the Gracchi, and erected a bronze tablet on which were inscribed the words: "To Cornelia the Mother of the Gracchi."





THE COURT OF JUSTINIAN THE GREAT—Constant

THE STORY OF ROMAN LAW

(700-450 B. C.—528 A. D.)

NARRATOR. The story of Rome would be incomplete without knowing something of its law making. The study of law has become one of our greatest professions, and if any student of our school thinks of becoming a lawyer, we would advise him to make an early start. Not only must he know the law of the present time, but he will need to get acquainted with its history.

Much of the law as it stands today began with the Romans. They had a great genius for government, and early put their state in order. As we know, all races have a primitive sense of right and wrong, from which they gain certain rules of behavior. These become usage or laws of custom and common sense, called by the Romans *Jus non Scriptura*, or unwritten laws.

According to legend, these unwritten laws were first compiled by the good King Numa, who gave his entire reign of over forty years to bringing the Latins into a state of order and peace. He first organized their worship from the things they believed in most. The lands which Romulus gained by war, Numa divided among the people, and taught them to plow and to plant instead of fight. One of the stories told of Numa was that he received wisdom directly from the gods, through the oracles, or Sibyls. The story of the Sibylline books, in which all the precepts of King Numa were supposed to be written, will now be presented by the pupils of Class ——. (See Play.)

KING TARQUIN AND THE SIBYL

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

KING TARQUIN
CUMÆAN SIBYL

ARVAL PRIESTS
SLAVES

NARRATOR

Discovered: KING TARQUIN seated in a royal chair.

Two SLAVES are kneeling on either side. An ARVAL PRIEST stands at the back. Enter a SLAVE BOY right.

SLAVE BOY. A woman wishes to speak to thee, oh King.

TARQUIN. Let her enter. [*Gestures assent.* CUMÆAN

SIBYL, veiled and carrying an armful of scrolls, enters at right and stands proudly at a distance.] Come nearer, good woman. What is it you wish?

SIBYL. I hold here the nine books of the laws of Numa.

Will you purchase them?

TARQUIN. What price do you ask for these precious writings?

SIBYL. Sixty thousand *numi*.

TARQUIN. Thy price is exorbitant! What books are so valuable that they are worth their weight in gold?

SIBYL [*angrily*]. The books of the prophecies of Rome, King Tarquin.

TARQUIN. Nay, nay. It is too much. Take them away.

[*Gestures.* SIBYL steps back to the right, where she tears up three of the rolls and throws them into a large vase from which incense smoke ascends. TAR-

QUIN interrupts her impatiently.] Now that you have destroyed three of the books, what do you demand for the others?

SIBYL [*coming forward and again clutching the scrolls.*]
Sixty thousand *numi*!

TARQUIN [*rises angrily. SLAVES also stand*]. Away, woman! Away! Thy demands are outrageous! Who gave thee the right to destroy the Sacred Books?

SIBYL [*without answering, steps back to the vase and tears up three more*].

TARQUIN [*steps off the dais and goes towards her*]. Stay thy hand, woman. Stay thy hand, lest the gods destroy thee. What pittance wilt thou now take for the books that are left?

SIBYL [*holding them up proudly*]. Sixty thousand *numi*.

PRIEST [*steps forward*]. Art thou not refusing the gift of the gods? For the future of Rome, pay what she asks.

TARQUIN [*gives gold to a SLAVE, and turns moodily back to his seat*]. Pay her the price. [*The SIBYL takes the gold, and passes over the books to the SLAVE.*]

SIBYL. Not upon me, but upon the house of Tarquin, will the curse of the gods fall for the destruction of these books. Look to it, oh King. [*Goes out haughtily, veiling her face. KING gazes after her scowling.*] *Curtain.*

THE TWELVE TABLES

NARRATOR. As time went on, the legendary Books of the Sibyl were lost or destroyed. But the people had treasured all the precepts laid down by Numa and had practiced them so long that they knew them by heart. The time came when the people wished to know the law for themselves, instead of being arbitrarily ruled

by the Patricians. They suspected that the true law was not dealt out to them.

Then the Romans did a wonderful thing. They laid aside all their regular customs and appointed the Decemvirate, or Council of Ten, whose business was to gather up all the sayings and writings on their laws; to compare and rewrite them, and present them to the people for their criticism. And who should know better how to criticize them than the Roman people, who had known and kept them from the beginning?

You can imagine the scene in the public Forum—the old farmers who knew the Land Laws, and the trades people who dealt in the exchange of food, cattle, leather and wool; the laborers and even the slaves, who knew the laws about themselves; all gathered together to criticize and vote on the future written laws of Rome.

When all was done, the Laws were inscribed on Twelve Tables of bronze and hung in the public Forum, where anybody could consult them. The boys were obliged to learn the Tables by heart, as a necessary preparation for citizenship. Cicero says of these Tables: “If anyone look at the foundation and source of laws, the Twelve Tables, it seems to me, assuredly surpass the libraries of all the philosophers in weight of authority, plenitude and utility.”

Some of these laws would seem cruel to us today, but they were in keeping with the crude ideas of the times. Class — will tell you of the *Patria Potestas*, or the Power of the Father, who had power to condemn his own son to death. Brutus and Collatinus were the two Consuls of the first Republic which followed the Tarquins.

PATRIA POTESTAS

TABLE FOUR

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS, *First Consul*
COLLATINUS TARQUINIUS, *Second Consul*
VALERIUS PUBLICALA
NEPHEWS OF COLLATINUS, *youths*
TIBERIUS } *sons of Brutus*
TITUS }
VINDICIUS, *a slave*
MAGISTRATE, LICTORS, SOLDIERS
NARRATOR

TWO CONSULS *enter left and seat themselves on a raised platform. SOLDIERS stand on either side. A few ELDERS wrapped in togas sit on the side.*

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER. They have taken the youths who would traitorously yield Rome back to the Tarquins. What shall be done with them?

BRUTUS. Bring them before us, that they may be tried by the law. [*Six youths are brought in right, with LICTORS walking on either side.*]

COLLATINUS. The gods protect us, Brutus. See, your own sons, Tiberius and Titus, are among the traitors.

BRUTUS [*starting up in astonishment*]. My sons—my sons among the traitors? See your nephews! [*Slowly folds his arms and gazes sternly at the culprits.*] What charge is brought against these youths?

MAGISTRATE. They were found engaged in wanton treason against the New Republic, in joining together to restore the cruel Tarquins and put us again in their power. Bring on the witness.

MAGISTRATE [*pushes forward* SLAVE]. This man saw and heard the transaction.

VINDICIUS. I was hiding in the cellar and saw this oath both written and sworn to by the young Princes. Valerius, my master, is my surety.

VALERIUS. This man speaks the truth. We hold here the proof. [*Shows writing on skin.*]

BRUTUS [*to* COLLATINUS]. Take you the examination of the prisoners. Let us hear their case. [*Sits down.*]

COLLATINUS [*rising, addresses prisoners.*] You have heard the charge. What plea do you present for your rash acts in this matter?

FIRST YOUTH. We like not the Plebeian State. We are Princes and would have a King reign over us.

SECOND YOUTH. The Tarquins are our kin and friends; the others are strangers.

TIBERIUS. We learned and fought together. We love our cousins.

TITUS [*sullenly*]. We would live like Princes, not like slaves.

COLLATINUS. Is this all your plea for so grave an offense as treason? Did you not understand the punishment for your act? [*To Magistrate.*] Read the law upon the case.

MAGISTRATE. Let any citizen who willfully conspires against the state be publicly flogged and afterwards put to death.

YOUTHS [*doggedly*]. You may flog us, but our lives are not forfeit. We thought not of the penalty, only of

our friends. We are Romans, not aliens. [*Pupils may invent other reasons.*]

TIBERIUS. You would not put your own sons to death. You are our father.

TITUS. Father, father—we are thy sons! We are thy children. [*Arms extended.*]

BRUTUS [*rising*]. Ye are now traitors by the law, not sons. A father may have many sons, but he can have but one country, the land of his birth. Men give their lives to preserve their Mother Country. Nor can I save you and condemn the others. You all must now come under one law. [*LICTORS take them to their fate. Make a good tableau of the exit and hold for a moment.*] *Curtain.*

Note. Death is still the penalty for treason.



THE JUSTINIAN CODE

NARRATOR. Many years passed before anything more was done to organize the Roman Law, except to change it or add to it, until it became almost impossible to follow. The old Twelve Tables had long since been destroyed and lost, except as they were preserved in famous cases and decisions. The great conquests of the Romans had brought many foreigners into the land, which helped complicate matters. Things would have been in a very bad way indeed, except that every Roman was a lawyer, trained in the disputes of the forum.

For nearly a thousand years Rome was the center of the great civil and military struggles of the world. During this time the law of might was stronger than the law of right. When the bad emperors ruled, there was great injustice. But there were also wise and just rulers, like Augustus, who did all in their power to right matters. [Class may mention others.]

But it was not until 528 A. D. that the Emperor Justinian began to clear up the muddle of Roman Law. As a young man he had assisted his uncle, Emperor Justin, in the administration of the affairs of his enormous empire. No doubt this experience turned his attention to much needed reforms, when he himself became Emperor. Justinian now appointed his wise friend Tribonianus, with nine other learned jurists, to begin this great work of founding a Roman Jurisprudence, which took many years to complete. Thus was formulated the *Justinian Code*, or *Codex of Roman law*.

THE JUSTINIAN CODE

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

JUSTINIAN, *Roman Emperor*
TRIBONIUS, THEOPHILUS } *jurists*
JOANNES, DORETHEUS }
SIX OTHER JURISTS
SCRIBES, CLERKS, SLAVES
HERALD *and* GUARDS
NARRATOR

STAGING THE PLAY

Scene is staged after picture by Constant. [*See plate, p. 200.*]

Study and imitate carefully this Roman interior.

Make strong contrasts between costumes of nobles and slaves.

The robes of the nobles are heavy and of rich coloring.

Provide scrolls, rolls, tablets and styli, heavy tomes, etc.

Roll leather table covers and tie for records.

Enter from the left JUSTINIAN, *richly dressed, with* TRIBONIUS. *He seats himself on a dais, TRIBONIUS at his right. The nine other JURISTS come in together, followed by SCRIBES and SLAVES who carry writing material and books. Enter* HERALD.

HERALD [*announces to audience*]. The Emperor Cæsar Flavius Justinianus, vanquisher of the Alimani, the Goths, Francs, Germans, Antes, Alani, Vandals, Africans—pious, happy, glorious, triumphant conqueror, ever august, to the youths desirous of studying the law, gives greetings. Our desire is that our country shall be strengthened by laws that we may be governed alike in time of peace and war; that we

may repel the iniquities of evil men, uphold justice and triumph over all our enemies. To this end are we met together.

[*Trumpets; the EMPEROR now rises and all find places as above described.*]

JUSTINIAN. Friends, I have called you together today that we may consider some means for reorganizing our Roman Law. You are all acquainted with its sad state of confusion and disorder. With our empire made up of peoples of all the known world, and our relations to all their countries, how can we hope to rule them well, unless we study justice for all? I have asked Tribonius and his friends to gather up the records that remain in the great libraries and lay them before us, to make a beginning at our great task.

TRIBONIUS [*bowing low*]. Emperor Imperator, to meet your needs, I have brought with me Hadrian's Perpetual Edict, in which he endeavored to preserve the foundations of the old laws. This was a difficult task, as many records were destroyed by the despots. Theophilus has brought us others. [CLERKS *spread rolls.*]

THEOPHILUS. Mighty Emperor; I have brought the incomplete books of Constantine, Gregory and Hermogenes. Also a more complete work which was written under Theodosius II. I have had the learned Joannes examine these. He will make a report on the opinions and formulas of these learned jurists.

JUSTINIAN. Well done, friends. It already sounds weighty enough to sink a man. Joannes, I trust you have made fast a rope to the shore and will call for help ere we sink.

JOANNES. You jest, my noble lord. These *are* weighty matters. I find the *responsa* of the earlier forms of our law much clearer, more to the point and more elegant than the later versions, which seem to lack the true Roman character. Better are Gaius, Ulpian and others. All must be compared.

TRIBONIUS. Quite right, Joannes, for those later writings were produced here in Constantinople, often by alien writers. Dorotheus also has brought matter for consideration.

DOROTHEUS. I, my lord, have occupied myself with the ancients and the lore of Lycurgus, Draco and Solon, of the Greeks. We may still learn from their decisions. Lycurgus was honest and a good financier and his iron currency carried weight. [*Laughter.*] Draco was too severe, and "wrote his laws in blood instead of ink." Solon the Sage was the better legislator. His decision on debt is to be borne in mind. There are many lesser Roman authorities whom we must also consult.

JUSTINIAN. As thou sayest, much may be learned from these ancients. Throughout I would advise you to lean towards the laws for the common people. The rich man eases himself with money. The poor man pays with his body. What about the great pleaders of the Republic, Cato, Cicero, Cæsar? The men of the Empire, Augustus and his **auto de fu*, Marcus Aurelius the Just, and the reformers, Trajan and Pliny. These men all fought for justice. Let us strain out their virtues for the new Code. [*Applause.*]

TRIBONIUS. My gracious lord, you have defined our

*Augustus caused all false records to be burned publicly.

case. For how can we create laws for many, unless we consult all laws? We have undertaken a great work, and much time will elapse before the *Codex Justinian* will be complete. We must also make a *Digesta* of the entire *Corpus Juris Civilis*, or civil law of Rome. Most needed is a shorter book for learners, on decisions, questions, disputations—an *Institutiones*—that will guide the young jurist on the true way to law, and shorten his journey.

JUSTINIAN. Take time, my friends. Let us leave behind us a work for the generations to come. We shall meet again on the ides of the month. Prepare your studies for that time. And now away to the baths, and rest your weary brains. By the way, I have forgotten my purse. Who will lend his Emperor enough Iron Men to pay his way? [*Much laughter as all go out together.* SLAVES gather up scrolls and books.]
Curtain.

NARRATOR. Friends, you have heard a brief review of the beginnings of Roman Law. Our classes are preparing a debate on Comparisons of Old and New Laws. We invite you to come and hear our conclusions on the subject.



CARACTACUS AND THE ROMANS

STORY OF THE BRITONS

The time of Roman supremacy was a period of discovery, as centuries later was the time of Columbus. Roman legions invaded the British Isles, which were known also to those early sea rovers, the Phoenicians, and other traders of the far east and the Mediterranean, who visited the coasts of Cornwall for tin. They were called the Tin Islands at that time.

The racial geography of the British Isles was much the same then as now; tribes of Celts scattered in Ireland and Wales, the fierce Picts and Scots to the north and the milder Brigantes to the south. The inhabitants were all of the great Celtic stock, who, because of their isolation kept longer to their primitive state.

It was not until the first century A. D. that any permanent foothold was gained by the Romans in Britain. London, or Londinium, was then already a flourishing town, well known to Roman merchants. It became the seat of Roman building operations and you may see today in St. Swithin's church, a *millarium*, or Roman milestone, a reminder of the days when "all roads led to London."

In 55-54 B. C. Julius Cæsar crossed over from "All Gaul" twice, and no doubt the frightened and curious Britons of the coast capitulated readily. But the real struggle was with the fierce tribes of the interior, one hundred years later. Caractacus held out against the Romans for seven years. Later Boadicea inspired a revolt in which 70,000 Romans were slain.

Hard-won conquests gave the Romans a temporary supremacy. But when these same *barbarians* found out the weaknesses of their conquerors, they in their turn overthrew Rome. This is the story of the Goths and Vandals of the middle ages, who reduced Rome to the ruins of today. One outstanding good result of these early invasions was that these great races became acquainted with each other.

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

JULIUS CÆSAR

LEGIONARIES

BARBARIANS

CARACTACUS, *Briton Prince*

EMPEROR CLAUDIUS, *and his court*

ROMAN MATRONS *and* LITTLE GIRLS

CARTISMANDUA, *Queen of the Brigantes*

DRUID PRIESTS, *two or more*

BRITON CHIEFS, *two or more*

ROMAN SOLDIERS, *two or more guards*

WARRIOR WOMEN, *group with the Queen*

BOY *attending* CARACTACUS

STAGING THE PLAY

For indoor presentation, stage with wooded scenery.

Only one setting required, with props and drop curtain.

First scene calls for a rude stone throne and druidical stones.

Arrange stones and altar in semicircular back stage.

For Roman scene, remove stones and altar and redecorate throne.

Make strong contrasts between rude, fierce Britons and Romans.

CARACTACUS AND THE ROMANS

PRELUDE

Discovered: JULIUS CÆSAR surrounded by his LEGIONARIES on the shores of Britain; BARBARIANS peer out from wooded scenery and then bring hostages and gifts. Two ROMAN SOLDIERS are pleading with CÆSAR to return to Rome.

FIRST SOLDIER. Yet another country to conquer! Good General, may we not return to our homes and families, and get away from this savage land before our last ship founders?

SECOND SOLDIER. Yea, yea, General, our friends may all have perished in these nine years—before we get back again. We are sick of these stern cliffs, dismal forests and wild men.

THIRD SOLDIER. Good General, we have twice met the Britons in battle. Why risk our trained men against Caswallon's chariots that mow us down like grass? These barbarians fight like wild beasts for their young. Plant thou the Eagles of Rome, and then let others come and finish the work.

CÆSAR. You reason justly, good fellows and fighters. I, too, am weary and would see Rome again. You built the ships that brought us here and together we have pushed the campaign where no Roman foot has trod before. [*He steps forward with standard.*] *Britania Romana*, I take thee in the name of Rome, Queen of the World. [*All raise their spears and shout, "Britania Romana!"*] And now let us retrace our steps in all honor. We have enough ships

left to cross this treacherous channel; then for the long journey home in safety. Forward, men—for Rome and home. [*The SOLDIERS get into step, repeating the slogan, "Rome and home!" March off.*]

SCENE I

Discovered: CARACTACUS seated moodily in stone chair, watching PRIEST sacrificing at altar. CARACTACUS interrupts PRIEST as latter consults omens in ashes.

CARACTACUS. What say the omens—shall I be victorious over these invaders who hang like vultures at our heels?

DRUID [*turns to CARACTACUS*]. The signs are not clear. No victory is shown, but a long struggle, in the ashes.

CARACTACUS. We must rouse ourselves. [*Calls.*] Come, warriors! [*Throws himself from the chair and comes to center. A Boy rudely dressed in skins brings him a round leather shield and a spear. CARACTACUS dons these as he speaks.*] A raven hung over my tent last eve, but he flew south. [*Points.*] Shall I follow the portent as victor or prisoner? [*Warriors gather round him with rude shouts.*] We must to the fray, whatever comes. [*Exeunt all rapidly. Remove stones.*] *Curtain.*

If desired this scene may be enlarged by the appearance of a group of tribal women, who take charge of the food and equipment of the foray. This will add historical color.

SCENE II

Discovered: CARTISMANDUA, Queen of the Brigantes, sitting sullenly with her WARRIOR WOMEN grouped about her. ROMAN GUARD stands back of her chair. Shields and spears stacked about.

FIRST WARRIOR WOMAN. A runner brings word of a great battle between Caractacus and the Roman legions. They are fighting on the plain.

SECOND WARRIOR WOMAN [*starts toward weapons*]. Let us go help them!

QUEEN [*gestures*]. Stay! We can do naught to help them. We must look to our own weal. [*Glances sidewise at the GUARD.*] The Romans are mighty conquerors. We must yield.

FIRST WARRIOR WOMAN [*looks to right, as loud shouts are heard.*] They are overwhelmed.

SOLDIERS [*come on excitedly, gesticulating before the QUEEN*]. Thou wilt stand for Caractacus, the Britain King? The Romans have cut down his hordes.

[*Enter CARACTACUS, frenzied, his spear dragging.*]

CARACTACUS. The end has come! Britain is no more! Unless, Queen, thou stand with us against the foe.

QUEEN [*rises*]. There is no protection here [*points to the GUARD*]. We are in the fore ranks. What can a woman do against the eagle-crested Romans? Our only safety is to yield to the invader.

CARACTACUS. Woman, thou hast destroyed us! Come, chiefs, we will go to our deaths as befits warriors and men! [*Turns to stride out with his followers. ROMAN GUARDS appear at rear. WOMEN shout their war cries and GUARD stands fixed.*]

SCENE III

Curtain rises on Roman EMPEROR CLAUDIUS sitting on his throne, surrounded by GUARDS. On a low platform at the rear ROMAN MATRONS stand with LITTLE GIRLS scattering flowers. Pose from noted picture.

Procession may come down middle aisle and pass in front of stage, with CARACTACUS and his family in chains. CARACTACUS ascends steps to address the EMPEROR. All the players appear in the procession except the chief characters.

The plea of CARACTACUS may be prepared by the history class, giving a short sketch of the Britons—Druids, bards, women rulers, warriors, family life and government. At the close CARACTACUS speaks.

CARACTACUS. Who are you, invaders of our land, spoilers come to destroy us? We are men, as you are. We owe you naught. Restore to us our own and let us be friends and allies, not enemies.

EMPEROR [*arises and steps down from his throne*]. Though a barbarian, you have nobly plead your people's cause. We *will* be friends, as you say, and together spread the glory of Rome over all the earth. [*Takes off CARACTACUS' chains.*] You are free. You and your family, mingle with our citizens. [ROMAN MATRONS *greet his wife and children. Procession shouts: "Long live Caractacus!" All march off to music.*] *Curtain.*

“Come, little book, methinks thou’rt long enow;
'Tis time to think of bindings.”

—*Martial Epigram*

APPENDIX

COSTUME SUGGESTIONS

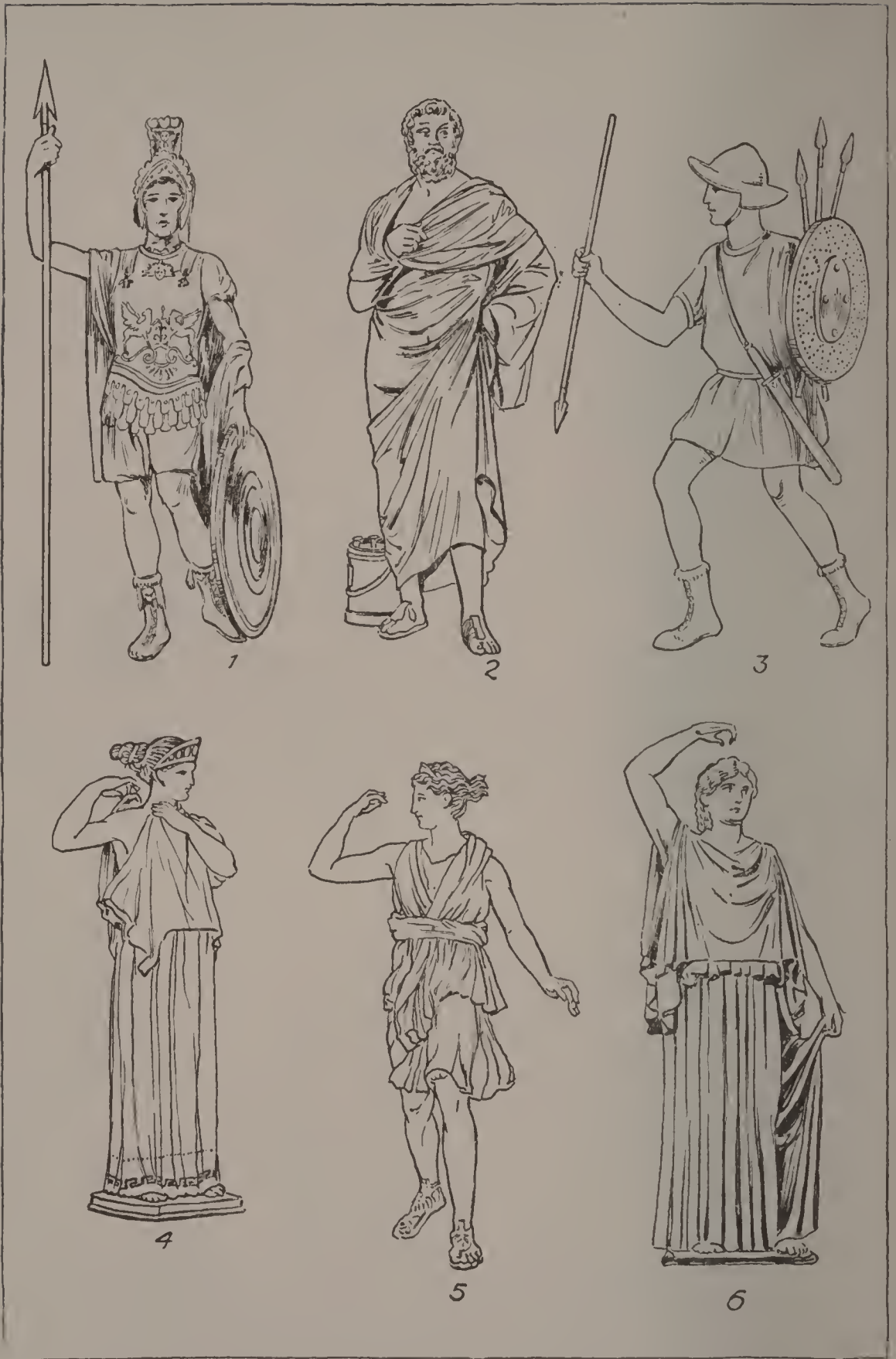
Greek and Roman dress involves style and adaptation rather than dressmaking. For best results study art representations instead of McCall's pattern books. A length of cloth, a roll of tape, a paper of pins, and an acquaintance with classical styles, will produce a better goddess, soldier or senator than much sewing.

The plate models reproduced here will aid in achieving correct style in costumes, however sketchily reproduced. Since sewing was not yet in vogue, the method was to drape a large piece of cloth artistically and fasten it in place with clasps and cords. The more formal soldier dress may be painted on firm cloth and then laced around the body.

GREEK DRESS

Formal garments comprised chiton or loose tunic, himation, diplois, chlamys or cloak. The chiton was also used for home dress, when it was made of cotton cloth, caught up at waist and shoulder. It was sometimes used as an undergarment, but often was the only garment worn.

The *chiton* was made in different styles, short or long, with or without sleeves. The Ionian chiton was long and worn with a girdle. It was the street dress for both men and women, when it was shortened and worn with a heavy mantle.



GREEK COSTUMES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

1—General. 2—Orator. 3—Foot Soldier. 4—Ionic Chiton. 5—
Huntress. 6—Diplois.

The *diplois* was a wrap worn by women, of which the outer fold falls to the hips or below. It was worn over the chiton. The short upper drapery of the woman's tunic was also called diplois.

The *himation* was a rough, woolen outer garment, fastened on the shoulder with a clasp. It consisted of a rectangular piece of cloth 5-6 feet wide by twice as long, wrapped around the body according to taste. It was worn over the tunic by men or as a sole garment.

The *chlamys* was a mantle, smaller than the *himation*, an oblong piece with three straight sides and one long side curved outward. It was worn by hunters, travelers, soldiers, horsemen. It was caught with a buckle on the right shoulder or back, with ends left hanging in ornamental folds.

The soldier's dress consisted of a short tunic, with helmet, corselet, greaves, shield, sword and lance.

Old people wore long, white or gray robes, with mantle, hood and sandals. The old men wore beards and carried staves.

ROMAN DRESS

For formal wear, the tunic, toga, pala, stola were the Roman garments.

The *Roman tunic* was similar to the Greek garment of the same name.

The *toga* was the formal dress for men of standing and for officials. It was heavy and cumbersome.

The *stola* was a sleeved undergarment of linen or wool, worn by both men and women.

The *pala* was the outer or street dress of the Roman matron.

GENERAL HINTS

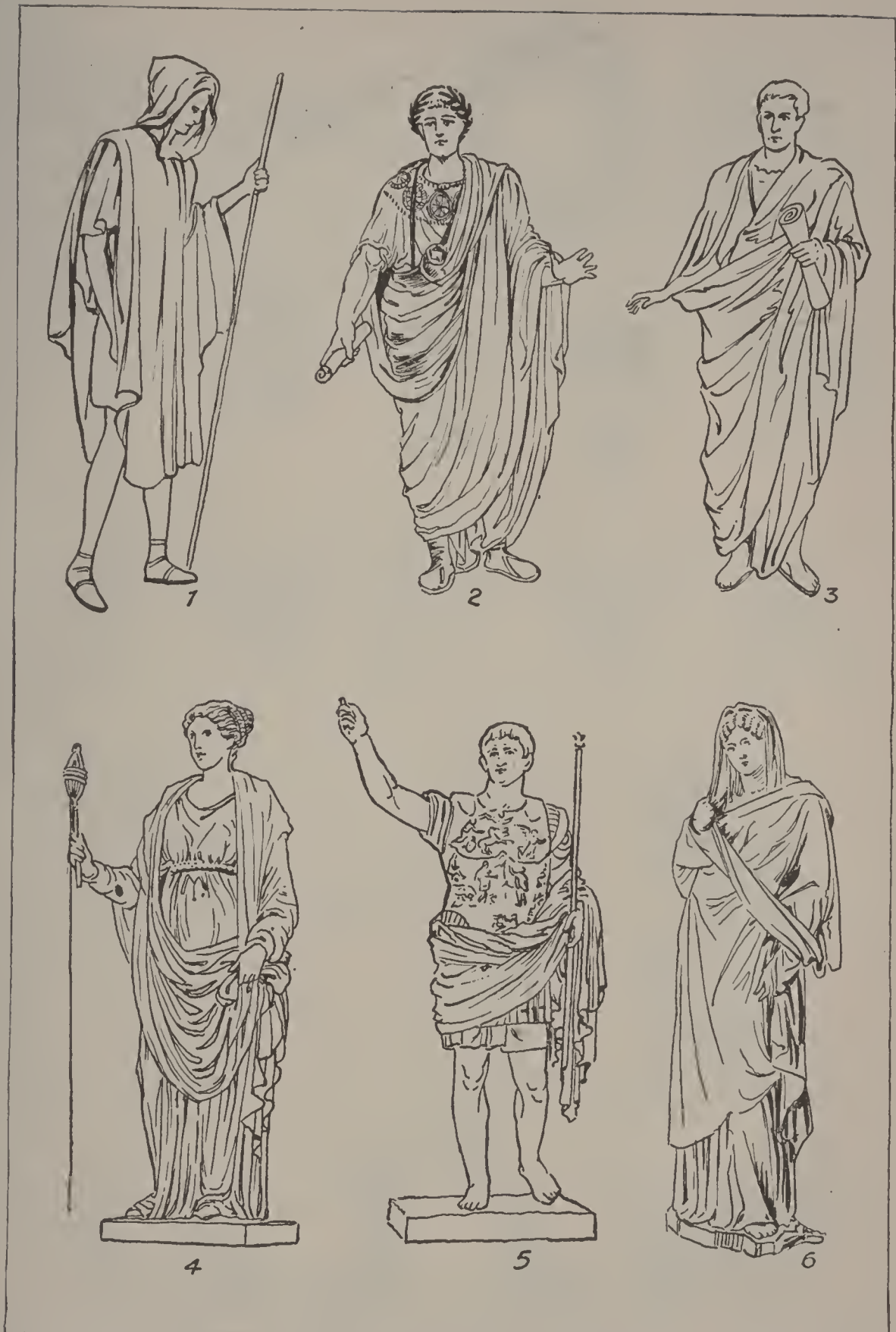
For school plays the dress should be reduced to one garment, if possible, with the cloak reserved for special occasions and characters. Jason, Perseus and Theseus will require tunic, cloak and travel hat; Cincinnatus, tunic and toga; Atalanta short, running tunic and handsome cloak. Colored cloaks would be needed for the officials of the Pericles scenes and togas for the Gracchi street gatherings. The classes may work on the decorations and realistic touches which add dignity or humor to the roles. All taking part should practice carrying their costumes naturally and gracefully.

MATERIALS

Cheap, unbleached sheeting, dyed or undyed, is most practical for toga, mantle, robe, himation or colored chlamys. A bolt may be bought at a reduced price to supply the play. Allowance must be made for dyeing shrinkage. Unbleached cheesecloth, dyed in shades, is most practical for chiton and diplois of women's wear. The latter crapes up in dyeing, which improves the texture. Thin, bleached cheesecloth tints well and will serve for the dancing chiton, supplemented with complementary chiffon veils. Robes of dancers should fall in ample draperies well below the knee.

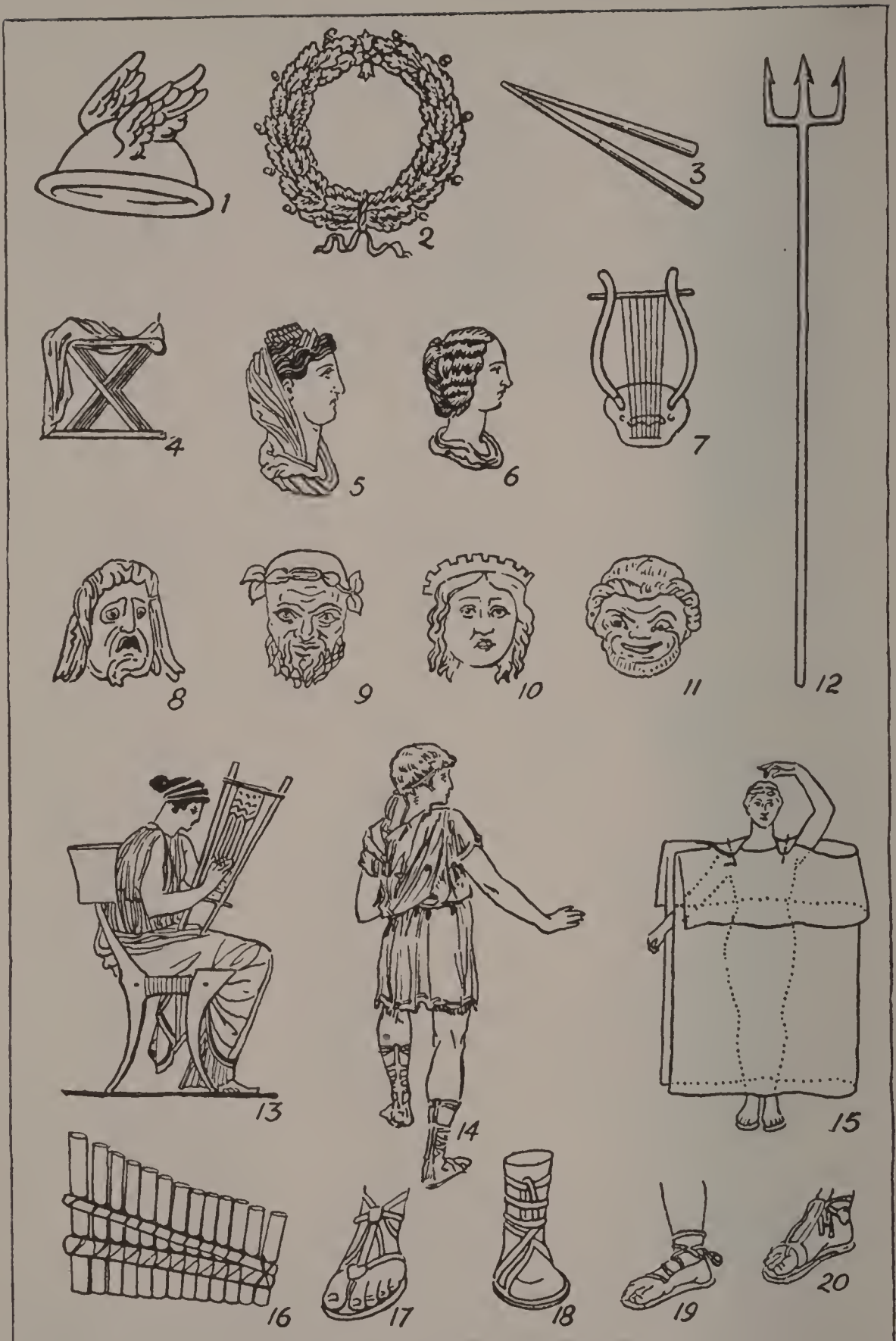
MEASUREMENTS

Approximate measurements are suggested: Short tunics for boys, soldiers, workmen, or girls require from two to three yards in length and one in width. Soldier's kilts require twice the width. A woman's chiton will require from four to six yards in length and one in width. Seven yards will allow for overhang at



ROMAN COSTUMES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

1—Plebeian. 2—Emperor. 3—Senator. 4—Tunic with Stola. 5—General. 6.—Pala worn as hood.



COSTUMES AND ACCESSORIES

[For detailed list of figures see footnote, p. 227.]

the waist and the diplois drape from the shoulders. For cutting the latter garment, divide the entire length in two pieces, folding the upper third outward, front and back, then knot on the shoulder, with the long points falling down over the arms. When made separate from the chiton, the diplois was very ornamental and was worn as a wrap by the older women. See Fig. 15, which shows width of cloth used as length.

DYEING

For a festival of any size the color scheme should be arranged beforehand so as to avoid too many conflicts and a confusion of colors. You can use colors, shades and tints and follow out each series. For variety take complementaries and treat in the same way, using medium colors for your heavier garments. The unbleached cheesecloth will take shades from the second dipping. Redip for borders. Tints in prismatic shades should be used for the dancers. Neutral tints, for beggars, workingmen's tunics, etc., may be obtained by mixing the left-over dyes, producing dull, dark shades. For cloaks, brighten red into scarlet with a touch of yellow; blend your greens and blues by interchanging a little of these dyes. Borders should be in contrasts and in gilts. They may be cut out of crepe paper and sewed onto the robes. Or they may be painted or stenciled onto the garment itself. The new cold dyes make rich, strong colors. For practical use the soap dyes are very

Costumes and accessories as illustrated in plate, p. 226:

1—Hermes' Cap. 2—Coriolanus' Oak Wreath. 3—Pan Pipes. 4—Stool. 5, 6—Roman Hair Dressing. 7—Greek Lyre. 8, 9, 10, 11—Masks. 12—Roman Trident. 13—Greek Chair and Woman Embroidering. 14—Roman Boy's Dress. 15—Dress Pattern. 16—Syrinx. 17, 18—Roman Sandal and War Boot. 19, 20—Greek Sandals.

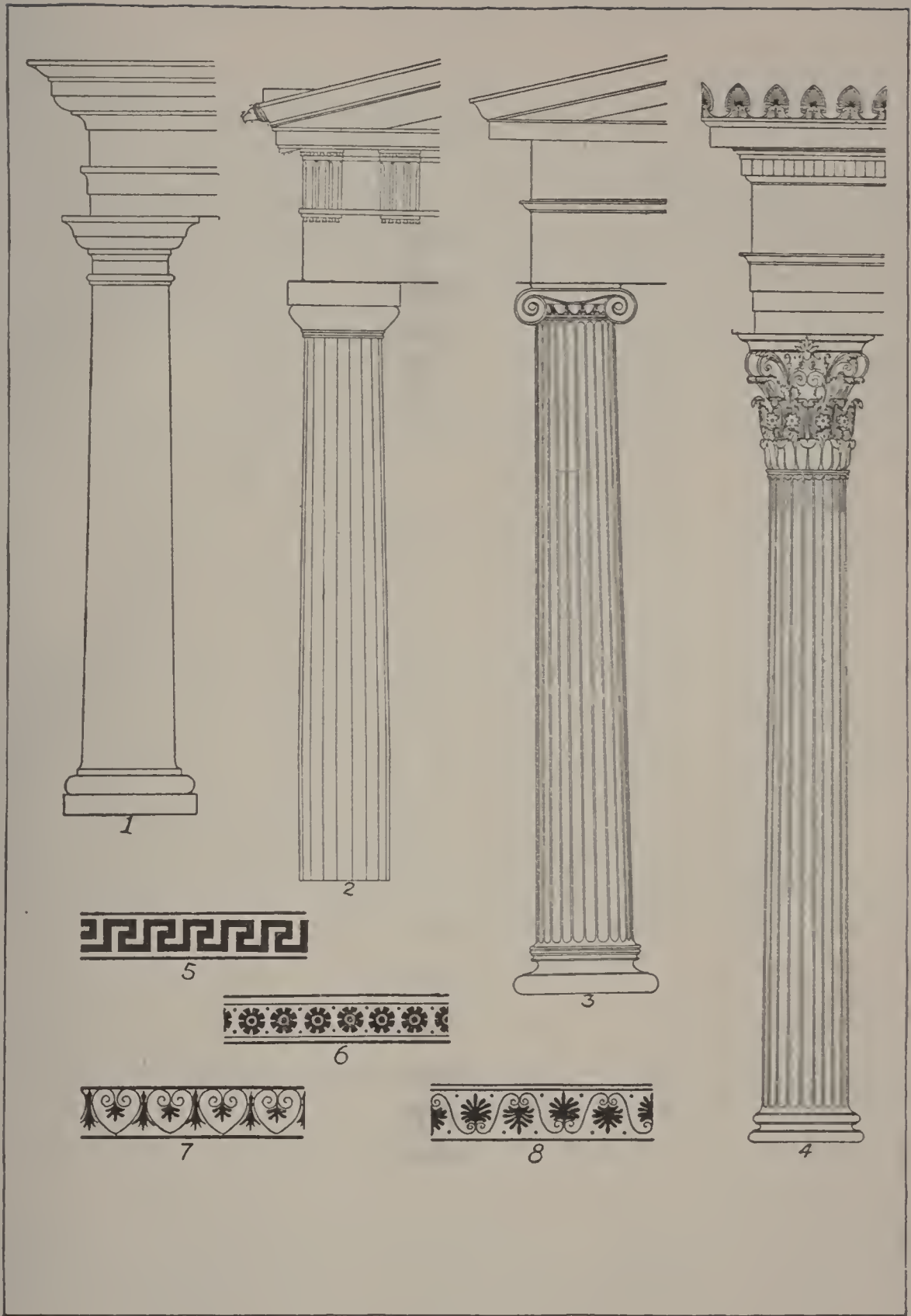
good. Consult "*Private Life of the Romans*," Preston and Dodge, for color suggestions.

PROPERTY BOX

All bought, dyed and made garments should go into a property box, after the performance, and serve for future occasions. Destructive treatment of valuable costumes is a matter for school discipline. In fact it should become a rule that each garment be returned folded and in order after the play. All borders and decorations should be handled by art teachers. Designing, draping and finishing of garments, should be under the direction of the Domestic Arts classes.

STAGE PROPERTIES

Architectural properties, such as columns, cornices, platforms, steps, banquet hall interiors, low couches, tables, throne, altar, walls, caves, movable props, ships, etc., are the business of the shops and manual training departments. A ship with a properly designed and constructed frame, sides made of strong paper, decorated and equipped with oars, etc., makes a gallant Argo. The ship may be cleverly operated by the crew on the off side. Columns painted on canvas or paper will represent Athens. They may be connected with a cornice mounted on light, wooden frames and, with curtains and screens, transform a bare floor space into the semblance of a temple. The supreme test of acting without settings is hardly to be expected of amateurs. As has been suggested, extending the stage out into the audience, by means of steps, plants, etc., helps to break bad lines. Entrances and processions through the audience are effective where there are large numbers in the cast.



COLUMNS AND BORDERS

1—Roman. 2—Tuscan. 3—Ionic. 4—Corinthian. 5, 6, 7, 8—
 Designs for Greek Borders.

ANIMALS

Fearful and impressive lions, dragons, serpents, hydras, etc., may be improvised out of old burlap or canvas and gleefully vitalized by small boys. Fire-breathing oxen will most realistically plow Ares' Field, equipped as to legs and manipulated from the rear by the same motive power. Electric bulbs and flashes make flaming eyeballs and fire-spouting nostrils. Impossible monsters may be killed behind the scenes and talked of before the curtain, in true old Greek drama style.

ART OBJECTS

Modeling vases from *papier mache*, or pulp of soaked newspapers, is a recently developed art. If you have an embryo artist in the school, there is no better cause to which to turn his attention. As a last substitute, vases may be cut out of grayish cardboard and, with a little crayon perspective, set against a pot of flowers in the distance. A Roman bench or a *cathedra* chair are possible projects. A tin tub, with a wide, ornamented rim of pasteboard, will produce a workable fountain, if desired. A bust can always be secured.

MAKE-UP

Make-up should hold a subordinate place in school plays and be used in special relation to costume and character. Posture and voice will picture old age better than paint. A few "wrinkles" may be added by way of complement. Unless make-up strengthens the character it would better be omitted. Act well the part, then add bloom or pallor as needed. The Prince must be fairer than the potter; the matron more dignified than the maid. Strive to present a clear picture by word, person and dress. Let your acting be more convincing than your make-up.

VOCABULARY

Greek names come to us through the Latin and both Latin and Greek are pronounced in English with the English sounds of vowels and consonants. This usage obtains throughout English speaking countries, because it would be impossible without a study of Latin and Greek to acquire correct pronunciation of names and words of these languages.

Latin words of two syllables are accented on the *penult* (next to the last) if that is a long syllable; otherwise the accent falls upon the *antepenult* (second from the last). There are, of course, exceptions to these rules too numerous to list. In the Vocabulary accent is indicated to aid in pronunciation. Words of five or more syllables have two accents.

VOWEL SOUNDS

A vowel followed by a single consonant in the same syllable has the short sound, as *a* in *man*, *e* in *met*, *i* in *bit*, *o* in *dot*, *u* in *cut*; except when the letter *a* follows *qu* before *dr* it has the sound of *a* in *quadrant*. Followed by *rt* it has the sound of *a* in *quart*. Otherwise, *a* has the sound of *a* in *art*, except when followed by *rr*, as in *parricide*. *E*, *i* and *y*, before *r* final in a word or final in a syllable, followed in the next syllable by any other consonant than *r*, have the sound of *e* in *her*, or *i* in *fir*; *fer'vet* (*fur'vet*), *hir cus* (*hur kus*). *Es* at the end of a word is pronounced like the English word *ease*; *Soc'rates* (*sokratez*). *Os*, plural ending of Latin words, has the sound of *ose* in *dose*; *dro'mos*. *Ae* and *oe* are always diphthongs unless otherwise indicated. They are pronounced as *e* would be in the same position; *Æ ne'as* (*ene'as*). *Au*, when a diphthong, has the sound of *o* in *or*; *Au gus'tus*. *Ai*, *ei*, *oi* and *yi* usually have the vowels sounded separately; *Har py'ia*. *Ei*, when a diphthong and not followed by another vowel, has the sound of *i* in *like*; *ei do'lon*.

Eu, when a diphthong, is pronounced like *u* in *use*. The ending *eus*, characteristic of certain Greek names, is preferably pronounced as one syllable, the sound being like the English word *use*; although this ending is often pronounced in two syllables; *The'seus* (*sus*).

Ua, *ue*, *ui*, *uo*, *uu*, when diphthongs, are pronounced like *wa*, *we*, etc. *lin'gua* (*lin'gwa*).

CONSONANTS

Consonants in general are pronounced as in English. The following cases may be noted, however: *C*, before *e*, *i* and *y*, and the diphthongs *ae*, *oe*, *eu* is pronounced as *s*; *Ce phis'sus* (*se fis'us*); except *c*, ending or following an accented syllable, before *i*, followed by a vowel, or before *eu* and *yo*, has the sound of *sh*; *Phæ ni'cia* (*fe ni'sha*).

Ch has the sound of *k* usually; *Ca'to*.

G is pronounced like *j* before *e*, *i* and *y* and the diphthongs *æ* *æ*; *Ge'ry on*; otherwise it has the hard sound, as in *go*; *Gor gon'es*.

Mn, initial, is pronounced as *n*; *Mne'sicles*.

Ph is usually pronounced as *f*; *Pha'sis* (*fa sis*).

S is usually pronounced like *s* in *sun*; *Salamis*; except that *si*, followed by a vowel and immediately preceded by a consonant in an accented syllable, is pronounced *shi*; *A cri'sius*. *Si* and *zi*, followed by a vowel and immediately preceded by an accented vowel, are pronounced *zhi*; as *sym po'sia* (*sim po'zhia*).

S final after *e*, *ae*, *au*, *b*, *m*, *n* and *r* has the sound of *z*; *Mars* (*marz*).

T following an accented syllable and preceding an *i* followed by another vowel, sounds like *sh*. *Por'tia* (*por sha*). But *t* in such positions retains its sound of *t* as in *tin*, after *s*, *t* or *x*; *Sal lus'ti us*.

X initial has the sound of *z*; *Xan thip'pe* (*zan thip pe*). *X* final in a syllable followed by an *i* followed by another vowel, has the sound of *ks*, as in *axis*; *An ax ar e'te*.

A ca de'mus, donor of Academy garden	Al phe'us (al fe'us), river in the Peloponnesus
a cad'e my, garden of philosophers	Am y'cus, King of Bebrycia
A cri'sius, grandfather of Perseus, King of Argos	An ax e ré te, beloved by Iphis
A crop'o lis, fortified height, site of famous buildings of Athens	An drom'e da, victim of sea monster
Æ'e tes, King of Colchis	App el'la, Spartan council
Æ'geus; Æ ge'us, King of Athens	A pol'lo, sun god
Æ ne'as, Trojan hero	Ar ach'ne, Greek maiden, famous weaver
Æ'qui ans, ancient Latin tribe	Ar cad'i a, Greek state
Æs' chy lus, Greek poet	Ar chi la'us, Spartan king
Æ'son, King of Træzene	Ar'chon, Greek magistrate
Æth'ra, Princess of Træzene	Are op'a gus, council rock of Athens
Ag'o ra, market-place	Ar'go, ship of the Argonauts
Ag'or a cri'tus, pupil of Phidias	Ar'gon auts, adventurers of the Argo
Ai dos, modesty, reverence, honor	Ar i ad'ne, daughter of Minos
A lan'i, ancient Teuton tribe	A ris'toi, Greek aristocrat
Alba Longa, oldest city of Italy	Ar'te mis, goddess of the chase
Alc me'ne, mother of Heracles	Ar'val priests, ancient Latin brotherhood devoted to agriculture
Al gi'dus, Mount, mountain range near Rome	
Al i man'i, ancient Teuton tribe	

- A the'ne, goddess of wisdom, pa-
 tron goddess of Athens
 A'thens, capital of Greek state
 At a lan'ta, fleet Greek huntress
 At'las, mythical giant supporting
 the globe, brother of Prometheus
 At'ta lus, King of Pergamus
 At'ti ca, Greek state, of which
 Athens was the capital
 Au ge'an stables, stables of King
 Augeas of Elis, cleansed by Her-
 acles
 au'gur, sooth sayer
 Au gus'tus, the first Roman em-
 peror
 Bau'cis, good wife of Philemon
 Be bry'cians, primitive people of
 Bithynia
 Be'ma (rock) of the Pynx (hill);
 popular Athenian meeting place
 Bo'ad e ce'a, Queen of the Britons
 Bœ o'tia (sha), Greek state
 Bo'na De'a, good Roman goddess
 Bri gan'tes, a tribe of Britons
 Bri tan'ni a Ro man'a, Roman Brit-
 ain
 Bru'tus, Lu'cius Jun'ius, first Ro-
 man consul
 Cæ'sar, Jul'ius, Roman general
 Calli cra'tes, architect of the Par-
 thenon
 Cal y don'i an hunt, famous hunt in
 the Æolian mountains
 Ca mil'lus, Roman general
 Cam'pus Mar'tius (shus), field of
 Mars
 Car ac'ta cus, Briton prince
 Car tis man'du a, Queen of the
 Britons
 Cas wal'lon, Briton general
 cath e'dra, official chair or throne
 Ca'to, Roman philosopher and pa-
 triot
 Cau'ca sus, Mount, mountain chain
 of Asia on the Black Sea
 cen'taur, mythical horse-man
 Ce phis'sus (se fis'us), river flow-
 ing past Athens
 Cer am'i cus, potters' quarters
 Cer cy'on, King of Eleusis, boast-
 ful wrestler
 Cer'tes, Atalanta contestant
 Chi'ron, centaur schoolmaster
 chi'ton, loose tunic
 chla'mys, men's cloak
 Cic'e ro, Roman orator and writer
 Ci'mon, Athenian general and ruler
 Cin'cinnatus, Lu'cius Quin'tus, Ro-
 man dictator
 Clau'di us, Roman emperor
 Clœ'li a, Roman girl hostage
 Col'chis, country of Asia
 Colla tin'us, Tar quin'i us, second
 Roman consul
 Col lo'tes, pupil of Phidias
 Con'stan tine, The Great, Christian
 emperor of Rome
 con'sul, Roman official
 Cor i o'li, Volscian town
 Cor i o lan'us, Mar'tius (shus), Ro-
 man patrician youth
 Cor ne'li a, mother of the Gracchi
 Cor'pus ju'ris ci vil'is, body of civil
 law
 Council Rock, the Acropolis of
 Athens
 Crete (krēt), island in the Ægean
 sea
 Da'mon and Py'thi as, two friends
 Da mon'i des, Atalanta contestant
 Dan a e, daughter of Acrisius
 de cath'lon, series of games
 de cem'vir ate, Roman council of ten
 de cem'vir, member of decemvirate
 Del'phi, home of celebrated oracle
 de'mos, democrat
 de nar'ii, plural of denarius, Ro-
 man coin
 di al'us, double course foot race
 dic'ta tor, Roman emergency ruler
 Dic'tys, uncle of Perseus and
 brother of Polydectes
 di'plois, woman's wrap
 dis'cus, metal disc for throwing
 Di on y'si us, Tyrant of Syracuse
 Dor o the'us, Roman jurist
 Dra'co, early Greek law maker
 Dro'mos of Spar'ta, famous gym-
 nastic field and race track

- Dru'id, ancient Briton priest
 Dru'sus, plebeian tribune
 Eleu'sis, coast town of Attica
 El'gin marbles, marbles excavated
 by Lord Elgin on the Acropolis
 em me le'ia, sacred dance
 eph'æ bos, youth attaining major-
 ity
 e'phor, Spartan overseer
 Ep ic te'tes, Greek artist
 Ep im e'theus; Ep im e'the us,
 brother of Prometheus
 E trus'can, from Etruria
 E trur'ia, country in Italy, now
 Tuscany and part of Umbria
 Eu rys'theus; Eu rys the us, uncle
 of Heracles
 E van'ge lus, secretary to Pericles
 Fa ler'ii, Etruscan town
 faun, Latin deity of fields and
 herds
 fo'rum, Roman public meeting place
 Forum Tra ja'num, forum built by
 Emperor Trajan
 Francs, ancient tribe of Gaul
 Gai'us, Roman jurist, author of
 treatise
 Game of Troy, equestrian game
 Gan'y mede, cup bearer to the gods
 Ge'ry on, mythological monster
 Glau'con, pupil of Socrates
 Golden Apples of Hes per'i des
 Golden Fleece of the winged ram,
 gift of Hermes
 Gor gon'es, see Græ'æ
 Goths, north German tribe
 Grac'chi, famous Roman brothers
 Grac'chus, Sem pron'i us, father of
 the Gracchi
 Græ'æ, Three, three fates, daugh-
 ters of Phoreys
 Greg'or y, author of Roman (Gre-
 gorian) code
 gym nas'tai, Greek gymnastic teach-
 ers
 gym na si ar'chus, judge of games
 gym no ped'ic d a n c e, gymnastic
 dance
 Ha'dri an, "Good Emperor" of
 Rome
 Har'most, Spartan governor
 har'pies, robber birds
 Hel'las, Greece, ancient name of
 Hel'lenes (lenz), Greeks
 Hel'les pont, strait between Ægean
 and Black seas
 He'lots, Spartan slave class
 He phæs'ti on, friend of Alexander
 the Great
 He'ra, Queen of the gods (Roman
 Juno)
 Her'a cles, (Roman Hercules) fa-
 mous demigod
 Her'mes, messenger of the gods
 Her mog'e nes (mōj), Greek rheto-
 rician
 Hes per'i des, mythical gardens near
 Mount Atlas
 Hip po'ly te, Queen of the Amazons
 Hip pom'e nes, judge of Atalanta's
 race
 Ho'mer, blind Greek poet
 hy'dra, nine-headed monster
 Ic'ti nus, architect of the Parthe-
 non
 In'sti tu ti on'es, students' law book
 I ol'cus, ancient town of Thessaly
 I on'i a, Greek state
 I on'i an, from Ionia
 I'phis, hero of story of Ovid's *Meta-
 morphoses*
 i'ren, Spartan boy leader
 Is'thmi'an (is'mi an) Games, games
 held at Corinth
 Ja'son, legendary Prince of Thes-
 saly
 Jo an'nes, Greek jurist
 Jove, Roman name for Zeus
 Jus tin'i an, Roman Emperor at
 Constantinople
 La'by rinth, built by Daedalus for
 Minos, King of Crete
 La con'i a, ancient name for Sparta
 Lars Por'se na, Etruscan governor
 La'tin, pertaining to Latium
 La'tium (shum), a country of an-
 cient Italy
 Li cin'i an Laws, land laws of Rome
 Li cin'i us, author of Licinian Laws
 lic'tor, Roman public officer

- Ly cur'gus, Spartan law maker
 Lyn'ce us, pilot of the Argo
 Mar'a thon, village of Attica, in Greece; race commemorating victory over Persians
 Mar'cus Au re'li us, Roman Emperor, philosopher
 Mars Field, military field of Rome
 Mar'tial (shal), Roman poet
 Mar'tius (shus) Co ri o lan'us, Roman patriot
 Me de'a, bride of Jason from Colchis, later witch woman
 Me du'sa, one of the Gorgones
 Meg'a ra, capital of Greek district
 Mem phit'ic dance, ce re mo n i a l dance
 mime (mīm), mimic, burlesque
 min'o taur, Cretan monster
 Mi'nos, King of Crete
 Mi nu'ci us (Mi nu shi us), Roman consul
 Mne'si cles, Greek architect
 Ne me'an Games, games held in Argolis
 Nem'e sis, goddess of fate
 Ni'o be, mother of children destroyed by serpents
 Nu'ma, ancient Latin King
 nu'mi, plural of numus, ancient Roman coin
 nymph, nature spirit
 O ce'an us, god of the seas
 O de'um, hall of music at Athens
 O lym'pi a, plain in Elis
 O lym'pi ad, quadrennial Greek festival
 O lym'pi an, pertaining to Olympus
 O lym'pus, Mount, mountain range, home of the gods
 or'a cle, revelation, prophecy, place or medium of same
 Or'pheus (fūs); Or'phe us, mythical musician before the time of Homer
 Ov'id, Latin poet
 pa'la, Roman woman's cloak
 pa læs'tra, gymnastic school
 Pal'a tine Hill, early site of Rome
 Pal'las, sons of, rival Princes of Athens
 Pal'las A the'ne, see Athene
 Pan a then a'ic festival, important Athenian festival
 pan cra'tium (pancrashium), rough and tumble wrestling
 pan'dex, a digest of Roman law
 Par'the non, famous temple of the Acropolis
 pa tois' (pa twa'), French for dialect; brogue
 pa tri'cian, Roman aristocrat
 Pe'li as, King of Iolcus
 Pel o pon ne'sus, pe n i n s u l a of Greece
 pen tath'lon, athletic contest
 Per'ga mus, country of Asia Minor
 Per'i cles, Greek statesman
 Per'seus (sūs); Per'se us, Argive hero
 Pha'sis, river in Colchis
 Phid'i as, Greek sculptor
 Phi le'mon, pious Phrygian
 P'hin'e us, legendary blind king of Thrace
 Phœ ni'cia (sha), a country in Syria
 Phœ ni'cians (shans), inhabitants of Phœnicia
 Phrix'us, uncle of Jason
 Phry'gi a (fri ji a), Greek colony in Asia Minor
 "Pi e'tas, grav'i tas, ver'i tas,"
 "Piety, gravity, truth," Roman motto
 Pin'dar, distinguished Greek poet
 Pi ræ'us, harbor of Athens
 Pi sis'tra tus, Tyrant of Athens
 Pit'theus; Pit'the us, King of Trœzene
 Pla'to, philosopher, pupil of Socrates
 Ple be'ians, common people of Rome
 Pli'ny, the younger, Roman author and orator
 Plo ti'na, Pom pe'ia, wife of Trajan
 Poly dec'tes, King of Island of Seraphus, where chest containing Danae and Perseus landed

- Po le mar'chus, pupil of Socrates
 Po mo'na, nymph of garden fruits
 Pon'tus Euxi'nus, Black Sea
 Pro crus'tes the Stretcher, robber
 who tortured his victims
 Pro me'theus (thus); Pro me'the us,
 Titan son of Zeus
 Pro phy le'a, entrance to Acropolis
 Pub li co'la, Val er'i us, third Ro-
 man consul
 Py thag'o ras, early Greek philoso-
 pher
 Py thag'o re'ans, Society of
 Pyth'i an Games, games at Delphi
 Pyth'i as, see Damon
 quaes'tor (kwes), Roman official
 Rom u'lus, Prince of ancient La-
 tium, and Re'mus, twin brothers,
 founders of Rome
 Sa'bines, primitive people of central
 Italy
 Sal'a mis, Island of, off coast of
 Attica, scene of famous Greek
 victory
 Sa'turn, god of seed sowing
 sat'yr, a sylvan deity
 Scip'i o Af ri ca'nus, father of Cor-
 nelia, Roman general
 Sci'ron, frontier outlaw of Attica
 and Megara
 Si'byl, Cumæ'an, prophetess
 Si'byl line books, prophetic books
 Sil'va nus, protector of herds
 Si mon'i des, early Greek poet
 Sin'is, notorious robber
 si'ren, sea nymph
 Soc'ra tes, famous Greek philoso-
 pher
 So'lon, Greek legislator
 Spar'ta, Greek state, capital of La-
 conia
 sto'la, Roman house dress
 strig'il, skin scraper
 sty'lus, steel pencil
 Stym phal'i des, brazen man-eating
 birds
 sym po'sia, plural of symposium,
 meetings for discussion
 Syr'a cuse (kūz), Greek colony, is-
 land in the Ægean sea
 syr'inx, musical pipes
 Thebes (thēbz), chief city of Bœo-
 tia, Greek state
 The o do'sius (shus) II, Emperor
 of the East; compiler of code of
 laws
 The oph'i lus (of'), Roman jurist
 The'seus (sus); The'se us, Prince of
 Athens
 Thrace, northern Greek state
 Thra cy ma'chus, young sophist
 Ti'phys, steersman of the Argo
 Ti'tans, giant race
 Tra'jan, "Good" Roman Emperor
 Tri bon'i us, compiler of Justinian
 code of laws
 trib'une, a tribal magistrate of
 Rome
 tri'dent, a three-pronged spear
 Tri'umph, triumphal procession
 Trœ'zene, capital of Argolis
 Tro'jan, related to Troy in Asia
 Minor
 Tus'cu lum, mountain town near
 Rome
 ty'rant, self appointed ruler
 Ul'pi an, distinguished Roman ju-
 rist
 Van'dals, German confederacy
 Ven di'ci us, slave to Publicola
 Ve'nus, Roman goddess (Greek
 Aphrodite)
 Ver tum'nus, god of the seasons
 ve'to, (I forbid), an authoritative
 prohibition; power to forbid
 Vi'a, Roman street
 Vul'can, god of fire, hammer god
 Xan thip'pe, shrewish wife of Soc-
 rates
 Xen'o cles, Greek architect
 Zeus, father of the gods

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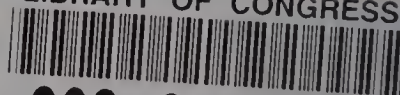
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